

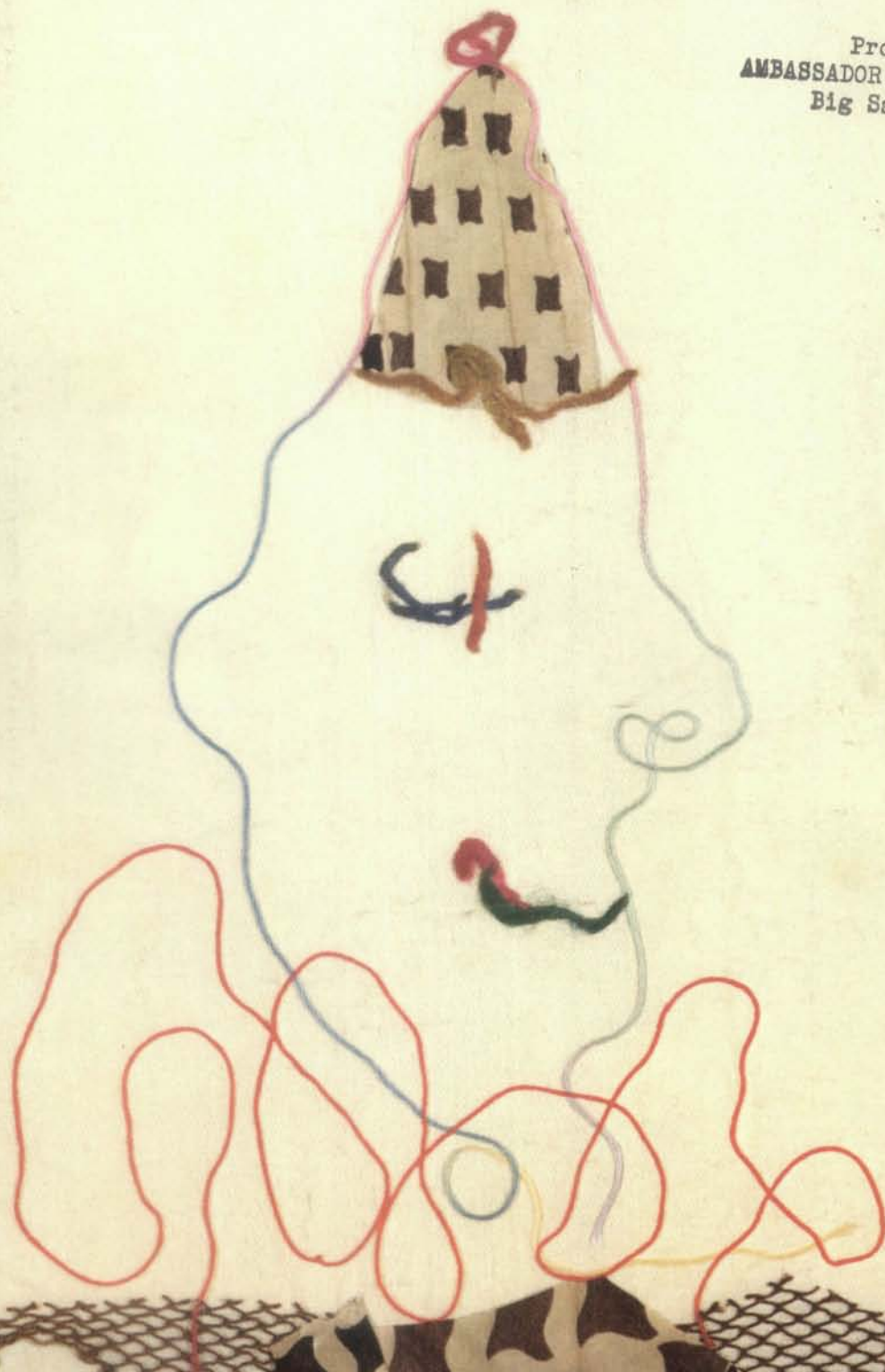
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BOY MEETS BOY—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays, at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BY BERNSTEIN—A musical revue made up of Leonard Bernstein songs that never got performed in the shows for which they were written. New book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; lyrics by Mr. Bernstein, Comden and Green, John Latouche, Jerry Lieber, and Stephen Sondheim. Michael Bawtree has directed a cast of seven, including Patricia Elliott and Jamie Sell. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CHICAGO—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DEAR MR. G.—A play by Donna de Matteo. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Rose Franken's drama **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE FIFTH SEASON—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

GIFT OF THE MAGI—A musical by Ronnie Britton, based on the O. Henry story. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

HABEAS CORPUS—A London hit that has failed to travel, though Donald Sinden and Rachel Roberts are marvellous in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—The everlasting musical, with the everlasting Pearl Bailey. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays

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through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

ICE AGE—A German play by Tankred Dorst, translated by Peter Sander. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

JESSE AND THE BANDIT QUEEN—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy, about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime,

Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is an occasion for two spirited performances, by Kevin O'Connor and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

KENNEDY'S CHILDREN—Not so much a play as five sad monologues about people who blame the sixties rather than themselves for their existential perplexities. Written by Robert Patrick. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAMPPOST REUNION—A famous singer turns up in a tacky bar in New Jersey and makes what he would call waves. The author is Louis La-

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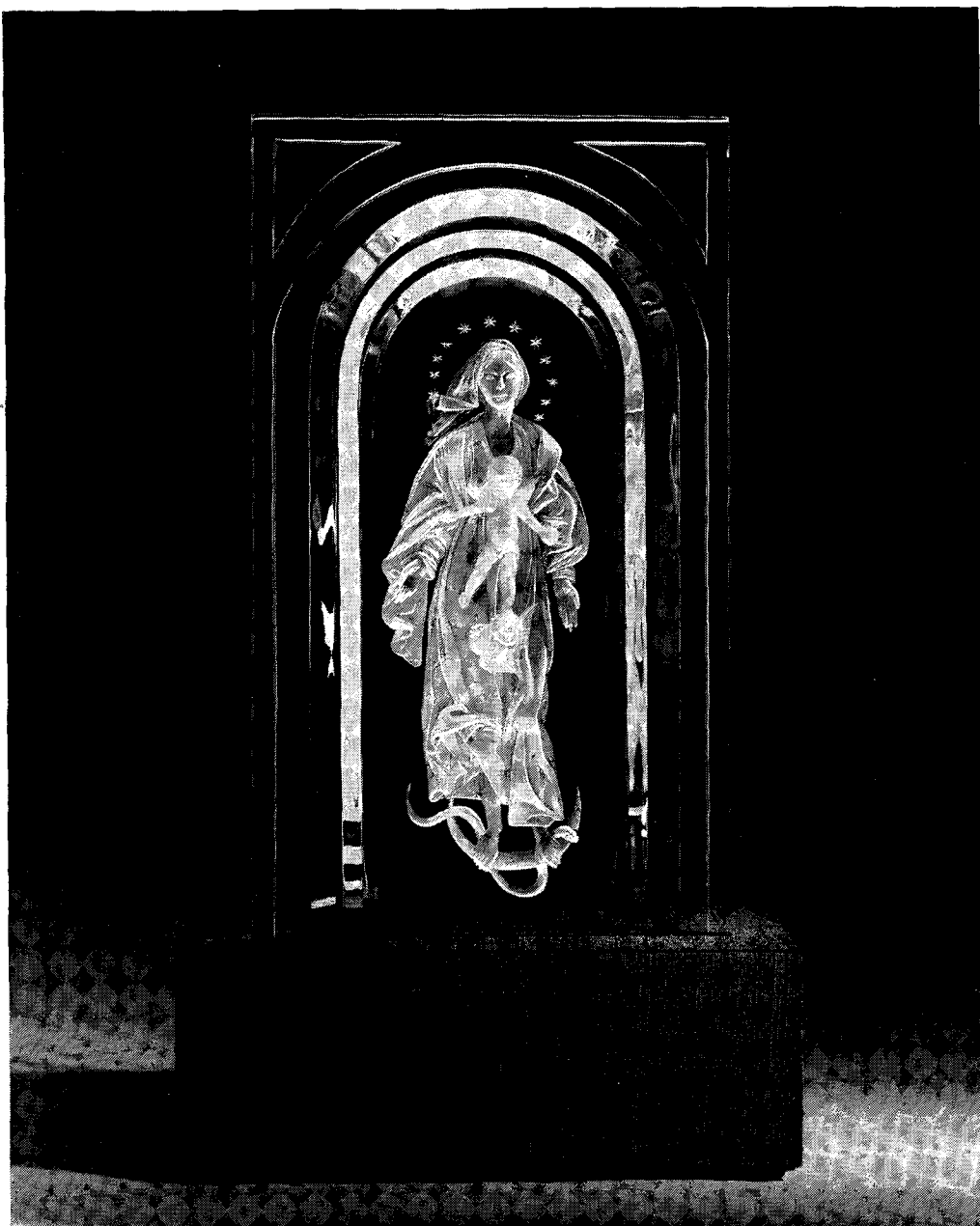
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Russo II, and the stars are Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

ME AND BESSIE—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear her, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "Taint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

A MUSICAL JUBILEE—What are known as seasoned performers, in an unseasonable mish-mash of a show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE NORMAN CONQUESTS—Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, Ken Howard, Estelle Parsons, Barry Nelson, and Carole Shelley in Alan Ayckbourn's trilogy of comedies, imported from London. Directed by Eric Thompson. **TABLE MANNERS**: Friday, Dec. 5, at 8 (preview); Sunday, Dec. 7, at 12:30 (opening); Monday, Dec. 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2. **LIVING TOGETHER**: Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 (preview); Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3:45 (opening); and Tuesday, Dec. 9, as well as Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, all at 8. **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN**: Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8 (preview); Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:15 (opening); Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2; and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

PHÈRE—Racine's play presented, in French, by Le Tréteau de Paris. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2. For tickets, call 644-1820.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-old, happy adulteress, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH—Irene Worth and Christopher Walken in a two-week engagement of Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by Edwin Sherin. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 3, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sunday at 2.)

TRAVESTIES—The King's English as few kings have ever been able to speak it. An exceedingly witty play by Tom Stoppard, acted to perfection by John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinees) in the leading role. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TREEMONISHA—There is one graceful and attractive number in this Scott Joplin "opera," and it's called "A Real Slow Drag." But it comes at the close of the show, which is long and somnolent and has been fattened up with a mini-ballet, a full chorus, expressionistic sets, and lots of razzmatazz stage business. And the wheezy story—how a young educated black woman is chosen to lead her people out of ignorance and superstition—is no help. But the singing, most of it by Carmen Balhrop (Kathleen Battle substitutes for her at the matinees), Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, is very good, and Gunther Schuller's orchestrations have resonance. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)



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TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME, BUT I'M NOT GOING—

A three-character musical revue written by Bill Heyer, Hank Beebe, and Sam Dann, with a score by Mr. Beebe and lyrics by Mr. Heyer. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

YENTL—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ABSDUR PERSON SINGULAR: Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **CANDIDE**: A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **DANCE WITH ME**: The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **EQUUS**: A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,497 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Satur-

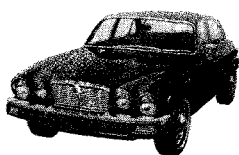
days at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 480-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) **PIPPIN**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **RAISIN**: Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.) **THE RITZ**: High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **SHENANDOAH**: Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **SHERLOCK HOLMES**: Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and Alan Sues as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 7.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 9-11, at 6; Friday, Dec. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mooche." **Thursday evening, Dec. 4**: "Night Creature," "After Eden," "Echoes in Blue," and "Revelations." **Friday evening, Dec. 5**: "Streams," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." **Saturday matinee, Dec. 6**: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mooche." **Saturday evening, Dec. 6**: "Night Creature," "After Eden," "Echoes in Blue," and "Liberian Suite." **Sunday matinee, Dec. 7**: "Streams," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." **Sunday evening, Dec. 7**: "Night Creature," "After Eden," "Echoes in Blue," and "Liberian Suite." **Tuesday evening, Dec. 9**: "Hidden Rites," "Love Songs," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." **Wednesday evening, Dec. 10**: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." **Thursday evening, Dec. 11**: "Night Creature," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Liberian Suite." **Friday evening, Dec. 12**: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." **Saturday matinee, Dec. 13**: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Echoes in Blue," and "The Mooche." **Saturday evening, Dec. 13**: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "According to Eve,"

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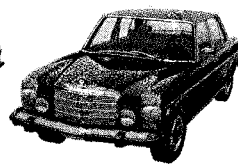
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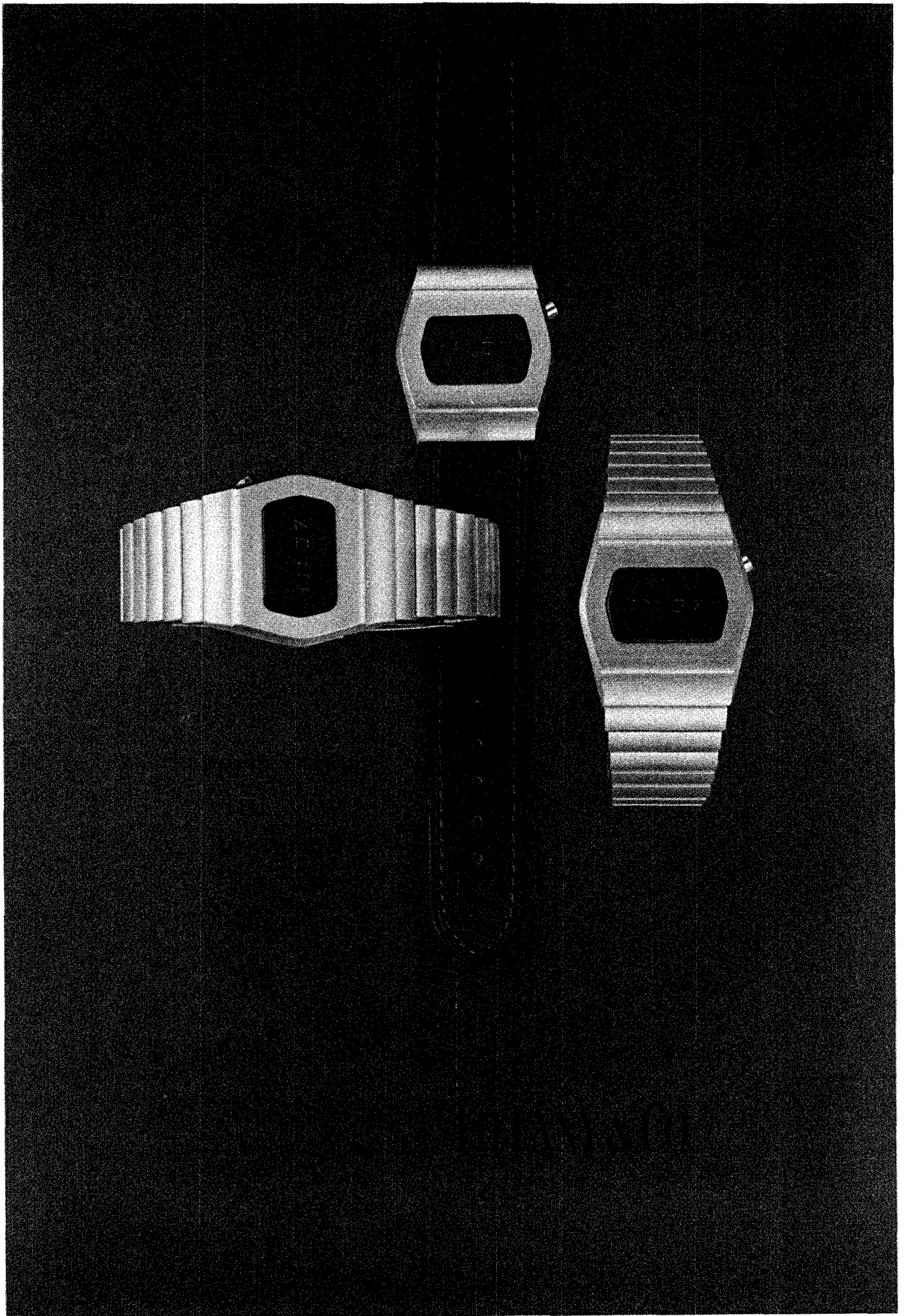
Fourth, despite its elegance (the Audi's interior, with its orthopedically-designed reclining seats, is so similar to the Mercedes it's uncanny) the 100LS costs thousands less than the others, virtually half as much.

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**The answer
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinees at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 14.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Jan. 3—Monday evening, Dec. 8 (a benefit performance): "Adorations" (premiere), "Point of Crossing" (premiere), "Lamentation." "Diversion of Angels," and "Lucifer."... ♪ Tuesday evening, Dec. 9: "Acrobats of God," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," "Cave of the Heart," and "Lucifer."... ♪ Wednesday matinee, Dec. 10: "Adorations," "Point of Crossing," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," and "Lucifer."... ♪ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Clytemnestra."... ♪ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Adorations," "Cave of the Heart," "Appalachian Spring," and "Lucifer."... ♪ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Adorations," "Diversion of Angels," "Cave of the Heart," and "Lucifer."... ♪ Saturday matinee, Dec. 13: "Acrobats of God," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," "Point of Crossing," and "Lucifer."... ♪ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Point of Crossing," "Diversion of Angels," "Herodiade," and "Lucifer." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees at 2.)

DANCE UMBRELLA AT ROUNABOUT STAGE ONE—Final performances of a four-week season: **MERCER CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY**. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 3-7, at 8.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—Wednesday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 3-7: "Swan Lake," "Three Divertissements," and "Walpurgis Nacht."... ♪ Wednesday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 10-14: "Go for Barocco," "Divertissement," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "The Queen's Revenge," "Phaedra/Monotonous," and "Don Quixote." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Evenings at 8.)

SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement of two programs. Program I ("A Consort for Dancers," choreographed by Paul Sanasardo to the poetry of Anne Sexton, read by Marian Winters and William Weaver): Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30; Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30... ♪ Program II ("A Memory Suite" [premiere], "Shadows," and "The Path"): Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30. (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

CONTEMPORARY DANCE SYSTEM—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Ballade," "Lyric Suite," and "Rooms."... ♪ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8: "Nightspell," "Dead Heat," "And First They Slaughtered the Angels," and "Moods."... ♪ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Ballade," "Moods," and "Rooms."... ♪ Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3: "Lyric Suite," "Ballade," and "Rooms."... ♪ Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Rooms," "Moods," and "Ballade." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY—A program of classical Chinese dances, as well as modern works. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collar greens and ribs on the menu, and out-there jazz on the bandstand. Tenor saxophonist George Coleman and trumpeter Danny Moore are in charge of a robust quintet through Saturday, Dec. 6. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Slick bluesman Freddie King trades sets with Betty Davis, an earthy R. & B. singer, on Wednesday, Dec. 3. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 4-7. **DR. JOHN** and his

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swamp-rock band will play some New Orleans rock and roll, as the frog-throated Dr. urges on his musicians and singers with "Whup it on 'em, Sugar!" and dances sluggishly around the stage. On Tuesday, Dec. 9. Savoy Brown, a long-established British blues band, will take over the stage; and on Wednesday, Dec. 10, Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel will alternate with Streetwalker—both being British rock bands. On Thursday, Dec. 11, **CHARLES MINGUS** and his quintet begin a four-night visit opposite **AIRTO**, an extraordinary Brazilian percussionist, and his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Fine piano-bass partnerships can be found in this buzzing little bar Mondays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty: **JOHN BUNCH** and **MICHAEL MOORE**, through Saturday, Dec. 6; and **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **John Heard**, starting Monday, Dec. 8. On Sundays, Barry Harris, another capable keyboard player, holds forth, along with his accompanist, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Dashiki-clad **CLARK TERRY**, who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet and flugelhorn solos still seem to skid on ice, rides herd on a big band opposite blues-and-ballad singer **HELEN HUMES**; through Saturday, Dec. 6. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will begin a two-weeker with a big band on Monday, Dec. 8. The last time Gillespie played here (in June), he assembled an eighteen-piece, sparks-flying outfit that easily cut almost every other such organization around—despite the fact that the band was an on-again, off-again project, and that most of the charts were at least twenty-five years old. The music was not trendy jazz-rock or salsa, although it did utilize lots of percussion and a conga player—fashionable assets, to be sure, but Gillespie's use of African-Cuban rhythms, which goes back nearly thirty years, predates most of the African- and Latin-percussion movements in this country. Gillespie chuckled, clowning, and danced in front of the band, which very likely satisfied the more boisterous members in this Vegas-styled club. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, much to the relief of his coterie of followers, is sequestered in the Café Carlyle, accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays

through Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Benelmans Bar, weekdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays from eight to one, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) comprise the house band. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will sit in, probably to warm up for his N.Y.U. concert on the following night. Red Richards plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 7, the **J.P.J. QUARTET** will knock off some fine swing-inspired music, beginning at eight.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**SAM RIVERS**, who is one of the most interesting and intense saxophonists composing and performing today, and who, when not playing concert or rare club dates, runs a music loft in NoHo called Studio Rivbea, is here Tuesdays through Sundays with bassist **DAVE HOLLAND**, percussionists **BARRY ALTSCHUL** and **WARREN SMITH**, and guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE**. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The Hal Galper trio is on hand Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three; and **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, collaborates with guitarist Eddie Diehl and bassist Jamil Nasser on Sundays from five to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The impeccable **BOBBY HACKETT** is working with pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Bobby Rosengarden Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues band, which usually consists of guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker, occupy the canopied bandstand Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3-4, and Sunday through



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday, Dec. 7-11. The subtle and lyrical **CHICO HAMILTON** quintet takes over on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**'s trio will come in on Friday, Dec. 12. Music from ten until three.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. **DAVE VAN RONK**, a big, bear-like lumberjack of a folkie, has over the years rarely strayed from his raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Gary Davis, John Hurt, and Joni Mitchell. He murmurs and shouts and seats like an oompah band in a pickup truck on a bumpy road. Through Sunday, Dec. 7. On Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9, Steven Grossman sings oh-so-serious folklike songs about homosexuality. On Wednesday, Dec. 10, the Mission Mountain Wood Band will light into some bluegrass material. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—**HELEN HUMES** will arrive at this address on Monday, Dec. 8, to begin a two-week stint along with Louis St. Louis and his campy disco-rock band. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** band is on the podium Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex is probably more bustling than usual because Peter Allen is currently enshrined here. The bouncing, bubbling singer and pianist works from a repertoire of bittersweet, world-weary (he's barely thirty), schlock-chic compositions, while he executes a whole gang of Elton John mannerisms. At nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost. **CHET BAKER** heads up a youthful combo on Mondays and Tuesdays, and on Fridays and Saturdays former Kenton vocalist Chris Connor and her trio perform low-keyed numbers. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant has been turned over to the Allison Mills trio, through Thursday, Dec. 4. Singer and pianist Jill McManus and her stalwart bassist, Richard Davis, are scheduled for Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejeweled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with a hectic music schedule and Saturday-afternoon poetry readings. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, singer Madeline Brown and her backup quartet are in evidence; **JOE LEE WILSON**, a loose, gutsy, and fire-breathing jazz singer, fires off standards, with support from a combo, on Fridays and Saturdays; various other small jazz groups round out the week. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio are currently performing in these smoky, murky, and cramped quarters. The regular Monday-night crowd—**THAD JONES**, **MEL LEWIS**, and seventeen or so other New York studio men—has come back from a tour of this country and Japan. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by pi-

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ano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and-brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ite Earle Warren on alto sax, is here on Wednesdays. A bop quintet takes the stand on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex, boogie-woogieist Sammy Price, and tenorman Buddy Tate. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 5:45: **BEL KAUFMAN**. . . Thursday, Dec. 4, at 5:45: **EARL WRIGHTSON** and **LOIS HUNT**.

BLACK SABBATH and **AEROSMITH**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.

LINDA RONSTADT—With Andrew Gold. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8.)

PAUL ANKA—A ten-day engagement (postponed from Sept. 25-Oct. 5), with Odia Coates; Rhodes, Chalmers & Rhodes; and an orchestra conducted by Johnny Harris. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, Dec. 4, through Sunday, Dec. 14. Nightly, except Monday, at 8.)

BILLY CORHAM, **GEORGE DUKE & SPECTRUM** and **LONNIE LISTON SMITH & THE COSMIC ECHOES**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8.

BOB DYLAN AND HIS ROLLING THUNDER REVUE—A benefit concert, with Joan Baez, Jack Elliott, Bob Neuwirth, and Muhammad Ali. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

ARETHA FRANKLIN—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8 and 11.

SALUTE TO ZOOT—A tribute to Zoot Sims. Zoot himself will be there, along with Roy Eldridge, Joe Newman, Al Cohn, Ross Tompkins, Cliff Leeman, Major Holley, and Bucky Pizzarelli. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

JANIS IAN—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.

VAN MCCOY; **FAITH**, **HOPE** AND **CHARITY**; and

DAVID RUFFIN—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.

ELLY STONE—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.

TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA—Beacon Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

KOSTA ALEX—Collages of more or less abstract heads, cut out of corrugated cardboard and built up in layers, which are glued to a backing of newsprint and then painted. The artist is a New Jersey-born American of Greek extraction who works in Paris. Through Jan. 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

WILL BARNET/LEO MANSO—Lithographs./Collages. Through Dec. 20. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

CECILE GRAY BAZELON—Precisionist paintings of lonely metropolitan scenes—all sharp-edged buildings and no people—plus a few scenes of the Hamptons, also uninhabited. Through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

VARJAN BOGHOSIAN—Boxlike constructions, of elegant curiosity-shop oddments, mostly antique—doll heads, marbles, bits of worm-eaten mannequins, small geometric stone tiles—all with a strong aura of hidden meanings. Through Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—A retrospective of the whimsical oils and gouaches turned out by this English-born woman, who traces her artistic beginnings to the Surrealist school in Paris and who now lives in Mexico City. Through Jan. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOHN CAVANAUGH—One part of this sculpture exhibit consists of a room-size cube with seventy-two portholes through which the viewer can see or touch the pieces inside (mainly figures), and the other part consists of formal portraits. Through Wednesday, Dec. 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY (1738-1815)—A benefit loan show of the Colonial portraitist's less well-known works. Starts Thursday, Dec. 4. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—A swirl of oil paintings completed in the last year, and five bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

RICHARD DE MENOCAL/HARRY MARINSKY—Still-life paintings in subdued colors./Bronzes, some of them depicting musicians at work. Through Dec. 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—A sinuous, revolving abstract stainless-steel sculpture, plus other works. Through Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

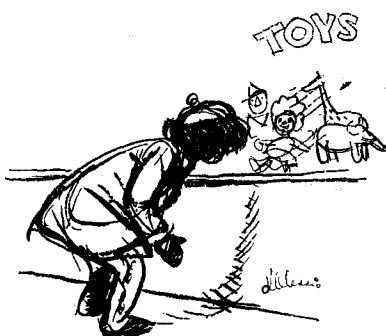
ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—When Arthur Dove's abstracts were first shown in Chicago, in 1912, and it was explained to puzzled viewers that the works derived from nature, a columnist named Bert Leston Taylor wrote this jingle: "But Mr. Dove is far too keen/ To let a single bird be seen; To show the pigeons would not do/ And so he simply paints the coo." A selection of Dove's paintings is now on view at the Dintenfuss, 18 E. 67th St. (through Dec. 27), coincident with his major retrospective at the Whitney Museum.

STEPHEN EILICH—Strong Constructivist collage-paintings in the Mondrian line of descent, utilizing scraps from linen and burlap coffee bags, and rope. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Semi-abstract landscapes, still-lives, and seascapes. Through Dec. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

EDWARD GOREY—Watercolors and drawings by the author-illustrator. Through Dec. 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figurative paintings that seem to swim into view, like photographs in the developing solution, and robust seascapes by this artist, who continues to move away from his purely abstract beginnings. Through





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, Dec. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)
GEORGE HARKINS—Paintings of creeks, streams, and wooded landscapes; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

HANS HARTUNG—Paintings, including a number executed in the last two years, by an artist now seventy, in a show that coincides with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Pastels done in and around Venice from 1957 to 1973. Through Dec. 27. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

KARL KORAB—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention first-rate craftsmanship. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MIHAIL—Four-sided hanging constructions of heavy industrial paper that has been torn, painted, pasted; and a series of frameless umbrellas mounted on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

ERICH MUNCH—Precise colored-pencil drawings of surreal landscapes, some of them barren and some of them teeming with baby humanoids, and equally surreal interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 20. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

CHARLES G. SHAW (1892-1974)—Constructions and paintings by an early American abstractionist. Through Jan. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Abstract black-and-white compositions from the fifties and sixties. Through Thursday, Dec. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

REUBEN TAM—Realist landscapes and seascapes of coastal Maine and of Hawaii. Through Jan. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

ANTONI TAPÍES—A double exhibit of this artist's characteristic strong stuff—dirt, blood, tar, stained rags, plastered onto canvas or board and gouged with totemic designs. Paintings, mostly, at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.), and larger works at the gallery's branch (521 W. 57th St.). Through Saturday, Dec. 13.

MIA WESTERLUND—Concrete-and-steel sculptures that rest on the floor, plus related drawings. Through Dec. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DONALD ROLLER WILSON—Skillfully handled realist paintings of macabre capers—chattering apes in fine raiment, grinning skeletons taking their ease—by a young artist who has holed up in Arkansas. Through Friday, Dec. 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hartley, Glackens, Maurer, and others. Through Dec. 20. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Dan Flavin, Don Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, and Robert Morris showing paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Representational paintings by Nell Blaine, Gretna Campbell, Louis Finkelstein, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Works on paper dating from 1945 to the present by, among others, Rothko, Albers, Cornell, and Motherwell. Through Friday, Dec. 5. . . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a group that includes Armitage, Avery, Nevelson, and Picasso. Through Dec. 20. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles

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Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Dec. 19. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show devoted to paintings by French landscapists, including Poussin, Boucher, Monet, and Bonnard. Through Saturday, Dec. 6.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **ATIRNOMIS** at Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **ALEXANDRA EXTER** (1882-1949) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **VITA GIORGI** and **MYRNA LIEB CITRON** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **NEWTON HARRISON** and **HELEN MAYER HARRISON** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **KIYOSHI KAWAGUCHI** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Through Friday, Dec. 12. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—In a previous exhibit here, the artist showed a smashed violin embedded in concrete. This time he is showing drawings that are made by inking fragments of musical instruments and placing the impression on paper. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ALLEN BLAGDEN—Technically expert watercolor portraits and landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ROBERT DASH—Paintings of a horse-show tent, the Shinnecock Canal, birds in flight, outsize mallows, and other end-of-Long Island subjects. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM FARES—Geometric abstractions made from built-up layers of paint that have been peeled off to achieve a calculated—not accidental—effect. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN HOFFMAN AND MOLLY UPTON—Quilted tapestries. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

TADAOKI KUWAYAMA—Large, silvery panels edged with—and sometimes subdivided by—strips of chrome. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOSEF LEVI—Hyper-realist still-lives—an apple, a pear, a piece of pottery—in which the background contains a muted copy of a classical painting or drawing or bit of Chinese ceramic. Through Thursday, Dec. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARYAN—Grotesque heads, like distorted carnival masks, by a Polish-born survivor of the concentration camps. Through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER (1907-75)—Representational watercolors, dating from 1973 to 1975.

Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Recent abstract paintings, including collages made from string and pieces of painted canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by West, Marin, Hopper, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics, all small-scale, by gallery regulars Margit Varga, William Palmer, Fred Meyer, and others. Through Dec. 24. . . . **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Gregory Masurovsky, and Betty Parsons herself are among the contributors to this show of still-lives on paper. Through Dec. 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

LYNDA BENGLIS—Amorphous aluminum sculptures, which appear to be on the verge of melting, and abstract wax paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 10. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

ALAN COTE—Large abstract paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 27. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

BOB FELDGUS—Compositions that combine wooden blocks, plants, and mirrors. Through Thursday, Dec. 11. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway.)

CHARLES GINNEVER—Two large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

JOHN McNALLY—Four large-scale wooden constructions (you can walk through one of them) that are painted black. Through Wednesday, Dec. 10. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

GLADYS NILSSON—Arrays of attenuated figures in motion, done in watercolor. Through Jan. 3. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

KENNETH NOLAND—New large-scale paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

KIMBER SMITH—Abstract drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY**: Sculptures by Caspar Henselmann and Grace Bakst Wapner, and paintings by Roland Ginzler. Through Wednesday, Dec. 10. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 24. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Landscapes by Sideo Fromboluti, Daphne Mumford, Paul Resika, and others, plus works on paper by Tom Boutis. Through Dec. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: An invitational show of paintings, drawings, constructions, and photographs by about a dozen artists. Through Dec. 24.

OTHER GALLERIES

CEDRIC SMITH—Black-and-white Photo-Realist paintings of Second World War scenes. Through Dec. 17. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

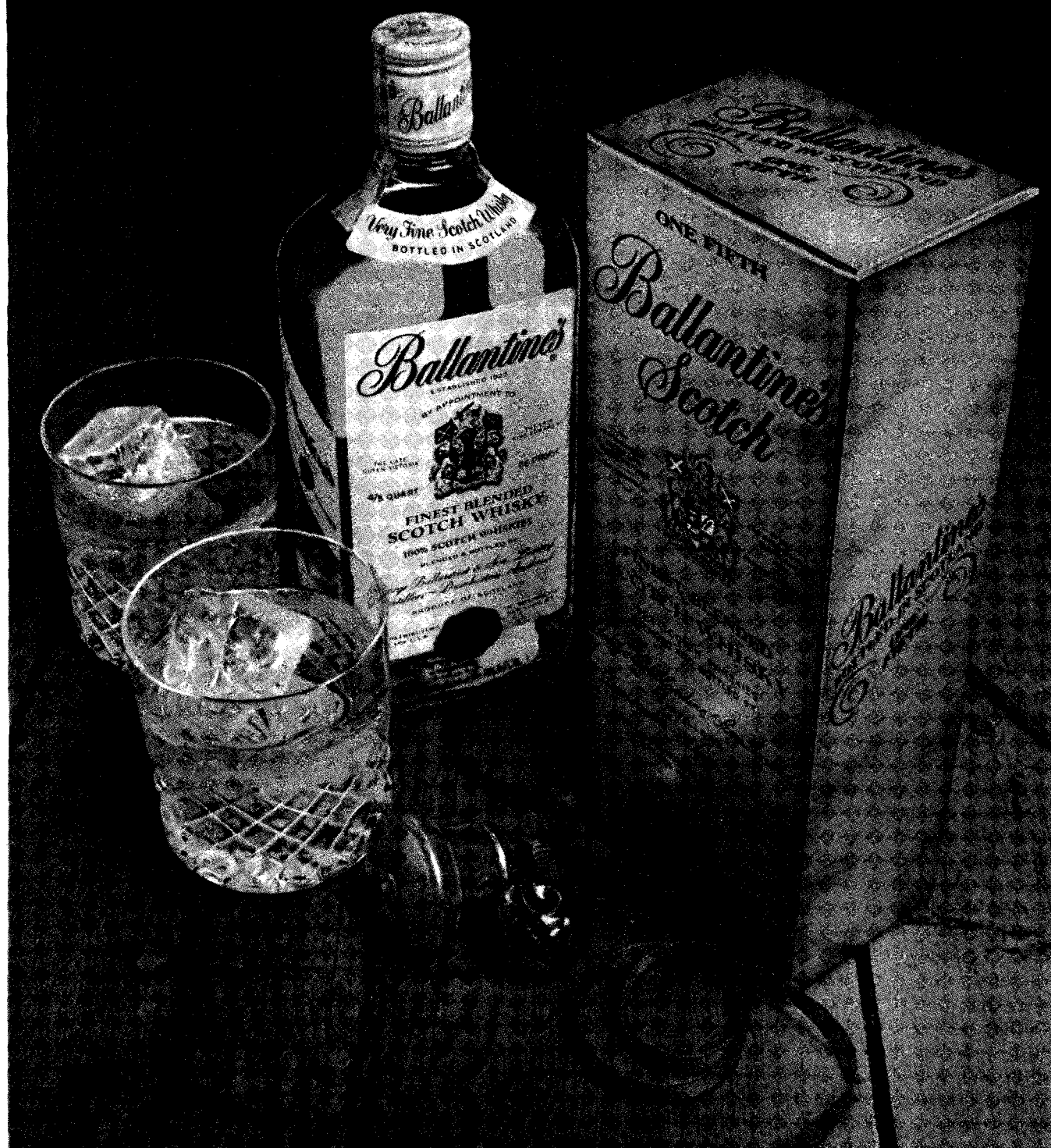
RUCKUS MANHATTAN—A three-dimensional recreation of Lower Manhattan and some of its people, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, which can be climbed on, walked through, and touched. Through Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTI-**

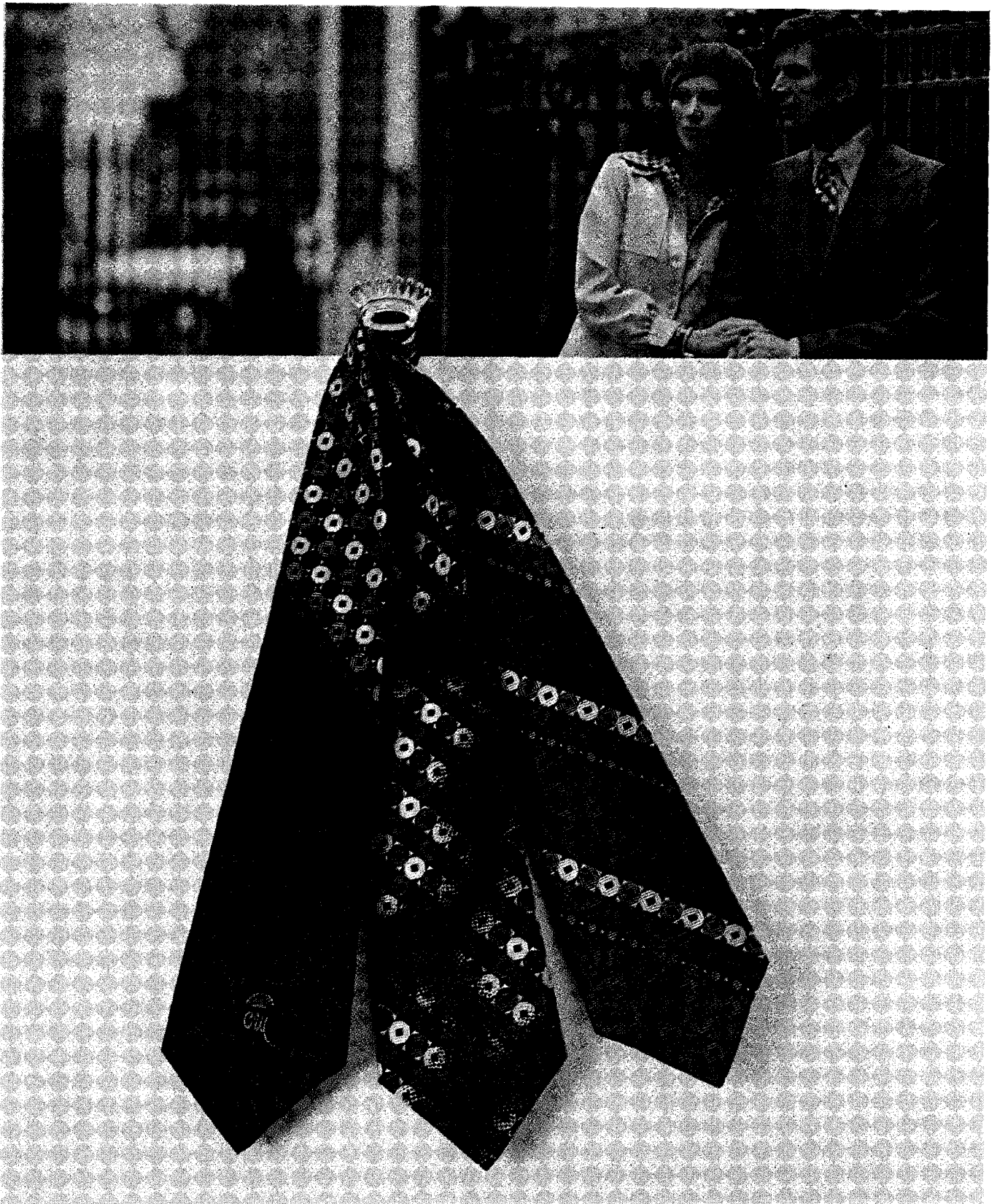


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TUTE, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.)... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Early works by New York artists Ellsworth Kelly, Claes Oldenburg, Agnes Martin, and others. Through Dec. 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—More than a hundred photographs of Paris, its environs, and its people by this master documentarian. Many of these prints were made by Berenice Abbott, who acquired the negatives shortly after Atget's death. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

EUGENE BUCHEL (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

ALFRED-LUCKY CHECKLEY—Black-and-white pictures of bridge forms, beach scenes, shadows, and the like, that emphasize strong contrast; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

ROGER FENTON (1819-69)—Photographs from the Crimean War. Through Dec. 24. (Schoolkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ROGER MARTIN/GARRY WINOGRAND—Sixty-three photographs of battered and disfigured trees. / Photographs of women. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT MONROE/DARRYL JONES—Dye-transfers; one thousand toned prints (all variants using the same negative); and other manipulated prints. / Three-dimensional images printed on nonsoluble gelatin (also known as the carbo process because the image is made of powdered carbon). Through Jan. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period.... **Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas**. Both exhibitions through Jan. 11. (Open Sundays.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: A historical survey of the work of women photographers, including Julia Margaret Cameron, Lisette Model, and Diane Arbus. Through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Work by three young photographers: Joan Liftin, Jim Jowers, and Barry Eckstein. Through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary exhibit is at the Lefebvre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St.... **Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists**, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4.... **The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections**. Starts Saturday, Dec. 6.... **A private collection of Japanese paintings, ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens, and other art objects**. Through Jan. 4.... **Another private collection: classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities**. Starts Saturday, Dec. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and

American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4.... **"Printsequence"** is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18.... **A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics**. Through Jan. 11.... **Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations**. Through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Sunday, Dec. 7.... **Works in many mediums by participants in the museum's arts program for inner-city children**. Through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8.... **A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove**. Through Jan. 18. A complementary show is at Terry Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.... **Seven collages on panels, by Alexis Smith**. Through Dec. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4.... **An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people**. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Child Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

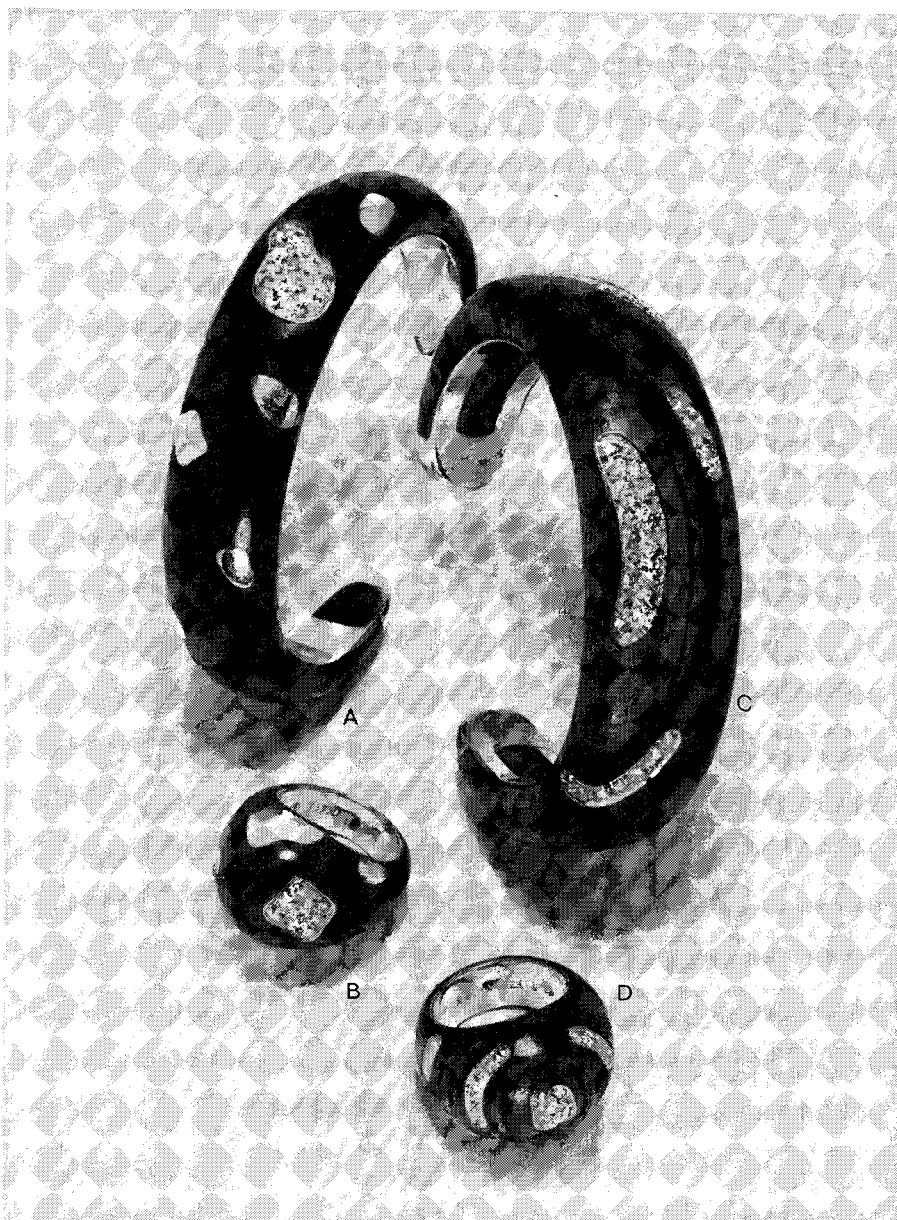
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary).... **William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre**. Both exhibitions through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Genre paintings and folk art detailing daily life in nineteenth-century

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

America... ¶ A scale model of an eighteenth-century New York City mansion, complete with furnishings and inhabitants. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker; conducted by Franz Allers. ... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Diaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. ... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Katia Ricciarelli, Plácido Domingo, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. ... ¶ Saturday matinee, Dec. 6: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis. ... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. ... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 8: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Katia Ricciarelli, Plácido Domingo, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 9: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Phil Stark, and Morley Meredith; Heinrich Hollreiser. ... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Cosi Fan Tutte," with Edda Moser, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. ... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker; Franz Allers. ... ¶ Saturday matinee, Dec. 13: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Katia Ricciarelli, Plácido Domingo, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. ... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Alma Jean Smith, Jean Kraft, Justino Diaz, Wolfgang Brendel, Andrew Foldi, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. (Evenings at 8. Matinees Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 1:30.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Verdi's "La Traviata." Staged by Bliss Hebert, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 (all with Natalie Hinderas, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin).

STOCKHOLM PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8, with Viktoria Postnikova, piano; and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8, no soloists.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Rosalind Elias, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; and the Bach Choir



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of Bethlehem. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8:15.)

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Thomas Schippers directing, with Sung-Sook Lee, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the May Festival Chorus of Cincinnati. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Thomas Ludwig conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Aaron Copland directing a program of his own music, with Joseph Rabbai, clarinet, and the Orpheon Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler conducting, with Renata Scotto, soprano, and Donald Madden, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts of seventeenth-century music, this one a program of German works. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE CONCERT CHOIR, AND THE CORO MOUNT HOLYOKE—Catharine Melhorn directing a Christmas concert, with the Black Voices of Faith. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

BACH'S "MAGNIFICAT"—Gregg Smith directing a chorus, soloists, and the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble in a performance of the Bach work, as well as a contemporary setting of the "Magnificat" by Mr. Smith himself. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 865-7035.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS AND THE BARNARD-COLUMBIA MADRIGAL CHOIR—A joint concert, with Gregg Smith and Peter Schubert directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Peter Eros directing, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

NATIONAL CHORALE—Martin Josman directing the first in a series of programs of choral masterworks, with soloists and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Richard Westenburg directing a program of Christmas music, with an orchestra and soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For tickets, call CI 5-5730.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS—David Randolph directing, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

PAIGE BROOK—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL—Piano, in the second in a series of four recitals of romantic ensemble music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

RUSSELL SHERMAN—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

IGOR OISTRAKH—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

FRITZ JAHODA—Piano, with Felix Galimir, violin, and Claude Monteux, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8, the second in a series of six programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8, an all-Mozart program, with Jaime Laredo, viola.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Pinchas Zukerman, Jaime Laredo, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, all violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5.)

PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTER—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

JAN PEECE, JOANNA SIMON, AND GEULA GILL—Tenor, mezzo-soprano, and Israeli singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano, with the Aulos Wind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

SERGIU LUCA—Violin, with the Music Fraternity, a new group of nine musicians, who perform without a conductor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:15.)

EDUARDO DELGADO—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

LENOX QUARTET—The first in a series of three Mozart-Brahms concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Robert Helps, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the first of two all-Bach recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

EMANUEL KRASOVSKY—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30.)

GARY GRAFFMAN AND LYDIA ARTYMIW—Pianos. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

BERENICE LIPSON-GRUZEN—Piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd

Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:00. . . . Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:00. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Denver, Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:00. . . . Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:05.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Dec. 7: Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1:00. . . . Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

GYMNASTICS—Olga Korbut and other members of the U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Dec. 4. . . . Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 6. . . . Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Dec. 9.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 6; the Interborough Handicap, Monday, Dec. 8; the Next Move Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 10; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Maryland Futurity, Saturday, Dec. 6.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY READINGS—Tess Gallagher, Eleanor Lerman, and Gerald Stern reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-2500.) . . . May Swenson and William Stafford reading from their own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.) . . . Jack Anderson and Edward Field reading from their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

LECTURE—The second in a series of four lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by Diana Kennedy. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 10:30 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—At the METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5: A benefit auction of such items as costumes worn by Kirsten Flagstad, Birgit Nilsson, Risé Stevens, and Enrico Caruso; a lithograph signed by Marc Chagall; pages from manuscripts by Virgil Thomson, Benjamin Britten, and Leonard Bernstein; Harry Winston jewelry; and cases of champagne and vodka. For information about admission, call 582-7500. . . . SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2; Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: English and Continental porcelains, Old Master and English paintings and drawings, and English furniture, clocks, and decorations. From the estate of Mrs. Charles E. Dunlap. . . . Thursday, Dec. 4, at 2: Nineteenth-century bronzes, from the collection of the late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge. . . . Friday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge and from other sources. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 10:15: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 4. . . . Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2: Modern and antique jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 6. . . . Thursday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including icons, silver, porcelains, enamels, bronzes, and Fabergé pieces; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 6.

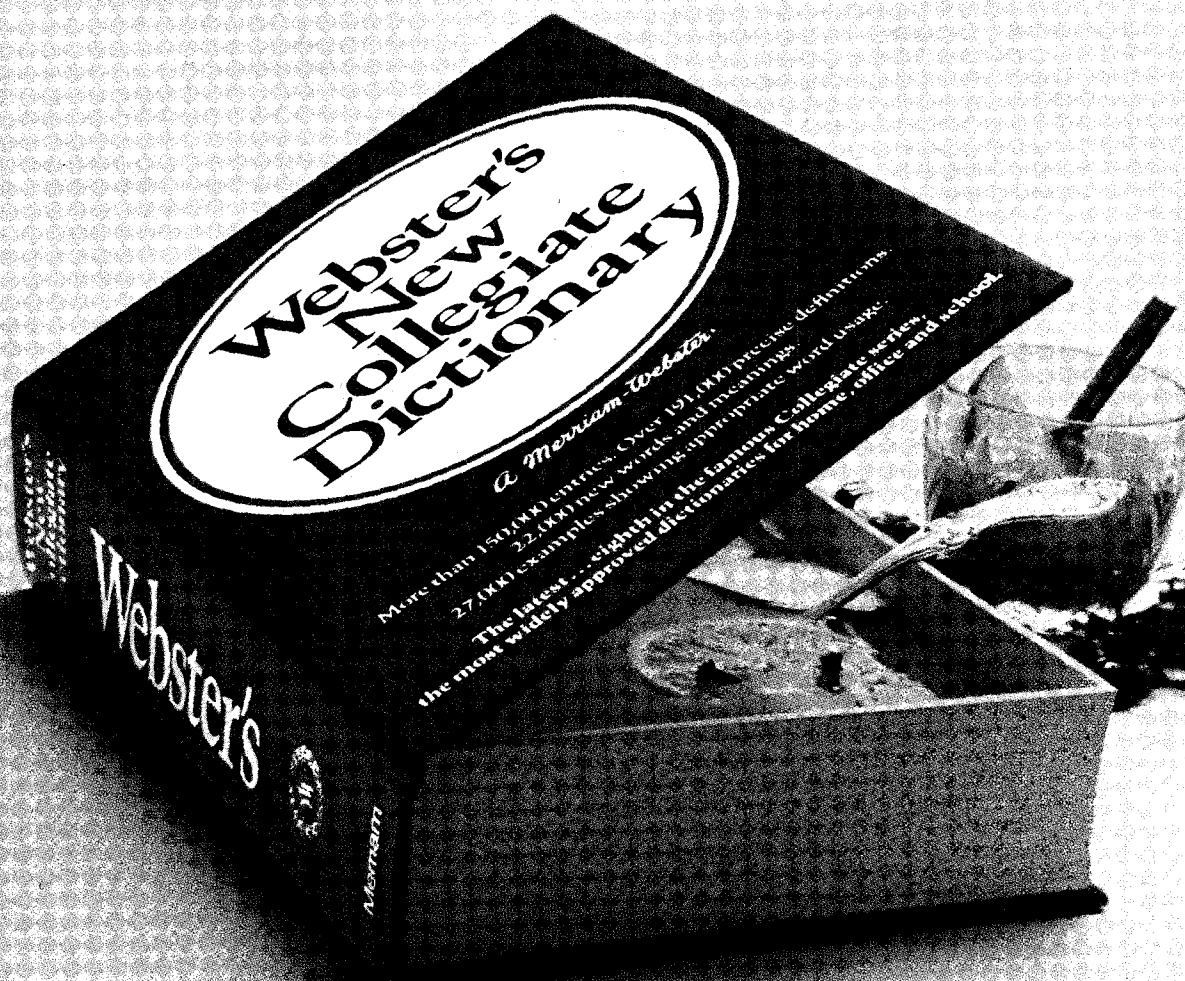


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Distant Thunder."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 4: "Diabolique" and "Panique."
Dec. 5-6: "The Crusades" and "The Sign of the Cross."
Dec. 7-9: "Made for Each Other" and "We're Not Dressing."
From Dec. 10: "Broadway Melody of 1938" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 9: "Nashville" and "Harold and Maude."
From Dec. 10: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 9: "Mariken."
From Dec. 10: "Alice's Restaurant" and "Zachariah."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 9: "Nashville."
From Dec. 10: "Farewell, My Lovely."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Swept Away."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mahogany."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Romantic Englishwoman."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Human Factor."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Magic Flute."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (750-4630)
"Rancho Deluxe."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hearts of the West."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Other Side of the Mountain."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 6: "Distant Thunder."
From Dec. 7: "Special Section."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Hiding Place."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor." (The theatre will be closed all day on Monday, Dec. 8.)

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
Through Dec. 9: "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Dec. 10: "Undercovers Hero."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 9: "Hard Times."
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 9: "Act of Aggression."
From Dec. 10: "Icy Breasts."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Smile."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8000)
Through Dec. 9: "Bucktown" and "Savage Sisters."
From Dec. 10: "A Brief Vacation."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 9: "Night Caller."
From Dec. 10: "French Connection II" and "Take a Hard Ride."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 3: "The Soft Skin" and "Fahrenheit 451."
Dec. 4: "La Salamandre" and "The Middle of the World."
Dec. 5: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Shadow of a Doubt."
Dec. 6: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "Summertime."
Dec. 7: "La Strada" and "Zorba the Greek."
Dec. 8: "Partner" and "Teorema."
Dec. 9: "The Lady Eve" and "Midnight."
Dec. 10: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Stolen Kisses."
Dec. 11: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "The Naked Night."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Charlotte" and "Emmanuelle" (both X-rated).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Dec. 9: "Act of Aggression."
From Dec. 10: "Love and Death."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Smile."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 9 at one or another of the theatres: "Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope"/"Farewell, My Lovely" and "The Long Goodbye"/"Night Pleasures" (X-rated). ... ¶ Through Dec. 4: "Jaws." ... ¶ From Dec. 5: "Conduct Unbecoming" and "The Last Detail."
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 3: "Los Olvidados" and "El."
Dec. 4: "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Dec. 5-6: "Tommy" and "The Boy Friend."

Dec. 7-8: "Steppenwolf" and "Siddhartha."
Dec. 9: "Les Biches" and "Le Boucher."
Dec. 10: "Greaser's Palace" and "Barbarella."
Dec. 11: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Zorba the Greek."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mr. Quilp."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Theatre temporarily closed.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Man and a Woman."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 9: "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force."
From Dec. 10: Theatre temporarily closed.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 3: "State of Siege" and "Z."
Dec. 4: "Of Human Bondage" and "Rain."
Dec. 5: "Les Biches" and "Ten Days' Wonder."
Dec. 6: "The Ruling Class" and "Morgan!"
Dec. 7: "The Lion in Winter" and "Mary of Scotland."
Dec. 8: "The Beguiled" and "Charley Varick."
Dec. 9: "Robin Hood" and "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."
Dec. 10: "A Thousand Clowns" and "Funyman."
Dec. 11: "Grand Illusion" and "Paths of Glory."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 9: "She" and "The Old Dark House."
From Dec. 10: "Where There's Smoke."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 6: "Charlie Chan in Paris" and "Laura."
From Dec. 7: "Stormy Weather" and "The Gang's All Here."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Romantic Englishwoman."

LOEWS 83RD ST. I, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Trip with the Teacher" and "The Teacher."
Theatre 2: "Benji."
Theatre 3: "L'Chaim—To Life" and "Topele."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 9: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."
From Dec. 10: "A Face in the Crowd" and "Baby Doll."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 4: "The Other Side of the Mountain."
From Dec. 5: "The Man in the Trunk."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Smile."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 9: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."
From Dec. 10: "Nashville."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 4 at 2: "The Woman on the Beach" (1947), directed by Jean Renoir, with Joan Bennett, Charles Bickford, and Robert Ryan. ... ¶ Dec. 4 at 5:30: "Lissy" (1957), in German, directed by Konrad Wolf; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 4 at 8 and Dec. 5 at 2: "Stronger Than the Night" (1954), in German, directed by Slatan Dudow; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 5 at 5:30: "The Woman on the Beach." ... ¶ Dec. 6 at noon: "The Seven Little Foys" (1955), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Bob Hope. ... ¶ Dec. 6 at 3: "The Flying Dutchman" (1964), in German, directed by Joachim Herz; English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 6 at 5:30: "The Gleiwitz Case" (1961), in German, directed by Ger-

hard Klein; English subtitles. . . ¶ Dec. 7 at noon: "The Seven Little Foyes." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 3: "They Call Him Amigo" (1959), in German, directed by Heiner Carow; English subtitles. . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5:30: A program of five short films. . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "They Call Him Amigo." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "Corner of the Circle" (1974), directed by Bill Daughton, with Michael Nobel and Nick Plakias. . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2: "The Gleiwitz Case." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: "The Wonderful Chance" (1920), directed by George Archainbaud, with Eugene O'Brien and Rudolph Valentino. . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins, with Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer. . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 5:30: "The

Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie and Patricia Neal. . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: "I Want to Live!" (1958), directed by Robert Wise, with Susan Hayward. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 9: "Dope" (1968), directed by Sheldon Rochlin. . . ¶ Starting Dec. 10: "Articulation of Boolean Algebra for Film Opticals," directed by Tony Conrad. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday eve-

nings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Griffith, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Rainer, Mangolte, Vanderbeek, Hill, Sonbert, Flaherty, Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, Nekes, Dore O., and others. Showings Dec. 3 at 6 and 8; Dec. 4 at 6 and 9; Dec. 5 at 6, 8, and 9:30; Dec. 6 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 9:30; Dec. 7 at 8; Dec. 9-10 at 6, 8, and 10; and Dec. 11 at 7, 9, and 11.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 4-7: "The Devil's Cleavage," directed by George Kuchar. . . ¶ Starting Dec. 11: A program of six films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ACT OF AGGRESSION—With Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Gérard Pirès. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 9.)

ALICE'S RESTAURANT (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; starting Dec. 10.)

BABY DOLL (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 10.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Olympia; through Dec. 9.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Elgin; Dec. 10.)

THE BEGUILED (1971)—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War story about a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles run by Geraldine Page. A peculiar sort of late-Gothic picture, and pretty misogynistic, but the performances are O.K. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

BENJI—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Loews 83rd St.)

LES BICHES (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Elgin; Dec. 9.)

LE BOUCHER (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the exquisite Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 9.)

THE BOY FRIEND (1971)—Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well

enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Elgin; Dec. 5-6.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

A BRIEF VACATION—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/75.) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 10.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 10.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 10.)

L'CHAIM—TO LIFE—A documentary film, directed by Harold Mayer. (Loews 83rd St.)

CHARLEY VARRICK (1973)—Walter Matthau as a wily bank robber who outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. Unpleasant, noisy, and brutal, with sentimental flourishes. Don Siegel directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS (1935)—Warner Oland as Charlie Chan, and Keye Luke in his first appearance as Lee Chan, Charlie's No. 1 son. With Mary Brian, Erik Rhodes, and John Miljan; directed by Lewis Seiler. (Regency; through Dec. 6.)

CONDUCT UNBECOMING—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. It is still contrived. The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, and Stacy Keach. (11/3/75) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 5.)

THE CRUSADES (1935)—Maybe the most ludicrous of all the De Mille epics—possibly because it's more romantic and less spectacular. Lotte Young, in rope-like blond hair as Berengaria, has excruciatingly colloquial diction that blights her attempts at Middle Ages winsomeness; she is formally married to Richard the Lion-Hearted's sword. When the stalwart Henry Wilcoxon, as the King,

finally meets her, he has to take a deep breath and freeze his facial muscles before delivering simple lines such as "I love you, Berengaria." One's heart goes out to him. This glorious schlock pageant will be even more enjoyable for those who take a few minutes beforehand to bone up on the historical data; they'll be able to appreciate how willfully and gratuitously De Mille garbled every single historical character and incident. It isn't that he improved on them; he simply had to make them his own. Charles Ludlam, of the Theatre of the Ridiculous, could hardly improve on this one. With Ian Keith as the likable infidel, Saladin, who takes Berengaria prisoner; Katherine De Mille as the woman spurned by Richard; and Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, C. Henry Gordon, Jason Robards, Sr., and Mischa Auer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5-6.)

DEATH WISH (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Dec. 9.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 4.)

DIRTY HARRY (1971)—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Playboy; through Dec. 9.)

DISTANT THUNDER—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Art. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Dec. 6.)

DOG DAY AFTERNOON—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

EL ("This Strange Passion," 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chas-

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THE RITZ-CARLTON
CHICAGO
at Water Tower Place

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 3.)

EXHIBITION—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (Fine Arts.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

A FACE IN THE CROWD (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 10.)

FAHRENHEIT 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 3.)

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 9. . . . St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting Dec. 10.)

FRENCH CONNECTION II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a case of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang close-ups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 10.)

FUNNYMAN (1967)—Fresh and original. A remarkably pleasant film, directed by John Korty, about a young comedian (Peter Bonerz) who gets tired of "improvising" the same material for hundreds of nights in a

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San Francisco cabaret theatre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Regency; starting Dec. 7.)

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW (1966)—Pasinelli's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

GREASER'S PALACE (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Elgin; Dec. 10.)

HARD TIMES—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hopped medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Juliet 2; through Dec. 9.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and

Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

HEARTS OF THE WEST—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Columbia I.)

HESTER STREET—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

THE HIDING PLACE—With Julie Harris, Eileen Heckart, and Arthur O'Connell; directed by James F. Collier. (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE HUMAN FACTOR—With George Kennedy, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East.)

ICY BREASTS—With Alain Delon and Mireille Darc, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 10.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

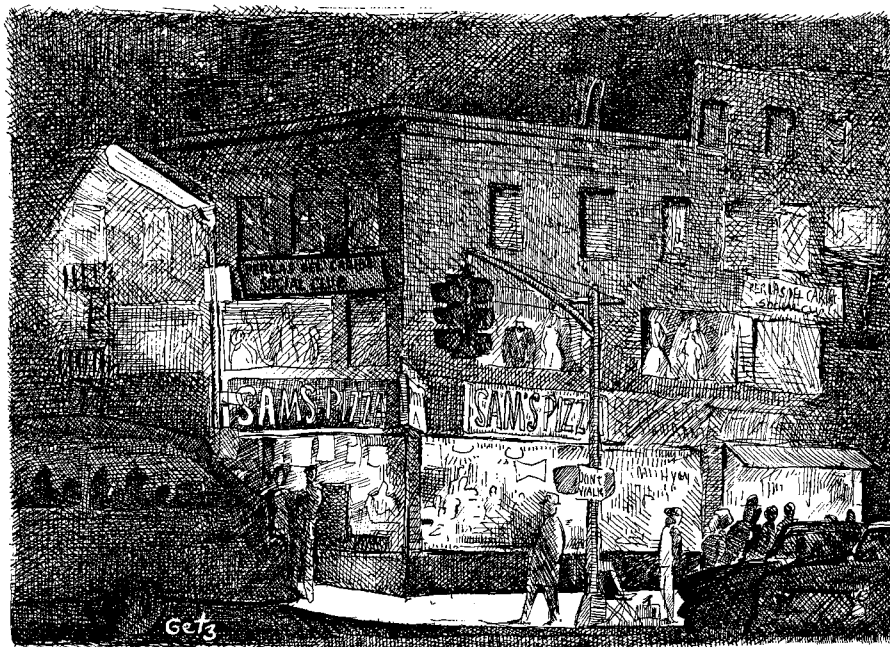
THE LADY EVE (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 9.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film debut); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 5.)

THE LAST DETAIL (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 5.)

LAURA (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Regency; through Dec. 6.)

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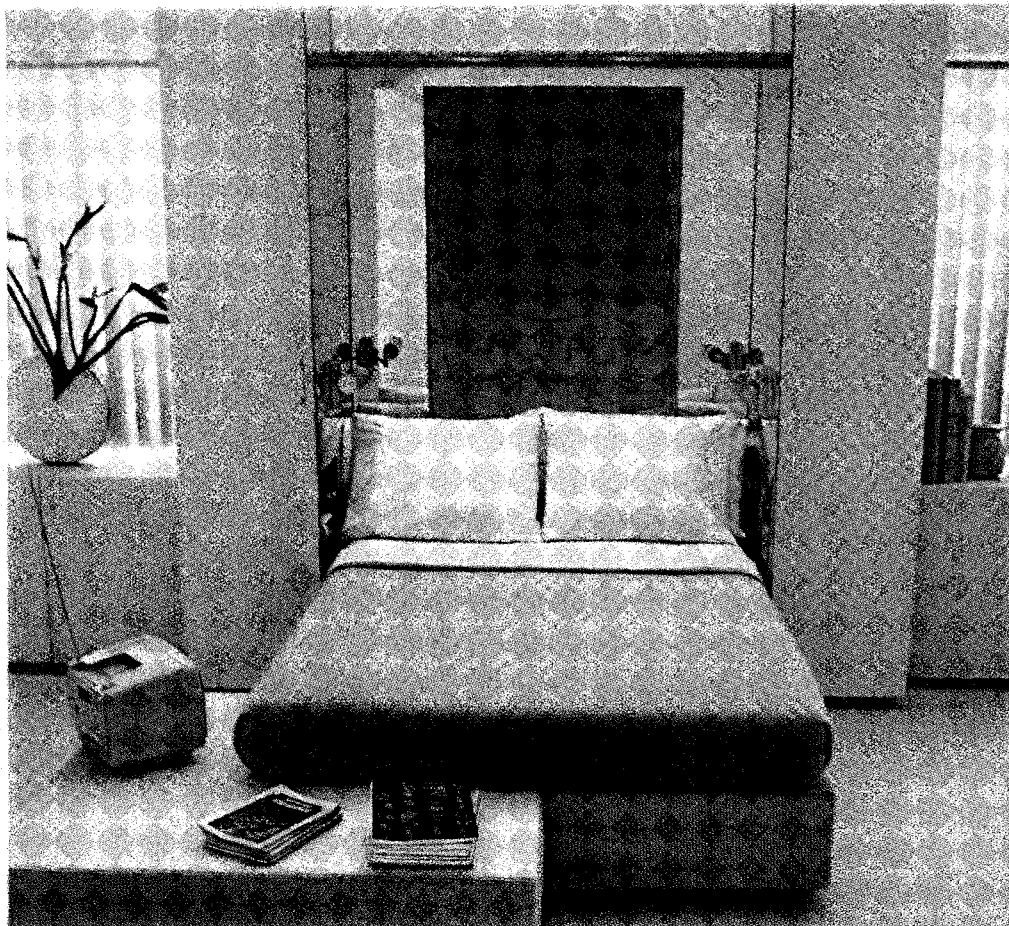
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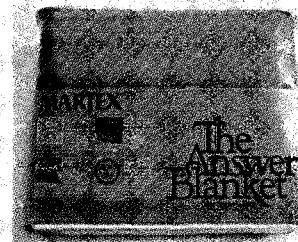
And it will stay that way, because there's nothing to get shabby.

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the most beautiful.

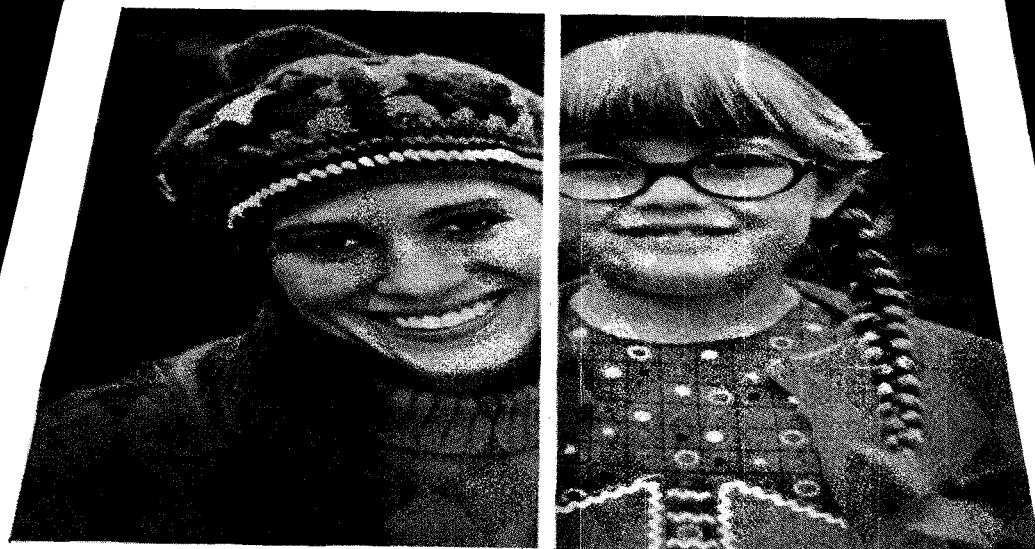
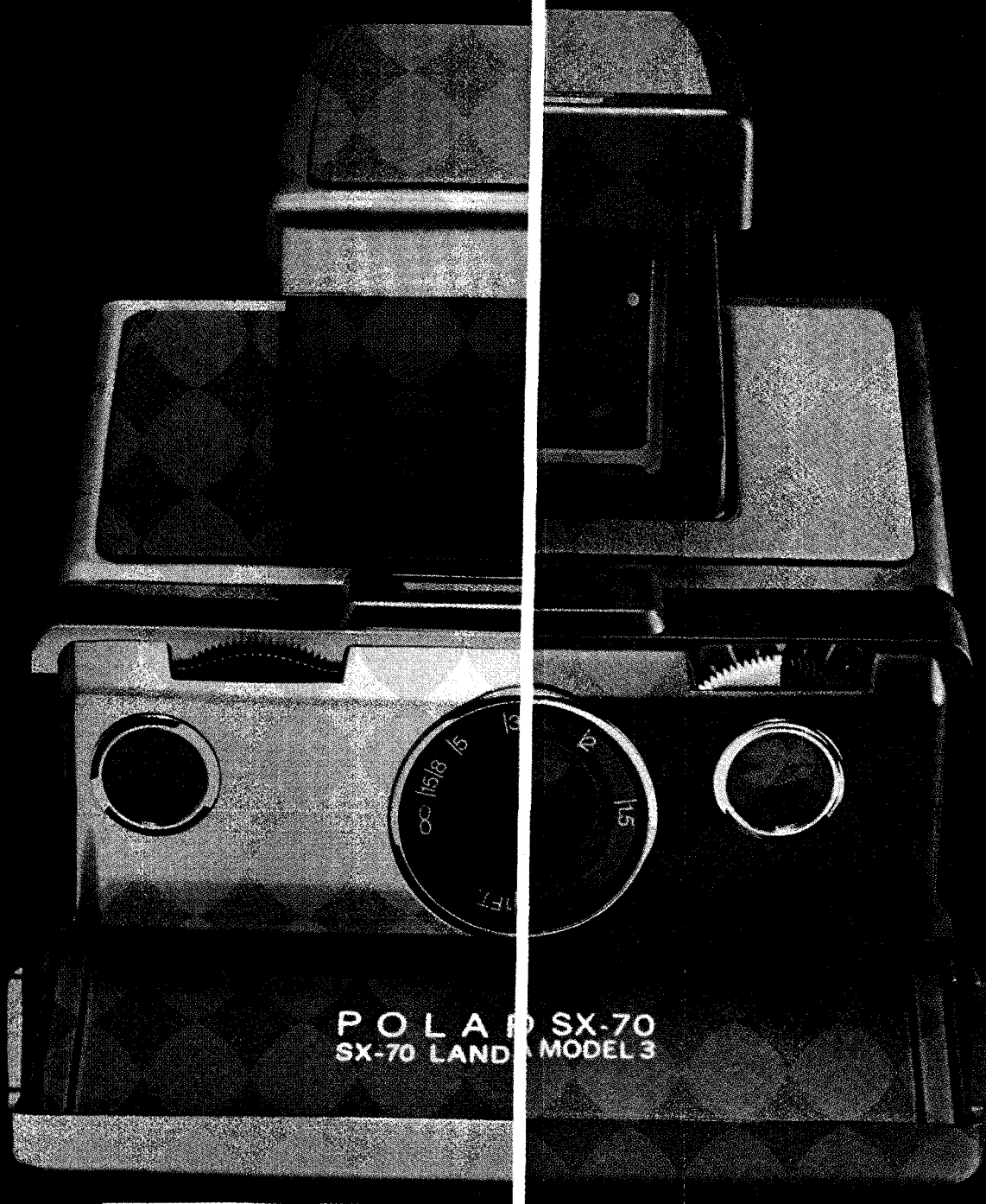
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The SX-70 picture on the far left was taken by the deluxe model, the one on the right by the Model 3. Note the vibrant colors, the richness of detail in both.

camera has a reflex viewing system, so when you look through the viewfinder, you're actually looking through the lens at a big, bright, clear image. It focuses from infinity down to 10.4 inches (closer than almost any other camera will let you get without a special lens). It lets you take rapid-fire shots, one every 1.5 seconds. It folds flat, to slip into your pocket. And it accepts all the optional SX-70 attachments.

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leather, but it isn't. This model has a different viewing system. Instead of focusing through the lens, you estimate the distance and set it. It accepts some of the attachments, but not all of them.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (86th St. East.)

LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

THE LION IN WINTER (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldmann's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventeen minutes; regrettably, the version now in distribution cuts thirty-four minutes. This seriously damages the play's structure and removes several of Robards' crucial scenes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

THE LONGEST YARD (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it; everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Loews Ciné... ¶ New Yorker; through Dec. 9.)

THE LONG GOODBYE (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

LOVE AND DEATH—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Olympia; through Dec. 9)... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 10.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7-9.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Coronet.)

MAGNUM FORCE (1973)—The bloody, brutal se-

quel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (Playboy; through Dec. 9.)

MAHOGANY—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Festival.)

THE MAN IN THE TRUNK—With Mireille Darc and Michel Constantine, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Symphony; starting Dec. 5.)

MARIKEN—Directed by Joseph Stelling. In Dutch. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 9.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

THE MERCHANT OF FOUR SEASONS (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 11.)

THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett

and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Ameche actually has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 9.)

MR. QUILP—A musical version of Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop." With Anthony Newley, who also did the music and lyrics. Directed by Michael Tuchner. (Guild.)

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (1932)—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a modernized version of the story, directed by Edward Sutherland. Misbegotten and forgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9.)

MORGAN! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Grönberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 11.)

NASHVILLE—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Dec. 9)... ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 10.)

NIGHT CALLER—With Jean-Paul Belmondo, directed by Henri Verneuil. A French film, dubbed in English. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 9.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily mean to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Bremner Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon" but is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted," adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sheriff. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 9.)

LOS OLVIDADOS ("The Young and the Damned," 1952)—A masterpiece. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 3.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia 11... Symphony; through Dec. 4.)

PANIQUE (1947)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastating job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 4.)

PARTNER (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double"—in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

PATHS OF GLORY (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War. The issues were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

RAIN (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously*; she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

RANCHO DELUXE—With Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston, directed by Frank Perry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith.)

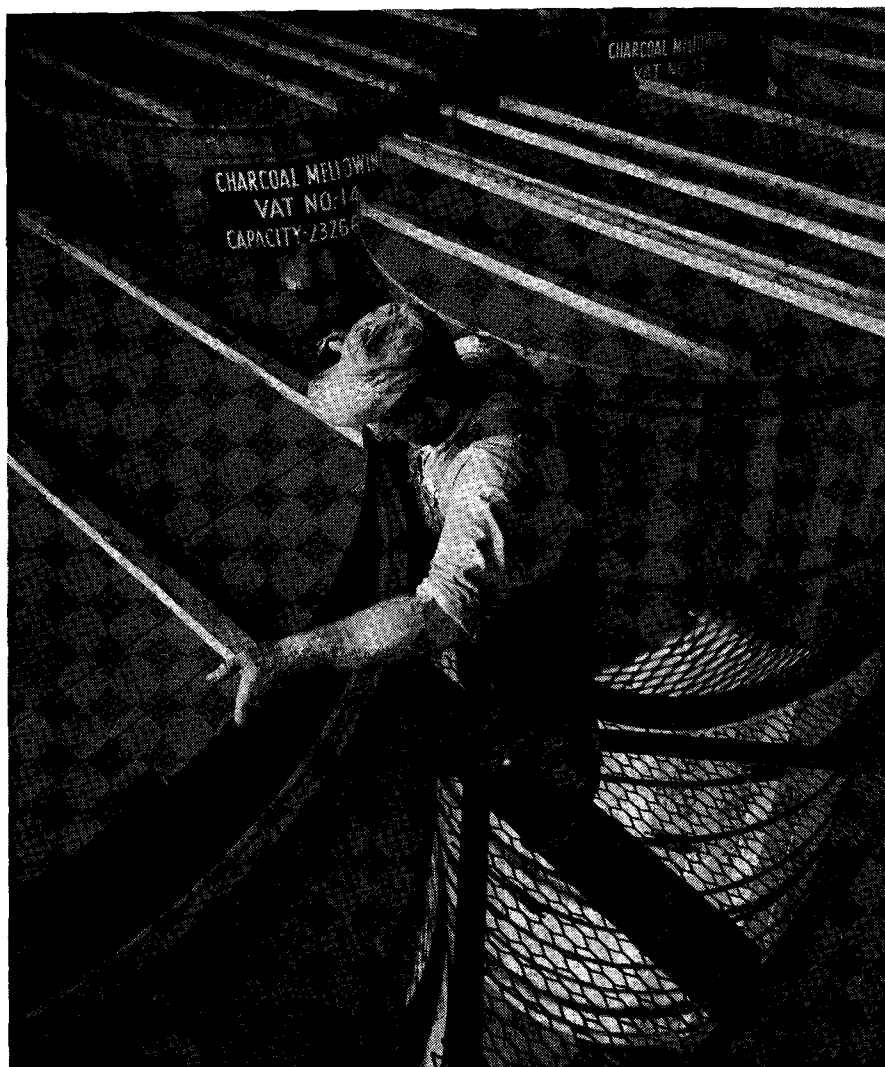
ROBIN HOOD (1922)—The big, handsome Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., version, directed by Allan Dwan, and featuring extraordinarily expensive sets and Fairbanks' beautiful athletic prowess. With Wallace Beery as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Enid Bennett as Marian, and Alan Hale as Little John (the same role he played sixteen years later in the Errol Flynn version). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9.)

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHWOMAN—With Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger; directed by Joseph Losey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

RUSSIAN ROULETTE—No click. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 10.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful



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Into this vat we tamp finely ground charcoal. Then we seep our just-distilled whiskey slowly through the charcoal to mellow its taste before aging. Once the whiskey drips into the vat, there's no way to photograph what's happening. But when you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll begin to get the picture.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 5.)

SHE (1935)—Hilarious, terrible, essential. Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagey décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunTERS of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of tedious lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrudes upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the story; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. The picture is deadly slow, and those lovebirds could try anybody's patience, but camp like this is a rarity. With Nigel Bruce. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 9.)

SIDDHARTHA (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Elgin; Dec. 7-8.)

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS (1932)—Looking at the plump young actor in an English film, Cecil B. De Mille must have clutched his chest ecstatically and cried out "My Nero!" Charles Laughton fulfilled De Mille's juiciest dreams. Sitting in the royal box at the arena, and using an emerald as a lorgnon, this Nero peers at the Christians and lions at their games. He's a voluptuous connoisseur of agonies, and childishly appreciative of any novelty, such as the frolicsome spiking of a pygmy on a fork by a wild woman from the North. As the wicked Empress Poppaea, Claudette Colbert looks wryly amused to find herself bathing in asses' milk, but her svelte figure in Roman scanties explains the casting; she must have had the best shape on the Paramount lot. Elissa Landi is mush-mouthed and tiresome as the virtuous Christian heroine, and Fredric March (Marcus Superbus!) was always better in pants than in short skirts hovering above his knees, but there are enough howling lines of nonsensical dialogue to compensate for the goody characters. De Mille's bang-them-on-the-head-with-wild-orgies-and-imperilled-virginity style is at its ripeest. With Ian Keith, Vivian Tobin, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Nat Pendleton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5-6.)

SMILE—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (U. A. East, Greenwich, and Thalia.)

THE SOFT SKIN (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 3.)

STATE OF SIEGE (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quiet-

est, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political trilogy—"Z" and "The Confession." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

SPECIAL SECTION—The latest political film from Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman; starting Dec. 7.)

STEPPEWOLF (1974)—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Elgin; Dec. 7-8.)

STOLEN KISSES (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

STORMY WEATHER (1943)—Terrible story but great performers. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin'"), and Eddie Anderson. Andrew Stone directed, like a stone. (Regency; starting Dec. 7.)

THE STORY OF O—From Pauline Reage's novel. Directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

LA STRADA (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 7.)

SUMMERTIME (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pinning-spinner role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmized formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines to be halfway tolerable. With Richard Benjamin. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

SWEET AWAY—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Murray Hill, and Cinema 11.)

TAKE A HARD RIDE—With Jim Brown and Lee Van Cleef, directed by Anthony M. Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 10.)

TEN DAYS' WONDER (1972)—A chic thriller by Claude Chabrol (his first film made directly into English), of fairly unfathomable idiocy and sacrilegious pretensions. Anthony Perkins and Orson Welles have to deal with some quite amazingly dumb lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

TEOREMA (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Jr., as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East. The theatre will be closed on Monday, Dec. 8.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Elgin; Dec. 5-6.)

TOPELE (1971)—An Israeli film. (Loews 83rd St.)

UNDERCOVERS HERO—With Peter Sellers, directed by Roy Boulting. (72nd Street East; starting Dec. 10.)

VIROIDIA (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most servicable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of the shrill "Sweet Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7-9.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE—With Annie Girardot, Mireille Darc, Bernard Fresson, and Michel Bouquet; directed by André Cayatte. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 10.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

ZACHARIAH (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Cinema Village; starting Dec. 10.)

ZORBA THE GREEK (1964)—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 7.... Elgin; Dec. 11.)

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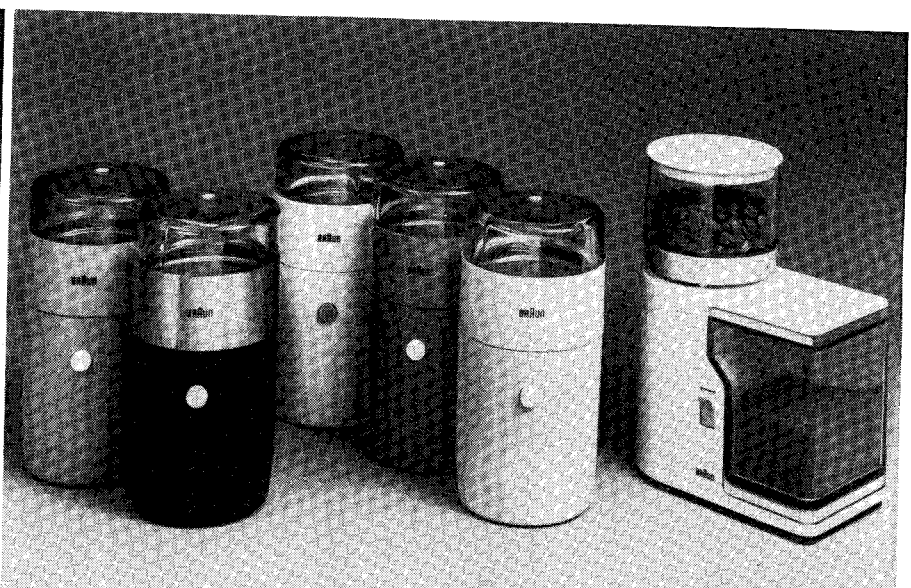
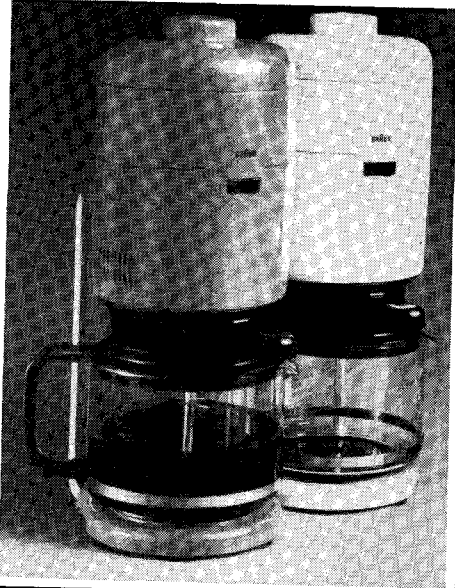
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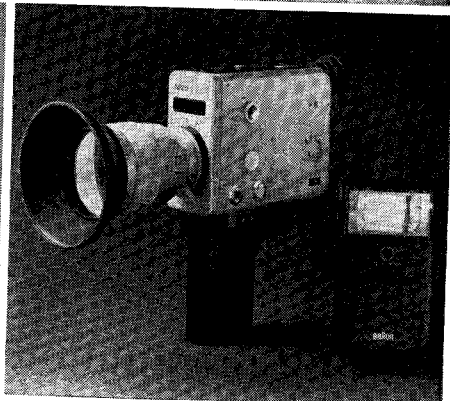
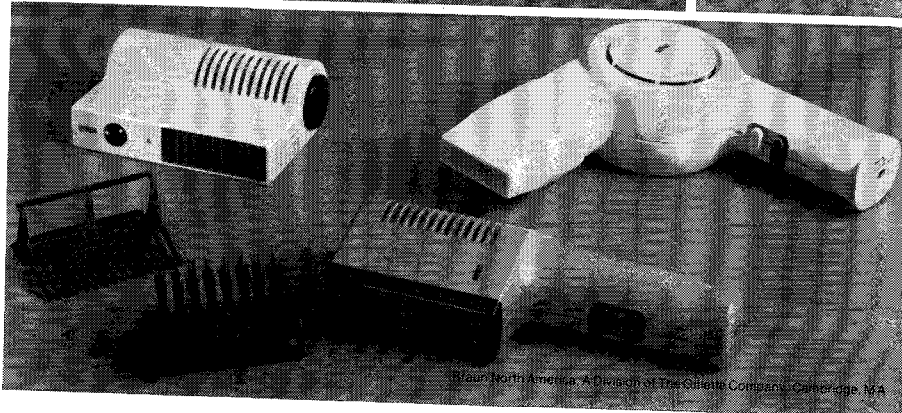
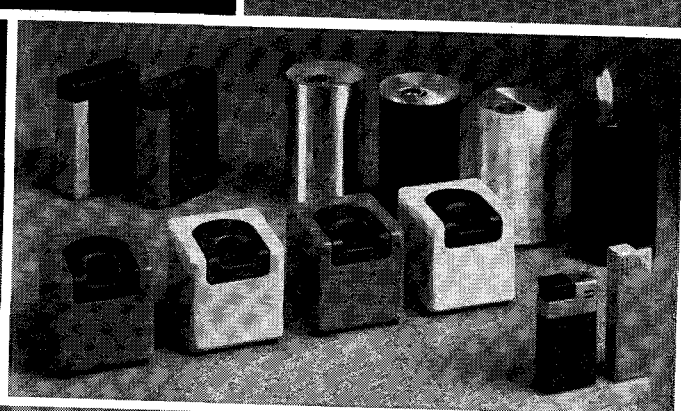
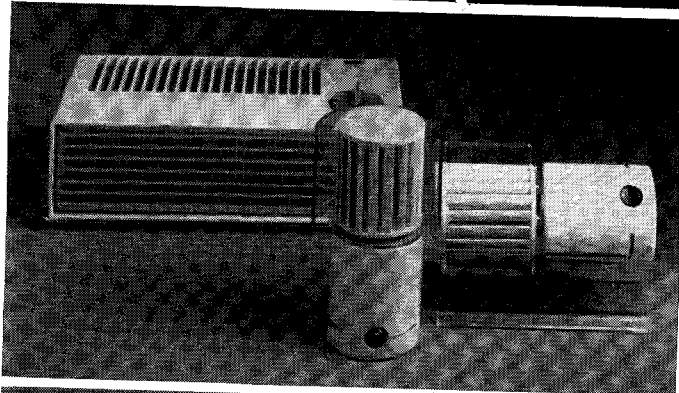
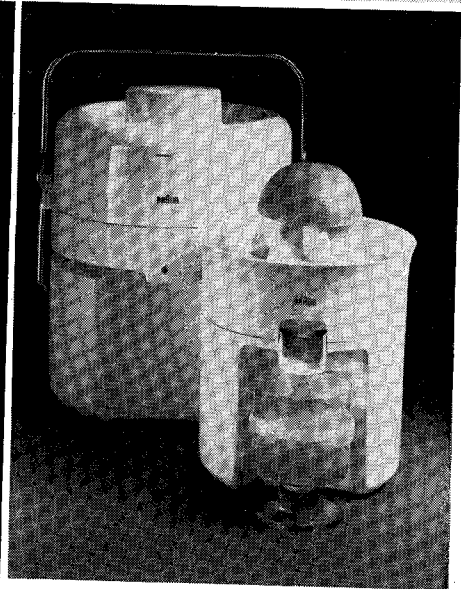


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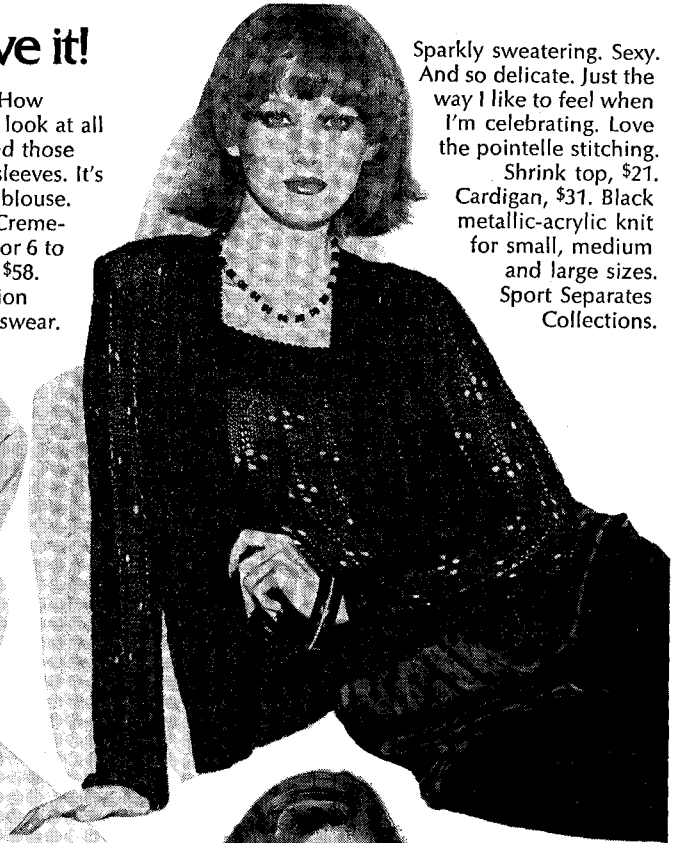


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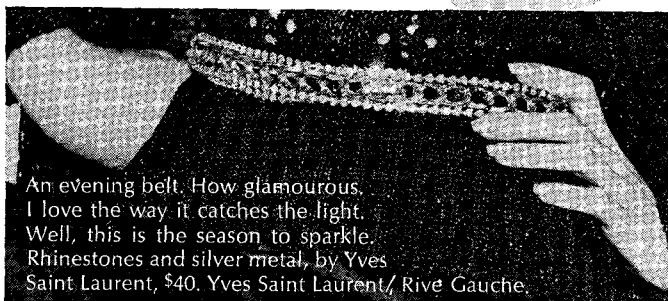
I love it!

A silk blouse. How beautiful. Just look at all those tucks and those heavenly full sleeves. It's everything a blouse should be. Creme-coloured, for 6 to 14 sizes, \$58. Collection Sportswear.

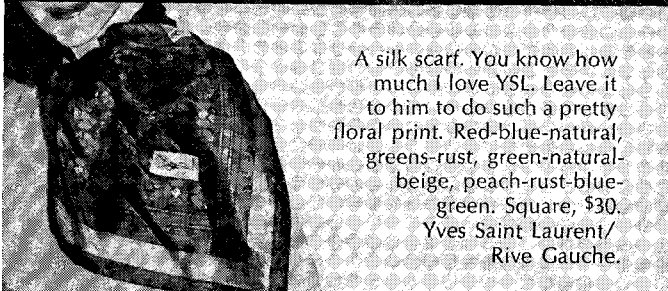
Sparkly sweater. Sexy. And so delicate. Just the way I like to feel when I'm celebrating. Love the pointelle stitching. Shrink top, \$21. Cardigan, \$31. Black metallic-acrylic knit for small, medium and large sizes. Sport Separates Collections.



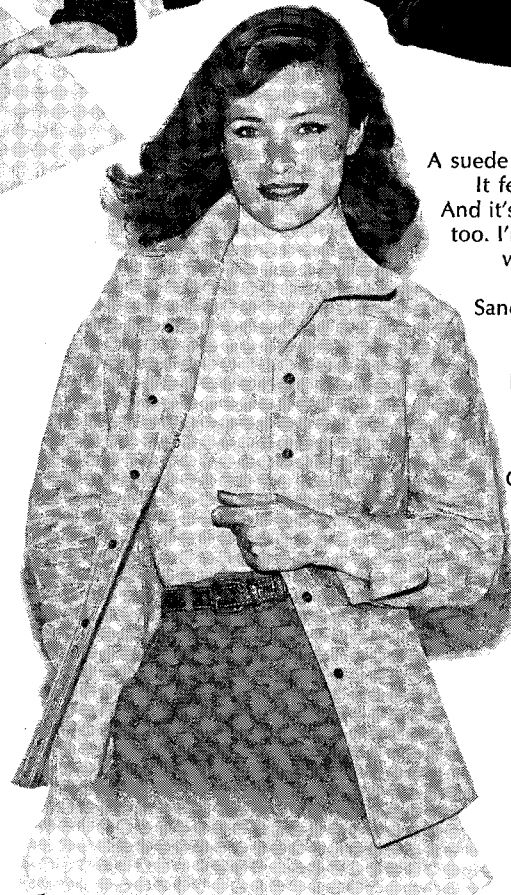
A suede shirtjacket. It feels divine. And it's reversible, too. I'm going to wear it with everything. Sand-coloured reversible sheepskin. For 6 to 16 sizes, \$130. Sport Separates Collections.



An evening belt. How glamorous. I love the way it catches the light. Well, this is the season to sparkle. Rhinestones and silver metal, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$40. Yves Saint Laurent/ Rive Gauche.



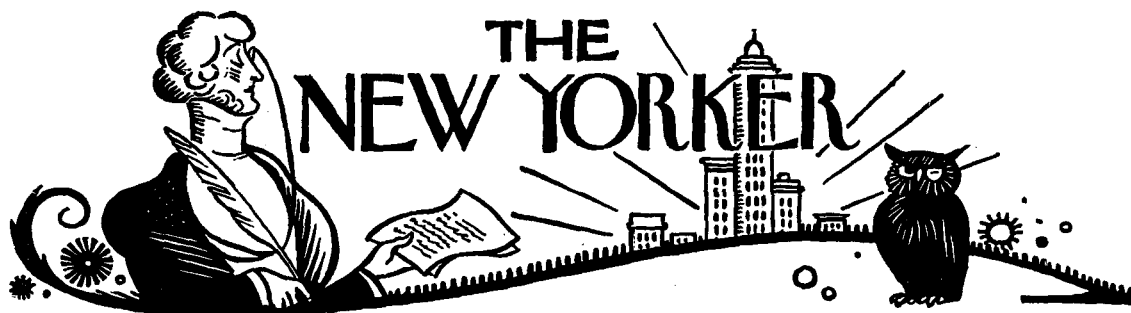
A silk scarf. You know how much I love YSL. Leave it to him to do such a pretty floral print. Red-blue-natural, greens-rust, green-natural-beige, peach-rust-blue-green. Square, \$30. Yves Saint Laurent/ Rive Gauche.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities revealed that the C.I.A. had been attempting to assassinate foreign heads of state, the thoughts of some of us went back to the assassination of our own President Kennedy, which occurred just twelve years ago. For days after the President's murder, the nation was drowned in sorrow. Speaker of the House John McCormack, upon receiving the news, cried out, "My God! My God! What are we coming to?" One New York man told a reporter, "Everybody feels dead, real dead. Everybody feels like crying." The day after the murder, the *Times* said in an editorial, "All of us—from the country's highest leaders to the humblest citizen—all of us are still in a state of shock from this stunning blow, that even now seems unreal in its grotesque horror." Twelve years later, we have not yet wholly emerged from that state of shock, and many people date the decline of our nation's fortunes from the day the President was assassinated. James Reston was reflecting a widespread feeling when, on the day after the assassination, he wrote, in the first paragraph of a front-page *Times* story headed "Why America Weeps," "The indictment extended beyond the assassin, for something in the nation itself, some strain of madness and violence, had destroyed the highest symbol of law and order." However, as the shock and depression and remorse spread through the country, people struggled to maintain a few distinctions—between this violence and other violence, between themselves and the assassin, between themselves and their fallen President—that would at least allow them to hold on to their sanity. One of these

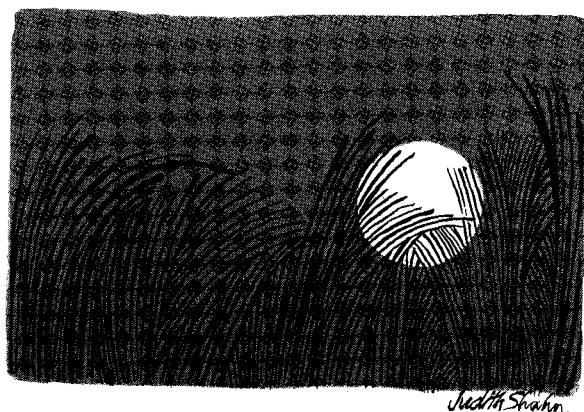
was the distinction between the forces of chaos which were responsible for the crime and the forces of law and order which had been victimized. Though the nation might be responsible in some general way, the assassin was nevertheless to be sharply distinguished from the rest of us. A few days after the assassination, Walter Lippmann wrote, in a column headed "Murder Most Foul," "In this atmosphere of political violence lived the President's murderer, himself addicted to the fascination of violence in his futile and lonely and brooding existence. The salient fact about him was his alienation from humanity, from country, family, and friends." For some, it was important to believe that the murderer was almost by definition insane. The *Washington Post* noted in an editorial headed "Our President Is Dead" and printed between heavy black bars in an extra edition that appeared only a few hours after the assassination, "No one will be willing to believe that this act could have been committed by anyone governed by a normal mind in a rational state." The general feeling was that anyone who would assassinate a head of state was a freak whose mental processes were virtually beyond the comprehension of normal people.

It is a measure of the distance between that time and our own that we now seem only mildly interested to

learn that our government has been conspiring to commit crimes—the murder of heads of state—which we then thought were outside the pale even of the thinking of our foreign adversaries. Some of the apparent conspirators remain in high posts in the government or occupy respected positions in public life. The distinctions we formerly tried to maintain between the representatives of law and order and the madmen who carry out assassinations suddenly seem to have shrunk to nothing. The crime is the same, but our position in relation to it has changed. Twelve years ago, when a President was killed our grief was measureless; it was larger than we were. The whole country found itself in the cross-hairs of the assassin's gun. Today, we find ourselves at the other end of the gun, and the victims seem small, distant, and indistinct—all but invisible. Nothing to get stirred up about.

In Motion

GÜNTHER RENNERT, the director of the Metropolitan Opera's new "Marriage of Figaro," is one of Germany's most durable and distinguished theatrical talents. Over the past forty years, he has run two major opera houses (Hamburg and Munich) and devised new productions for more than a hundred plays and operas. Although the Rennert style is eclectic (in opera he ranges from the literalism of "Figaro" to the abstract surrealism of "Salome"), his productions are easy to spot, because they emphasize carefully plotted, almost balletic movement. He moves his singers (who are not always the most graceful people in the world) in constantly changing patterns that delight the eye and complement the music. We observed the Master at work dur-





"Well, make up your mind! Do you want him to look like Don Rumsfeld or George Bush?"

ing a final rehearsal and can report that, at sixty-four, he shows no signs of slowing down. Throughout the first two acts, Dr. Rennert, a slight, intense man of medium height who moves like a dancer and resembles a bank president (thick gray hair, piercing eyes buried under formidable black eyebrows), was constantly in motion. He dashed onto the stage several times to make sure that a singer reached his or her appointed spot at the proper moment in the score. He looked over props and concluded that the piece of paper representing Cherubino's Army commission was too small. He tried all the doors in both sets ("Figaro" has four doors in Act I and three in Act II), and found one, in the Countess's rose-and-white bedroom, that needed fixing. He checked sight lines from the back and sides of the auditorium, and fiddled with the lighting until he had achieved a bright, suffused glow

that flattered everybody on the stage.

When the curtain came down at the end of Act II, we introduced ourself and asked if we could talk about the production.

"I would be delighted, but first I must give notes to the singers," said Dr. Rennert, in fluent German-accented English. "Come with me."

Trailed by two assistants, Dr. Rennert headed backstage to the artists' dressing rooms, where most of the cast was waiting for him in the hall. To Figaro (Justino Díaz), he said, "In 'Se vuol ballare' you do it a little more like fighting." Dr. Rennert assumed a formal duelling pose, his right hand holding an imaginary rapier. "There is a natural pause toward the end of the aria," he went on, "and when you take a breath you assume this position." To the Count (Wolfgang Brendel), he said, "React a little more slowly with the sword when Susanna comes out of the closet." To Marcellina (Jean

Kraft), he said, "In the first act, your curiousness when you enter the room is better. But 'La sposa novella!' should be more poisonous. You spit it out; you are thinking, *I should be la sposa.*" To Susanna (Judith Blegen), he said, "When you say 'Il talento,' that's a secret cue to Figaro that the Count, standing behind you, must not hear." To the Countess (Evelyn Lear), he said, "You should be in movement when the audience first sees you. Look into the garden from your balcony, and turn your head as the curtain goes up. To Cherubino (Frederica von Stade), he said, "Your fall off the balcony was late, but I could see that losing a heel threw your timing off." The singers accepted his comments with good-natured smiles, and Dr. Rennert suddenly opened his arms in an expansive gesture and told them that they were developing into a true ensemble. "This is what 'Figaro' is all about," he said. "There must be real communication and real tension between you at all times, or you lose your credibility."

During the interval that followed, we asked Dr.

Rennert to tell us about this "Figaro," his fifth.

"My basic concept hasn't changed much over the years, but my earlier efforts contained more commedia-dell'arte movement," he said. "Also, we used to cast this opera with heavier voices, and placed more emphasis on music than on character. Now, with singers who can move as well as sing, we cast each role very personally; we search for those few singers who can literally get under the skin of the characters."

"What is your basic approach to 'Figaro'?" we asked.

"The timeless fascination of any opera depends on the fact that fundamental human feeling is brought into musical expression," said Dr. Rennert. "Although it becomes stylized by the music, this human feeling retains its basic truth. Through the medium of singing, it is transformed into a collective truth about the human personality.

The best of opera is a kind of symbol for the way we conduct our lives, and I think that 'Figaro' falls into this category. The Beaumarchais play emphasized the political aspects of the characters—Figaro as representative of the coming Revolution, the Count as the symbol of a decadent aristocracy. But Mozart and da Ponte did not want the social-political aspect to dominate their opera. They emphasized the human and erotic problems of the five main characters—the Count, the Countess, Figaro, Susanna, and the page, Cherubino. Mozart's music captures the erotic tension that builds up between these characters, and then resolves it at the end, when there is a beautiful passage of mutual forgiveness between the Count and the Countess."

"How do you see the main characters?" we asked.

"Figaro and the Count are counterparts, as are Susanna and the Countess," said Dr. Rennert. "Figaro and Susanna come from the lower class, but they are moving up to a better way of life. They are quick, shrewd, strong, and intelligent. Figaro is the most powerful human being in the opera, because he has the most creative force. Susanna is clever and honest—a flirt, who enjoys playing with the Count's emotions, but a wife who will always be true to Figaro. The Count is a complacent aristocrat, so sure of his wealth and position that he can devote himself to a life of pleasure. The Countess comes from the middle class; she is as secure in her social position as she is unhappy in her marriage. She is warmhearted and impulsive, but Figaro and Susanna do a lot of her thinking for her. Cherubino, the page, is probably a distant relative of the Count. He is so young that he is completely transparent; he has never learned to hide his feelings, and so he always says exactly what he means. Both the play and the opera take place at a time when all these characters are very young—during a golden period of their lives, when their intense feelings for both love and politics reach a peak. Mozart and da Ponte caught this combustible mixture of youth, impulsiveness, and high spirits with extraordinary skill. Ten years later, all these characters will have forgotten their youth and turned into very normal people."

"How do you think the 'Figaro' characters ended their lives?" we asked.

"Beaumarchais tells us in a final play," said Dr. Rennert. "The Countess has an affair with Cherubino and has a son by him, but she stays unhap-

pily married to Count Almaviva, who continues philandering. The Count and Countess move to Paris after their son is killed, as the result of a gaming quarrel, and Figaro and Susanna—whose marriage has settled into a comfortable rut—continue to serve them. Eventually, Figaro persuades the Count to accept the Countess's child by Cherubino as his son and heir. Meanwhile, Cherubino, the beautiful page, who was sent off to be a soldier, dies in battle, after writing his beloved Countess a final note in blood from his fatal wound."

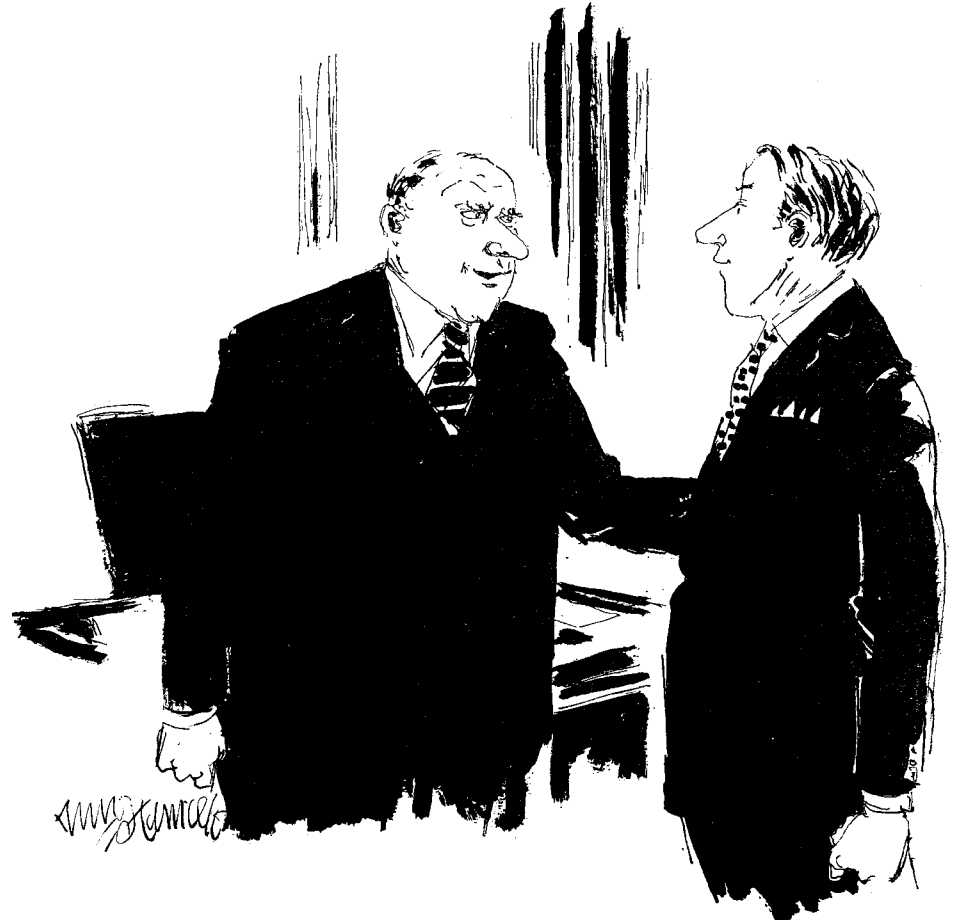
The Game

A FRIEND of ours who squeaked through at Harvard ten years ago and was recently told that he is beginning to "fill out" has sent us this report:

It was Harvard versus Yale, the Crimson against Old Blue, but the quality of play down on the field (except in the last three minutes, of which more in a moment) was more of a dull Brown. But never mind. You don't go to the Harvard-Yale game in the first place if it's expert football you want; you stay home and keep the TV set tuned to Ohio State versus Michi-

gan. At what is known among Eastern élitists as The Game, ancillary benefits are the point. The turkey may be stringy and burned, but the trimmings are terrific, to use a seasonal analogy. It was the one-hundredth anniversary of the first Harvard-Yale game. The weather was perfect: no rain; enough wind to make possible learned-sounding comments about whether a punt would be long or short; cold enough to make us glad we'd brought blankets. Our party had a big bag of chocolate-chip cookies, and plenty of brandy and Canadian Club to wash them down with, and it was pleasant indeed to be sitting in the Yale Bowl among sixty-six thousand people, all of them intelligent-looking.

As usual when the game is played in New Haven, there were two versions of the *Yale Daily News* to choose from—the real one, and a fake perpetrated by the *Harvard Crimson*, with a breathless page-one story reporting that Kingman Brewster, Yale's president, had quit to become Ambassador to England. This reminded me of the preliminaries to the first Harvard-Yale game I went to—also in New Haven—in 1961. The *Crimson* had distributed a convincing-looking



"I like the way you push, Dodds. Pushers eventually become movers and shakers."

bogus edition of the *News* with a story that President Kennedy had juggled his schedule so as to fit in an appearance at The Game, and large segments of the crowd excitedly awaited his arrival. When the announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President—" a great cheer went up, all but drowning out the announcer's concluding "—of the *Harvard Crimson*." A sleek convertible swung onto the field, with men running alongside it on both sides, and even through binoculars the man in the back seat who was waving to the crowd looked like President Kennedy. Actually, it was Robert E. Smith, Harvard '62, wearing a rubber Kennedy mask. We didn't know it at the time, but those were innocent days.

Back in the present, Yale had the lead at the half, 7-0, though both teams had played as if the field were made of flypaper with oil slicks on it. The halftime ritual unfolded in the traditional manner. The Harvard band rolled out its immense bass drum. The

Yale band rolled out a tiny drum on a child's wagon in response. Both bands formed themselves into words on the field and played tunes that were puns on the words, and at one point the Harvard band spelled out "MONA LISA" in mirror writing as part of a complicated joke involving Leonardo da Vinci. When the Yale band took the field, the Harvard crowd amused itself by chanting "BOR-ing, BOR-ing" in unison.

Harvard tied the game in the third quarter, thus setting the stage for what by now seems to be the obligatory improbable last-minute victory. Last season, Harvard won it with a touchdown in the last fifteen seconds, but the granddaddy of them all was in 1968, that year of extremes in every part of American life. That was the year that Harvard scored sixteen points in the last forty-two seconds to gain a 29-29 tie against its heavily favored opponent. I saw that game on closed-circuit television with a frenzied crowd of old

grads in the Harvard Club, on West Forty-fourth Street, and I remember calculating afterward that if Harvard had kept up its point production at that final rate throughout the game the score would have been Harvard 1,371, Yale 29.

This time, Harvard had the ball on fourth down on the Yale thirty-five-yard line with two minutes and fifteen seconds to go in the game and twelve yards to go for a first down. Harvard's quarterback, Jim Kubacki, whose passes had been connecting considerably less than half the time, dropped back and threw the ball to Bob McDermott, who caught it and took it to the fourteen-yard line for the first down. The clock kept running as Harvard tried ineffectually to move the ball, and on fourth down, with thirty-three seconds to go in the game, Mike Lynch, of Swampscott, Massachusetts, came in and kicked a field goal. It was as sorry-looking as a kick can be—the ball fluttered listlessly end over end, like a wounded bird—but it did the job. Harvard 10, Yale 7, and Christmas is almost here.

Uptown

EVERY so often, it's fun to go visit Dr. John Moore and Kanya KéKumbha, professors at U.C.L.A. (the University at the Corner of Lenox Avenue), up at 125th Street. The whole university, known also as the Tree of Life Bookstore, or KAOS (Kanya Academy of the Occult Sciences), takes up most of the ground floor, and the first thing you notice from a distance is Dr. Moore's new sign, which says, "DR. JOHN MOORE, HERBOLOGIST EXTRA ORDINAIRE." Inside, there is a counter made of a number of tables, with books like "Antiquity Unveiled," "Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx," "Mystery Man of the Bible," and "More Secrets Doctors Don't Know" for sale. A rack of packaged herbs separates the front of the store from a large open area in the back, where classes in yoga and meditation are held. The class area doubles as the Aquarian Science Reading Room. Dr. Moore was sitting at his desk in front of the herb rack, surrounded by lots of cardboard boxes.

We asked Dr. Moore what "herbologist extra ordinaire" means.

"'Extra ordinaire' means that I'm heavy in the field of the occult. Very heavy in the fields of roots and nuts and bark. I'm trying to finish my book 'Herbal Remedies of Ancient Egypt and America Since the Revolution.' It



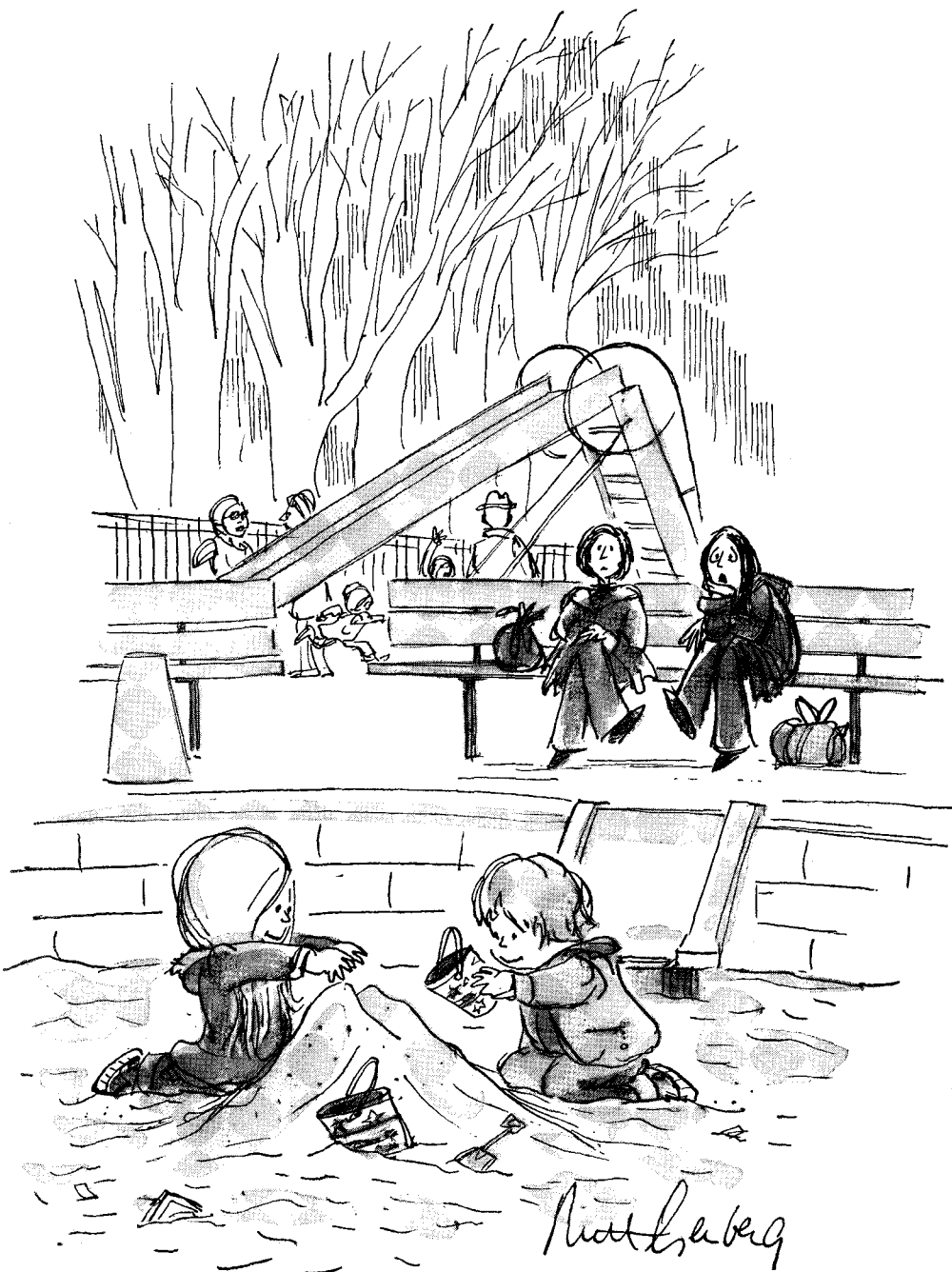
"Ronald! You said you'd come back and you did!"

won't be finished until 1985. I've finished over two thousand pages. It will be about the size of the Oxford Universal Dictionary. It will weigh over seven pounds."

"You look good. You must take care of yourself," we said.

"I'm a Capricorn," he told us. "I was an ugly little boy; I looked like an old man. Now, as I get older, I look younger. I'm in my fifties, and I can outrun anybody in this city. I try to eat my lunch later—from five in the afternoon to eleven at night, when the blood pressure is lower. I'm not weighty." He stood up and showed us how loose his jeans were, and how solid his midsection. "I'm a vegetarian to a certain extent, except I take a little red snapper every now and then. It's low in cholesterol."

Then he said, "I'm going to let you in on some things I learned a long time ago. I was a hobo for many years. I was the surgeon general of the hobo society; I used to take care of the sick people. I come from Caddo Gap, Arkansas. My father was a religious preacher, and he didn't believe in herbs. He thought that was voodoo. I studied with midwives there; then I travelled around and nomaded. One day, I was riding a freight train in the State of Minnesota, and I got sick, and an old Swedish lady told me, 'Just eat rabbit grass.' I said, 'Lord have mercy—rabbit grass!' From then on, I always wanted to have something to help people. Elder flower and peppermint will cure a cold overnight. I would ask all the mothers and housewives to keep elder flower and peppermint around the house." He began digging in the cardboard boxes. "This is one of the rare honeys for rare sickness. This honey comes from Africa. This is one of the most powerful honeys. I have basswood honey, Guatemalan morning-glory honey. Tupelo-flower honey will keep for thirty-nine years. They opened up a tomb in Egypt that had been sealed for about three thousand years, and there was a jar of honey just as fresh as the day it was put in there. This is a herbal bath oil. I cannot tell you what is in it, but those who send a beautiful donation get a good dose of the oil. I put down certain herbs, and you haven't seen a mouse around here since. The next day, we saw all the mice going to the water, because that herb raises their temperature. But herbs won't kill people. I experiment on my students. They don't die. They might stand around and get distorted in the face, but they will not die."



"Actually, when you get right down to it, Jason and Rachel are probably the most stable couple we know."

Dr. Moore showed us a chart on papyruslike paper. "This is a Business Cycle and Production Chart made before the Civil War," he said. "It has been certified by an accountant in Connecticut to make it legal. This tells the time when things will get bad. If we don't change in five years, all the cities will be destroyed by an earthquake, followed three minutes later by a three-hundred-and-fifty-foot tidal wave. If you've been eating hot dogs and hamburgers, your stomach will swell up and you'll catch fire. So this is all I have to say, and anybody can come up here and verify it."

Then Kanya KeKumbha came

over and told us that Christianity, understood allegorically, is a form of astrology, with Jesus as the sun and the twelve Apostles as the twelve signs of the zodiac; that Ruby Dee, the stage and movie star, is on his board of directors; that he plans to set up a Noah's Ark-type commune in some relatively safe part of the world; that Dick Gregory once bought three hundred and thirty-eight dollars and twenty cents' worth of books from the store; that ex-New York Met Joe Christopher teaches numerology at the school; and that Dr. Moore has the potential to be a million-dollar TV personality.

BETWEEN ZERO AND ONE

WHEN I was young I thought that men had small lives of their own creation. I could not see why, born enfranchised, without the obstacles and constraints attendant on women, they set such close limits for themselves and why, once the limits had been reached, they seemed so taken aback. I could not tell much difference between a man aged thirty-six, about, and one forty or fifty; it was impossible to fix the borderline of this apparent disappointment. There was a space of life I used to call "between Zero and One" and then came a long mystery. I supposed that men came up to their wall, their terminal point, quite a long way after One. At that time I was nineteen and we were losing the war. The news broadcast in Canada was flatly optimistic, read out in the detached nasal voices de rigueur for the CBC. They were voices that seemed to be saying, "Good or bad, it can't affect us." I worked in a building belonging to the federal government—it was a heavy Victorian structure of the sort that exists on every continent, wherever the British thought they'd come to stay. This one had been made out of the reddish-brown Montreal stone that colors, in memory, the streets of my childhood and that architects have no use for now. The office was full of old soldiers from one war before: Ypres (pronounced "Wipers") and Vimy Ridge were real, as real as this minute, while Singapore, Pearl Harbor, Voronezh were the stuff of fiction. It seemed as if anything that befell the young, even dying, was bound to be trivial.

"Half of 'em'll never see any fighting," I often heard. "Anyway not like in the trenches." We did have one veteran from the current war—Mac Kirkconnell, who'd had a knock on the head during his training and was now good for nothing except civilian life. He and two others were the only men under thirty left in the place. The other two were physical crocks, which was why they were not in uniform (a question demented women sometimes asked them in the street). Mr. Tracy had been snow-blinded after looking out of a train window for most of a sunny February day; he had recovered part of his sight but had to wear mauve glasses even by electric light. He was nice but strange, infirm. Mr. Curran, reputed to have one kidney, one lung, and one testicle, and

who was the subject of endless rhymes and ditties on that account, was not so nice: he had not wanted a girl in the office and had argued against my being employed. Now that I was there he simply pretended that he had won. There were about a dozen other men—older, old. I can see every face, hear every syllable, which evoked, for me, a street, a suburb, a kind of schooling. I could hear just out of someone's saying to me, "Say, Linnet, couja just gimme a hand here, please?" born here, born in Glasgow; immigrated early, late; raised in Montreal, no, farther west. I can see the rolled shirtsleeves, the braces, the eyeshades, the hunched shoulders, the elastic arm-bands, the paper cuffs they wore sometimes, the chopped-egg sandwiches in waxed paper, the apples, the oatmeal cookies ("Want any, Linnet? If you don't eat lunch nobody'll marry you"), the thermos flasks. Most of them lived thinly, paying for a bungalow, a duplex flat, a son's education: a good Protestant education was not to be had for nothing then. I remember a day of dark spring snowstorms, ourselves reflected on the black windows, the pools of warm light here and there, the green-shaded lamps, the dramatic hiss and gurgle of the radiators that always sounded like the background to some emotional outburst, the sudden slackening at the end of the afternoon when every molecule of oxygen in the room had turned into poison. Assistant Chief Engineer Macaulay came plodding softly along the wintry room



and laid something down on my desk. It was a collection of snapshots of a naked woman prancing and skipping in what I took to be the backyard of his house out in Cartierville. In one she was in a baby carriage with her legs spread over the sides, pretending to drink out of an infant's bottle. The unknown that this represented was infinite. I also wondered what Mr. Macaulay wanted—he didn't say. He remarked, shifting from foot to foot, "Now, Linnet, they tell me you like modern art." I thought then, I think now, that the tunnel winters, the sudden darkness that April day, the years he'd had of this long green room, the knowledge that he would die and be buried "Assistant Chief Engineer Grade II" without having overtaken Chief Engineer McCreery had simply snapped the twig, the frail matchstick

in the head that is all we have to keep us sensible.

Bertie Knox had a desk facing mine. He told the other men I'd gone red in the face when I saw Macaulay's fat-arsed wife. (He hadn't seen *that* one; I had turned it over, like a bad card.) The men teased me for blushing, and they said, "Wait till you get married, Linnet, you haven't done with shocks." Bertie Knox had been in this very office since the age of twelve. The walls had been a good solid grey then—not this drawing-room green. The men hadn't been pampered and coddled, either. There wasn't even a water cooler. You were fined for smoking, fined for lateness, fined for sick leave. He had worked the old ten-hour day and given every cent to his mother. Once he pinched a dime of it and his mother went for him. He locked himself in a cupboard. His mother took the door off its hinges and beat him blue with a wooden hanger. During the Depression, married, down to half pay, four kids in the house, he had shovelled snow for twenty cents an hour. "And none the worse for it," he would always wind up. Most of the men seemed to have been raised in hardship by stern, desperate parents. What struck me was the good they thought it had done them (I had yet to meet an adult man with a poor opinion of himself) and their desire to impose the same broken fortunes on other people, particularly on the young—though not their own young, of course. There was a touch of sadness, a touch of envy to it, too. Bertie Knox had seen Mr. Macaulay and Mr. McCreery come in as Engineers Grade II, wet behind the ears, puffed up with their new degrees, "just a couple more college punks." He said that engineering was the world's most despised profession, occupied mainly by human apes. Instead of a degree he had a photograph of himself in full kilt, Highland Light Infantry, 1917: he had gone "home," to a completely unknown Old Country, and joined up there. "Will you just look at that lad?" he would plead. "Do they come like him today? By God, they do not!" Bertie Knox could imitate any tone and accent, including mine. He could do a CBC announcer droning, "The British have ah taken ah Tobruk," when we knew perfectly well the Germans had. (One good thing about the men was that when anything seemed hopeless they talked nonsense. The native traits of pessimism and constant grumbling returned only when there was nothing to grumble about.) Bertie Knox had a

wooden leg, which he showed me; it was dressed in a maroon sock with clocks up the sides and a buckled garter. He had a collection of robust bawdy songs—as everyone (all the men, I mean) had in Canada, unless they were pretending—which I copied in a notebook, verse upon verse, with the necessary indications: Tune—“On, Wisconsin!,” Tune—“Men of Harlech,” Tune—“We Gather Together to Ask the Lord’s Blessing.” Sometimes he took the notebook and corrected a word here and there. It doesn’t follow that he was a cheerful person. He laughed a lot but he never smiled. I don’t think he liked anyone, really.

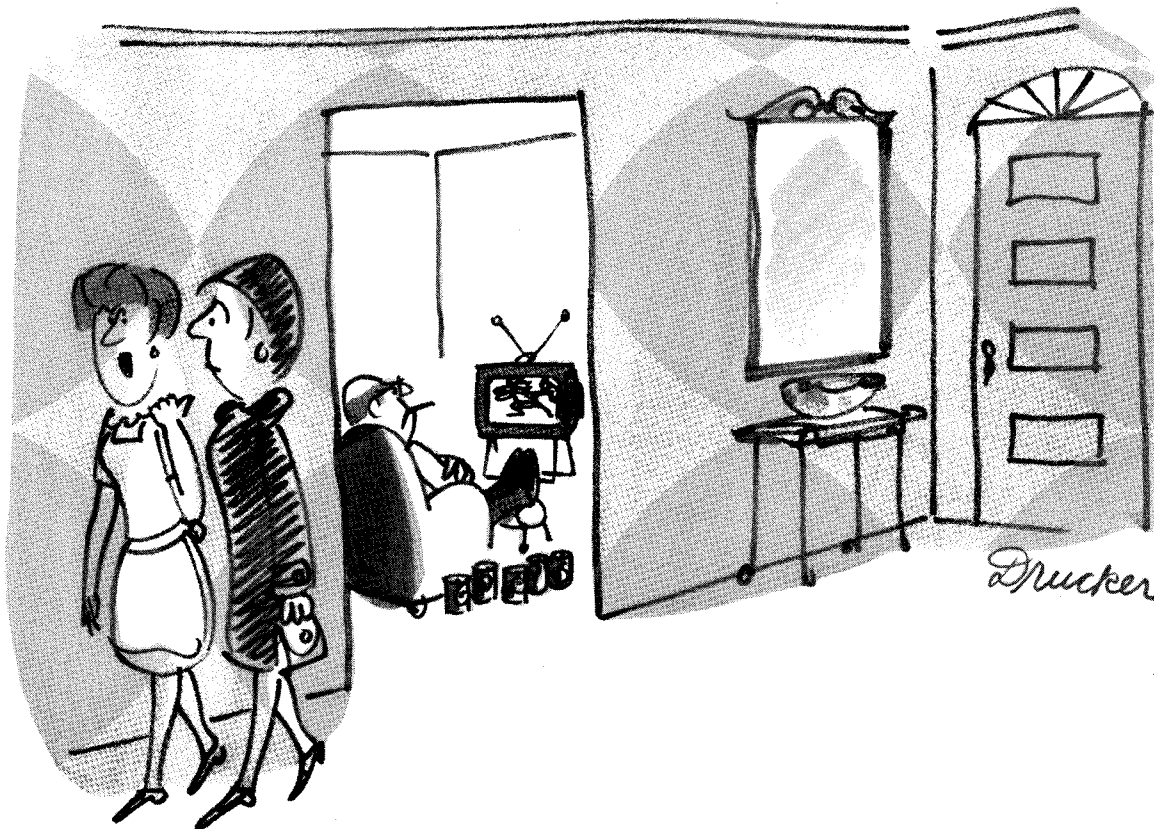
The men were statisticians, draftsmen, civil engineers. Painted on the frosted glass of the office door was

REVIEW AND DEVELOPMENT
RESEARCH AND EXPANSION
OF
WARTIME INDUSTRY
“REGIONAL AND URBAN”

The office had been called something else up until September, 1939; according to Bertie Knox they were still doing the same work as before, and not much of it. “It looks good,” he said. “It sounds good. What is its meaning? Sweet buggerall.” A few girls equipped with rickety typewriters and adding machines sat grouped at the far end of the room, separated from the men by a balustrade. I was the first woman ever permitted to work on the men’s side of this fence. A pigeon among the cats was how it sometimes felt. My title was “aide.” Today it would be something like “trainee.” I was totally unqualified for this or any other kind of work and had been taken on almost at my own insistence that they could not do without me.

“Yes, I know all about that,” I had replied, to everything.

“Well, I *suppose* it’s all right,” said Chief Engineer. The hiring of girls usually fell to a stout grim woman called “Supervisor,” but I was not



“That’s Henry’s command module.”

coming in as a typist. He had never interviewed a girl before and he was plainly uncomfortable, asking me questions with all the men straining to hear. There were no young men left on account of the war, and the office did need someone. But what if they trained me, he said, at great cost and expense to the government, and what if I then did the dreadful thing girls were reputed to do, which was to go off and get married? It would mean a great waste of time and money just when there was a war on.

I was engaged, but not nearly ready for the next step. In any case, I told him, even if I did marry I would need to go on working, for my husband would more than likely be sent overseas. What Chief Engineer did not know was that I was a minor with almost no possibility of obtaining parental consent. Barring some bright idea, I could not do much of anything until I was twenty-one. For this interview I had pinned back my long hair; I wore a hat, gloves, earrings, and I folded my hands on my purse in a conscious imitation of older women. I did not mind the interview, or the furtively staring men. I was shy, but not self-conscious. Efforts made not to turn a young girl’s head—part of an education I had encountered at every stage and in every sort of school—had suc-

ceeded in making me invisible to myself. My only commercial asset was that I knew French, but French was of no professional use to anyone in Canada then—not even to French Canadians; one might as well have been fluent in Pushtu. Nevertheless I listed it on my application form, along with a very dodgy “German” (private lessons between the ages of eight and ten) and an entirely impudent “Russian”: I was attending Russian evening classes at McGill, for reasons having mainly to do with what I believed to be the world’s political future. I recorded my age as twenty-two, hoping to be given a grade and a salary that would correspond. There were no psychological or aptitudes tests; you were taken at your word and lasted according to performance. There was no social security and only the loosest sort of pensions plan; hiring and firing involved no more paperwork than a typed letter—sometimes not even that. I had an unmistakably Montreal accent of a kind now almost extinct, but my having attended school in the United States gave me a useful vagueness of background.

And so, in an ambience of doubt, apprehension, foreboding, incipient danger, and plain hostility, for the first time in the history of the office a girl was allowed to sit with the men. And

it was here, at the desk facing Bertie Knox's, on the only uncomfortable chair in the room, that I felt for the first time that almost palpable atmosphere of sexual curiosity, sexual resentment, and sexual fear that the presence of a woman can create where she is not wanted. If part of the resentment vanished when it became clear that I did not know what I was doing, the feeling that women were "trouble" never disappeared. However, some of the men were fathers of daughters, and they quickly saw that I was nothing like twenty-two. Some of them helped me then, and one man, Hughie Pryor, an engineer, actually stayed late to do some of my work when I fell behind.

HAD I known exactly what I was about, I might not have remained for more than a day. Older, more experienced, I'd have called it a dull place. The men were rotting quietly until pension time. They kept to a slow English-rooted civil-service pace; no one wasted office time openly, but no one produced much, either. Although they could squabble like hens over mislaid pencils, windows open or shut, borrowed triangles, special and sacred pen nibs used for tracing maps, there was a truce about zeal. The fact is that I did not know the office was dull. It was so new to me, so strange, such another climate, that even to flow with the sluggish tide draining men and women into the heart of the city each day was a repeated experiment I sensed, noted, recorded, as if I were being allowed to be part of something that was not really mine. The smell of the building was of school—of chalk, dust, plaster, varnish, beeswax. Victorian, Edwardian, and early Georgian oil portraits of Canadian captains of industry, fleshed-out pirate faces, adorned the staircase and halls—a daily reminder that there are two races, those who tread on people's lives, and the others. The latest date



"Please! Destroy him utterly!"

on any of the portraits was about 1925: I suppose photography had taken over. Also by then the great fortunes had been established and the surviving pirates were retired, replete and titled, usually to England. Having had both French and English schooling in Quebec, I knew that these pink-cheeked marauders were what English-speaking children were led to admire (without much hope of emulation, for the feast was over). They were men of patriotism and of action; we owed them everything. They were in a positive, constructive way a part of the Empire and of the Crown; this was a good thing. In a French education veneration was withheld from anyone except the dead and defeated, ranging from General Montcalm expiring at his last battle to a large galaxy of maimed and crippled saints. Deprivation of the senses, mortification of mind and body were imposed, encouraged, for phantom reasons—something to do with a tragic past and a deep fear of life itself. Montreal was a city where the greater

part of the population were wrapped in myths and sustained by belief in magic. I had been to school with little girls who walked in their sleep and had visions; the nuns who had taught me seemed at ease with the dead. I think of them even now as strange, dead, punishing creatures who neither ate nor breathed nor slept. The one who broke one of my fingers with a ruler was surely a spirit without a mind, tormented, acting in the vengeful driven way of homeless ghosts. In an English school visions would have been smartly dealt with—cold showers, the parents summoned, at the least a good stiff talking to. These two populations, these two tribes, knew nothing whatever about each other. In the very poorest part of the east end of the city, apparitions were commonplace; one lived among a mixture of men and women and their imaginings. I would never have believed

then that anything could ever stir them from their dark dreams. The men in the portraits were ghosts of a kind, too; they also seemed to be saying, "Too late, too late for you," and of course in a sense so it was: it was too late for anyone else to import Chinese and Irish coolie labor and wring a railway out of them. That had already been done. Once I said to half-blind Mr. Tracy, "Things can't just stay this way."

"Change is always for the worse" was his reply. His own father had lost all his money in the Depression, ten years before; perhaps he meant that.

I climbed to the office in a slow reassuring elevator with iron grille doors, sharing it with inexpressive women and men—clearly, the trodden-on. No matter how familiar our faces became, we never spoke. The only sound, apart from the creaking cable, was the gasping and choking of a poor man who had been gassed at the Somme and whose lungs were said to be in shreds. He had an old man's pale eyes and wore a high stiff collar and stared

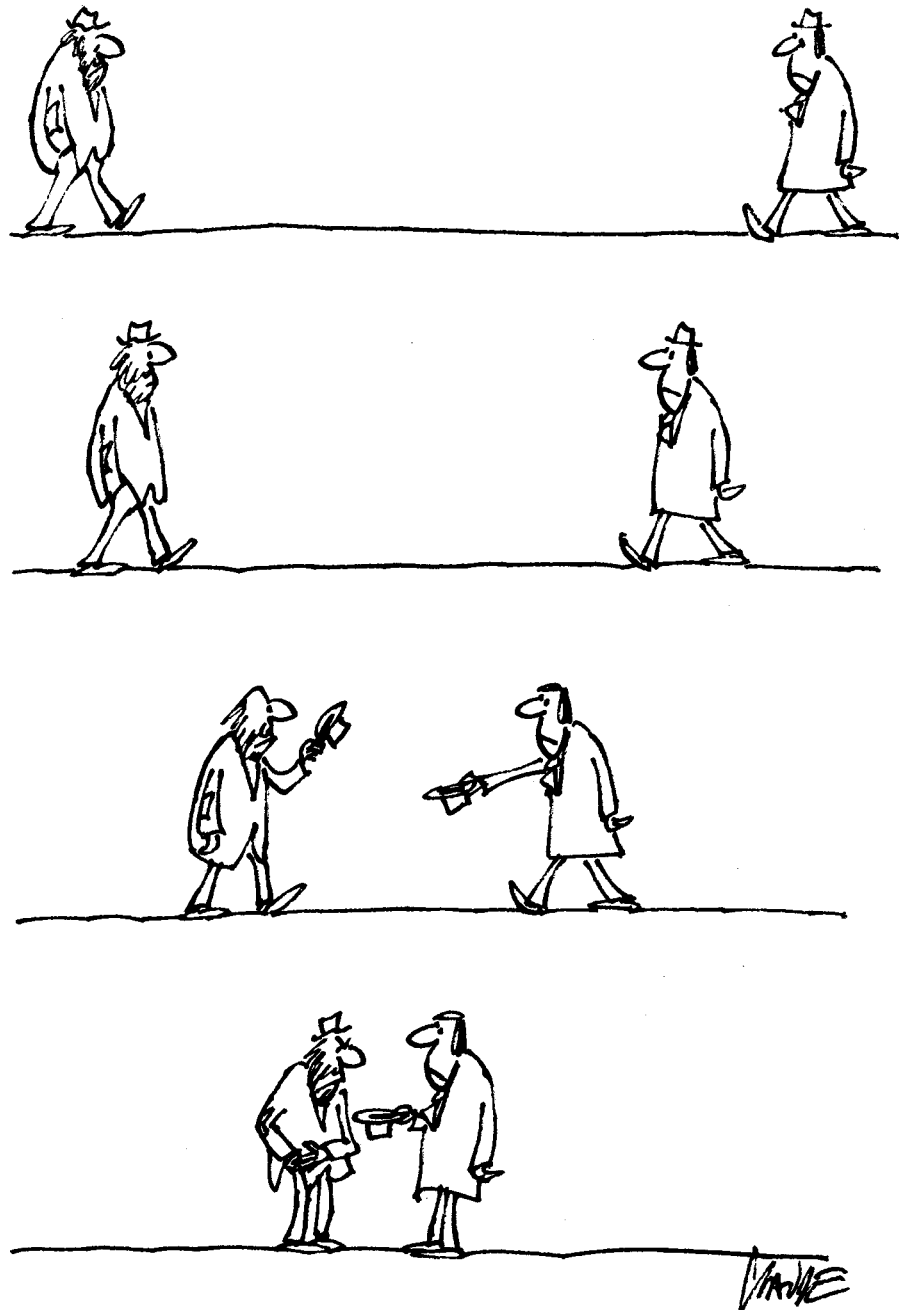
straight before him, like everyone else. Some of the men in my office had been wounded, too, but they made it sound pleasant. Bertie Knox said he had hobbled on one leg and crutches in the 1918 Allied victory parade in Paris. According to him, when his decimated regiment followed their Highland music up the Champs-Élysées, every pretty girl in Paris had been along the curb, fighting the police and screaming and trying to get at Bertie Knox and take him home.

"It was the kilts set 'em off," said Bertie Knox. "That and the wounds. And the Jocks played it up for all they was worth, bashing the very buggery out of the drums." "Jocks" were Scots in those days—nothing more.

Any mention of that older war could bring the men to life, but it had been done with for more than twenty years now. Why didn't they move, walk, stretch, run? Each of them seemed to inhabit an invisible square; the square was shared with *my* desk, *my* graph paper, *my* elastic bands. The contents of the square were tested each morning: The drawers of my own desk—do they still open and shut? My desk lamp—does it still turn on and off? Have my special coat hanger, my favorite nibs, my drinking glass, my calendar, my children's pictures, my ash-tray, the one I brought from home, been tampered with during the night? Sometimes one glimpsed another world, like an extra room ("It was my young daughter made my lunch today"—said with a dismissive shrug, lest it be taken for boasting) or a wish outdistanced, reduced, shrunken, trailing somewhere in the mind: "I often thought I wanted..." "Something I wouldn't have minded having..." Easily angry, easily offended, underpaid, at the mercy of accidents—an illness in the family could wipe out a life's savings—still they'd have resisted change for the better. Change was double-edged; it might mean improving people with funny names, letting them get uppity. What they had instead were marks of privilege—a blind sureness that they were superior in every way to French Canadians, whom in some strange fashion they neither heard nor saw (a lack of interest that was doubly and triply returned); they had the certainty they'd never be called on to share a washroom or a drawing board or to exchange the time of day with anyone "funny" (applications from such people, in those days, would have been quietly set aside); most important of all, perhaps, they had the distinction of the individual hand tow-

el. These towels, as stiff as boards, reeking of chloride bleach, were distributed once a week by a boy pushing a trolley. They were distributed to men, but not even to *all* men. The sanctioned carried them to the washroom, aired and dried them on the backs of chairs, kept them folded in a special drawer. Assimilated into a male world, I had one too. The stenographers and typists had to make do with paper towels that scratched when new and dissolved when damp. Any mistake or oversight on towel day was a source of outrage: "Why the bejesus do I get a torn one three times running? You'd think I didn't count for anything round here." It seemed a true distress; someday some simple carelessness might turn out to be the final curse: they were like that prisoner of Mussolini, shut up for life,

who burst into tears because the soup was cold. When I received presents of candy I used to bring them in for the staff; these wartime chocolates tasted of candlewax but were much appreciated nonetheless. I had to be careful to whom I handed the box first: I could not begin with the girls, which I'd have thought natural, because Supervisor did not brook interruptions. I would transfer the top layer to the lid of the box for the girls, for later on, and then consider the men. A trinity of them occupied glass cubicles. One was diabetic; another was Mr. Tracy, who, a gentle alcoholic, did not care for sweets; and the third was Mr. Curran. Skipping all three I would start with Chief Engineer McCreery and descend by way of Assistant Chief Engineers Grade I and then II—I approached them by educational stand-



ards, those with degrees from McGill and Queen's—Queen's first—to, finally, the technicians. By that time the caramels and nougats had all been eaten and nothing left but squashy orange and vanilla creams nobody liked. Then, then, oh God, who was to receive the affront of the last chocolate, the one reposing among crumbs and fluted paper casings? Sometimes I was cowardly and left the box adrift on a drawing board with a murmured "Pass it along, would you?"

I was deeply happy. It was one of the periods of inexplicable grace when every day is a new parcel one unwraps, layer on layer of tissue paper covering bits of crystal, scraps of words in a foreign language, pure white stones. I spent my lunch hours writing in notebooks, which I kept locked in my desk. The men never bothered me, apart from trying to feed me little pieces of cake. They were all sad when I began to smoke—I remember that. I could write without hearing anyone, but poetry was leaving me. It was not an abrupt removal but like a recurring tide whose high-water mark recedes inch by inch. Presently I was deep inland and the sea was gone. I would mourn it much later: it was such a gentle separation at the time that I scarcely noticed. I had notebooks stuffed with streets and people: my journals were full of "but what he *really* must have meant was..." There were endless political puzzles I tried to solve by comparing one thing with another, but of course nothing matched; I had not lost my adolescent habit of private, passionate manifestos. If politics were nothing but chess—Mr. Tracy's ways of sliding out of conviction—K was surely Social Justice and Q Extreme Morality. I was certain of this, and that after the war—unless we were completely swallowed up, like those Canadian battalions at Hong Kong—K and Q would envelop the world. Having no one to listen to, I could not have a thought without writing it down. There were pages and pages of dead butterflies, wings without motion or lift. I began to ration my writing, for fear I would dream through life as my father had done. I was afraid I had inherited a poisoned gene from him, a vocation without a gift. He had spent his own short time like a priest in charge of a relic, forever expecting the blessed blood to liquefy. I had no assurance I was not the same. I was so like him in some ways that a man once stopped me in front of the Bell Telephone building on Beaver Hall Hill and said, "Could you possibly be Angus Muir's

sister?" That is how years telescope in men's minds. That particular place must be the windiest in Montreal, for I remember dust and ragged papers blowing in whirlpools and that I had to hold my hair. I said, "No, I'm not," without explaining that I was not his sister but his daughter. I had heard people say, referring to me but not knowing who I was, "He had a daughter, but apparently she died." We couldn't *both* be dead. Having come down on the side of life, I kept my distance. Writing now had to occupy an enormous space. I had lived in New York until a year before and there were things I was sick with missing. There was no theatre, no music; there was one museum of art with not much in it. There was not even a free public lending library in the sense of the meaning that would have been given the words "free public lending library" in Toronto or New York. The municipal library was considered a sinister joke. There was a persistent, apocryphal story among English Canadians that an American philanthropic foundation (the Carnegie was usually mentioned) had offered to establish a free public lending library on condition that its contents were not to be censored by the provincial government of Quebec or by the Catholic Church, and that the offer had been turned down. The story may not have been true but its persistence shows the political and cultural climate of Montreal then. Educated French Canadians summed it up in shorter form: their story was that when you looked up "Darwin" in the card index of the Bibliothèque de Montréal you found "See anti-Darwin." A Canadian actress I knew in New York sent me the first published text of "The Skin of Our Teeth." I wrote imploring her to tell me everything about the production—the costumes, the staging, the voices. I've never seen it performed—not read it since the end of the war. I've been told that it doesn't hold, that it is not rooted in anything specific. It was then; its Ice Age was Fascism. I read it the year of Dieppe,

in a year when "Russia" meant "Leningrad," when Malta could be neither fed nor defended. The Japanese were anywhere they wanted to be. Vast areas of the world were covered with silence and ice. One morning I read a little notice in the *Gazette* that Miss Margaret Urn would be taking auditions for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. I presented myself during my lunch hour with "The Skin of Our Teeth" and a manuscript one-act play of my own, in case. I had expected to find queues of applicants but I was the only one. Miss Urn received me in a small room of a dingy office suite on St. Catherine Street. We sat down on opposite sides of a table. I was rendered shy by her bearing, which had a headmistress quality, and perplexed by her accent—it was the voice any North American actor will pick up after six months of looking for work in the West End, but I did not know that. I opened "The Skin of Our Teeth" and began to read. It was floating rather than reading, for I had much of it by heart. When I read "Have you milked the mammoth?" Miss Urn stopped me. She reached over the table and placed her hand on the page.

"My dear child, what is this rubbish?" she said.

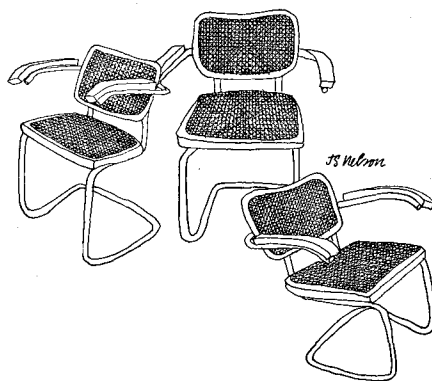
I stammered, "It is a... a play in New York."

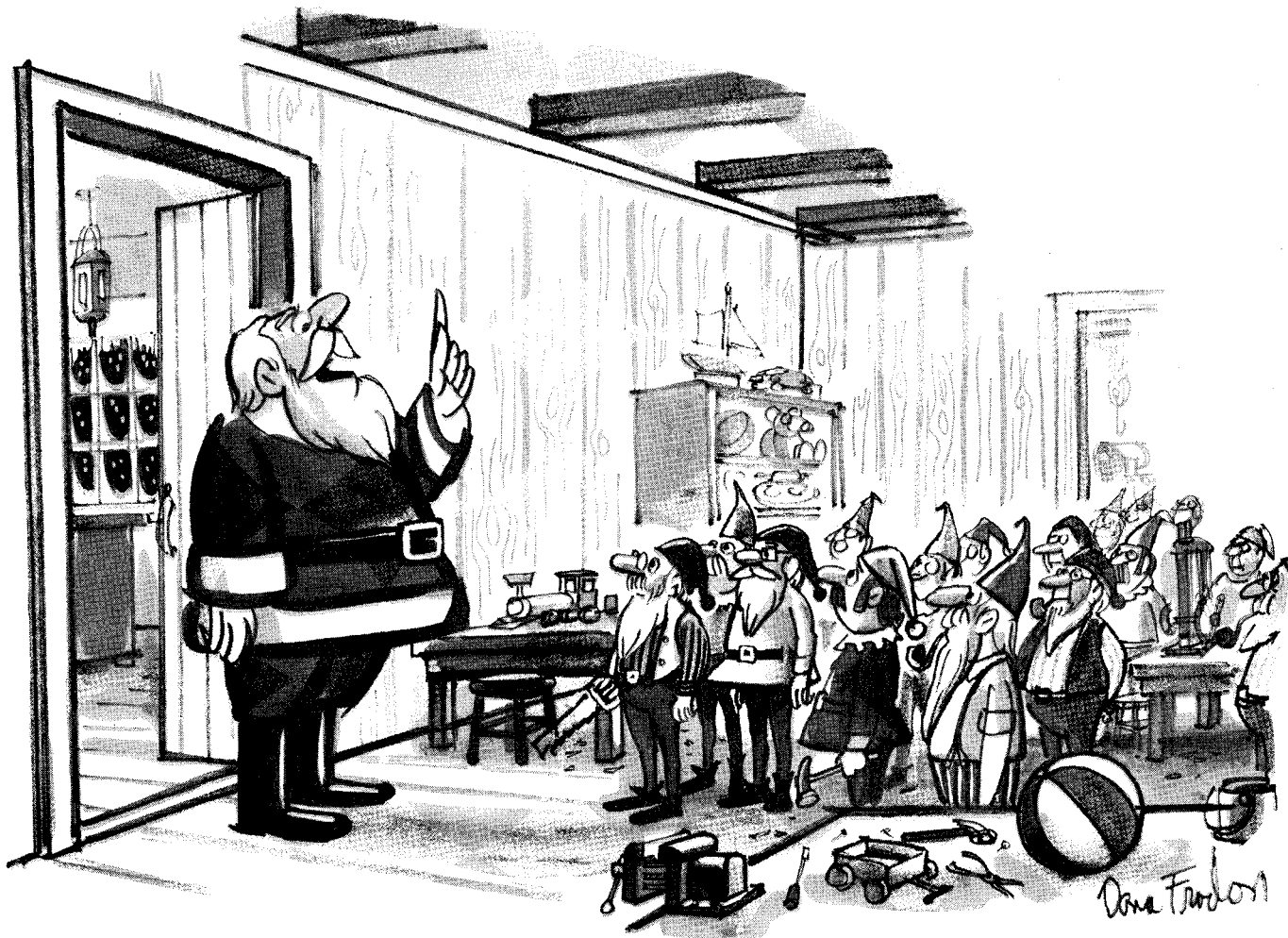
Oh, fool. The worst thing to say. If only I had said, "Tallulah Bankhead," adding swiftly, "London, before the war." Or, better, "An Edwardian farce. Queen Alexandra, deaf though she was, much appreciated the joke about the separation of 'm' and 'n.'" "A play in New York" evoked a look Canada was making me familiar with: amusement, fastidious withdrawal, gentle disdain. What a strange city to have a play in, she might have been thinking.

"Try reading this," she said.

I shall forget everything about the war except that at the worst point of it I was asked to read "Dear Octopus." If Miss Urn had never heard of Thornton Wilder I had never heard of Dodie Smith. I read what I took to be parody. Presently it dawned on me these were meant to be real people. I broke up laughing because of Sabina, Fascism, the Ice Age that was perhaps upon us, because of the one-act play still in my purse. She took the book away from me and closed it and said I would, or would not, be hearing from her.

NOW there was excitement in the office: a second woman had been brought in. Mrs. Ireland was her name. She had an advanced degree in





"Remember, there is no such thing as a small job. There are only small men."

accountancy and she was preparing a doctorate in some branch of mathematics none of the men were familiar with. She was about thirty-two. Her hair was glossy and dark; she wore it in braids that became a rich mahogany color when they caught the light. I admired her hair, but the rest of her was angry-looking—flushed cheeks, red hands and arms. The scarf around her throat looked as though it had been wound and tied in a fury. She tossed a paper on my desk and said, "Check this. I'm in a hurry." Chief Engineer looked up, looked at her, looked down. A play within the play, a subplot, came to life; I felt it exactly as children can sense a situation they have no name for. In the afternoon she said, "Haven't you done that yet?" She had a positive, hammering sort of voice. It must have carried as far as the portraits in the hall. Chief Engineer unrolled a large map showing the mineral resources of eastern Canada and got behind it. Mrs. Ireland called, to the room in general, "Well, is she supposed to be working for me or isn't she?" Oh? I opened the bottom drawer of my desk, unlocked the middle drawer, began to

pack up my personal affairs. I saw that I'd need a taxi: I had about three pounds of manuscripts and notes, and what seemed to amount to a wardrobe. In those days girls wore white gloves to work; I had two extra pairs of these, and a makeup kit, and extra shoes. I began filling my wastebasket with superfluous cargo. The room had gone silent: I can still see Bertie Knox's ratty little eyes judging, summing up, taking the measure of this new force. Mr. Tracy, in his mauve glasses, hands in his pockets, came strolling out of his office; it was a sort of booth, with frosted-glass panels that did not go up to the ceiling. He must have heard the shouting and then the quiet. He and Mr. Curran and Mr. Elwitt, the diabetic one, were higher in rank than Chief Engineer, higher than Office Manager; they could have eaten Supervisor for tea and no one would dare complain. He came along easily—I never knew him to rush. I remember now that Chief Engineer called him "Young Tracy," because of his father; "Old Tracy"—the real Tracy, so to speak—was the one who'd gone bust in the Depression. That was why

Young Tracy had this job. He wasn't all that qualified, really; not so different from me. He sat down on Bertie Knox's desk with his back to him.

"Well, Bolshie," he said to me. This was a long joke: it had to do with my political views, as he saw them, and it was also a reference to a character in an English comic called "Pip and Squeak" that he and I had both read as children—we'd discussed it once. Pip and Squeak were a dog and a penguin. They had a son called Wilfred, who was a rabbit. Bolshie seemed to be a sort of acquaintance. He went around carrying one of those round black bombs with a sputtering fuse. He had a dog, I think—a dog with whiskers. I had told Mr. Tracy how modern educators were opposed to "Pip and Squeak." They thought that more than one generation of us had been badly misled by the unusual family unit of dog, penguin, and rabbit. It was argued that millions of children had grown up believing that if a dog made advances to a female penguin she would produce a rabbit. "Not a rabbit," said Mr. Tracy reasonably. "Wilfred."

I truly liked him. He must have



"Help! I'm trapped in an executive vice-president!"

thought I was going to say something now, if only to rise to the tease about "Bolshie," but I was in the grip of that dazzling anger that is a form of snow blindness, too. I could not speak, and anyway didn't want to. I could only go on examining a pencil to see if it was company property or mine—as if that mattered. "Are you taking the day off or trying to leave me?" he said. I can feel that tense listening of men pretending to work. "I was looking over your application form," he said. "D'you know that your father knew my father? Yep. A long time ago. My father took it into his head to commission a mural for a plant in Sorel. Brave thing to do. Nobody did anything like that. Your father said it wasn't up his street. Suggested some other guy. My old man took the *two* of them down to Sorel. Did a lot of clowning around, but the Depression was just starting, so the idea fell through. My old man enjoyed it, though."

"Clowning around" could not possibly have been my father, but then the whole thing was so astonishing. "I should have mentioned it to you when

you first came in," he said, "but I didn't realize it myself. There must be a million people called Muir; I happened to be looking at your form because apparently you're due for a raise." He whistled something for a second or two, then laughed and said, "Nobody ever quits around here. It can't be done. It upsets the delicate balance between labor and government. You don't want to do that. What do you want to do that for?"

"Mr. Curran doesn't like me."

"Mr. Curran is a brilliant man," he said. "Why, if you knew Curran's whole story you'd"—he paused—"you'd stretch out the hand of friendship."

"I've been asking and asking for a chair that doesn't wobble."

"Take the day off," he said. "Go to a movie or something. Tomorrow we'll start over." His life must have been like that. "You know, there's a war on. We're all needed. Mrs. Ireland has been brought here from..."

"From 'Trahnah," said Mrs. Ireland.

"Yes, from Toronto, to do impor-

tant work. I'll see something gets done about that chair."

He stood up, hands in his pockets, slouching, really; gave an affable nod all round. The men didn't see; their noses were almost touching their work. He strolled back to his glass cubicle, whistling softly. The feeling in the room was like the sight of a curtain raised by the wind now sinking softly.

"Oh, Holy Hannah!" Mrs. Ireland burst out. "I thought this was supposed to be a wartime agency!"

No one replied. *My father knew your father. I'll see something gets done about that chair.* So that is how it works among men. To be noted, examined, compared.

Meanwhile I picked up the paper she'd tossed on my desk hours before and saw that it was an actuarial equation. I waited until the men had stopped being aware of us and took it over and told her I could not read it, let alone check it. It had obviously been some kind of test.

She said, "Well, it was too much to hope for. I have to single-handedly work out some wartime overtime pensions plan taking into account the cost of living and the earnest hope that the Canadian dollar won't sink." And I was to have been her assistant. I began to admire the genius someone—Assistant Chief Engineer Macaulay, perhaps—had obviously seen in me. Mrs. Ireland went on, "I gather after this little comic opera we've just witnessed that you're the blue-eyed girl around here." (Need I say that I'd hear this often? That the rumor I was Mr. Tracy's mistress now had firm hold on the feminine element in the room—though it never gained all the men—particularly on the biddies, the two or three old girls loafing along to retirement, in comfortable corsets that gave them a sort of picket fence around the middle? That the obscene anonymous notes I sometimes found on my desk—and at once unfairly blamed on Bertie Knox—were the first proof I had that prolonged virginity can be the mother of invention?) "You can have your desk put next to mine," said Mrs. Ireland. "I'll try to dig some good out of you."

But I had no intention of being mined by Mrs. Ireland. Remembering what Mr. Tracy had said about the hand of friendship I told her, truthfully, that it would be a waste for her and for me. My name was down to do documentary-film work, for which I thought I'd be better suited; I was to be told as soon as a vacancy occurred.

"Then you'll have a new girl," I said. "You can teach her whatever you like."

"Girl?" She could not keep her voice down, ever. "There'll not be a girl in this office again, if I have a say. Girls make me sick, sore, and weary."

I thought about that for a long time. I had believed it was only because of the men that girls were parked like third-class immigrants at the far end of the room—the darkest part, away from the windows—with the indignity of being watched by Supervisor, whose whole function was just that. But there, up on the life raft, stepping on girls' fingers, was Mrs. Ireland, too. If that was so, why didn't Mrs. Ireland get along with the men, and why did they positively and openly hate her—openly especially after Mr. Tracy's extraordinary and instructive sorting out of power?

"What blinking idiot would ever marry *her*?" said Bertie Knox. "Ten to one she's not married at all. Ireland must be her maiden name. She thinks the 'Mrs.' sounds good." I began to wonder if she was not a little daft sometimes: she used to talk to herself; quite a lot of it was about me.

"You can't run a wartime agency with *that* going on," she'd say loudly. "That" meant poor Mr. Tracy and me. Or else she would declare that it was unpatriotic of me to be drawing a man's salary. Here I think the men agreed. The salary was seventy-five dollars a month, which was less than a man's if he was doing the same work. The men had often hinted it was a lot for a girl. Girls had no expenses; they lived at home. Money paid them was a sort of handout. When I protested that I had the same expenses as any bachelor and did not live at home, it was countered by a reasonable "Where you live is up to you." They looked on girls as parasites of a kind, always being taken to restaurants and fed by men. They calculated the cost of probable outings, even to the Laura Secord chocolates I might be given, and rang the total as a casual profit to me. Bertie Knox used to sing, "I think that I shall never see a dame refuse a meal that's free." Mrs. Ireland said that all this money would be better spent on soldiers who were dying, on buying war bonds and plasma, on the purchase of tanks and Spitfires. "When I think of parents scrimping to send their sons to college!" she would conclude. All this was floods of clear water; I could not give it a shape. I kept wondering what she expected me to do,

for that at least would throw a shadow on the water, but then she dropped me for a time in favor of another crusade, this one against Bertie Knox's singing. He had always sung. His voice conveyed rakish parodies of hymns and marches to every corner of the room. Most of the songs were well known; they came back to us from the troops, were either simple and rowdy or expressed a deep skepticism about the war, its aims and purposes, the way it was being conducted, and about the girls they had left at home. It was hard to shut Bertie Knox up: he had been around for a long time. Mrs. Ireland said she had not had the education she'd had to come here and listen to foul language. Now absolutely and flatly forbidden by Chief Engineer to sing any ribald song *plainly*, Bertie Knox managed with umptee-um syllables as best he could. He became Mrs. Ireland's counterpoint.

"I know there's a shortage of men," Mrs. Ireland would suddenly burst out.

"Oh umptee tum titty," sang Bertie Knox.

"And that after this war it will be still worse . . ."

"Ti umpty dum diddy."

"There'll hardly be a man left in the world worth his salt . . ."

"Tee umpty tum tumpty."

"But what I do not see . . ."

"Tee diddle dee dum."

"Is why a totally unqualified girl . . ."

"Tum tittle umpty tumpty."

"Should be subsidized by the taxpayers of this country . . ."

"Pum pum tee umpty pumpee."

"Just because her father failed to paint . . ."

"Oh umpty tumpty tumpty."

"A mural down in . . ."

"Tee umpty dum dum."

"Sorel."

"Tum tum, oh, dum dum, oh, pum pum, oh, oh, uuum."

"Subsidized" stung, for I worked hard. Having no training I had no shortcuts. There were few mechanical shortcuts of any kind. The engineers used slide rules, and the machines might baffle today because of their simplicity. As for a computer, I would not have guessed what it might do or even look like. Facts were recorded on paper and stored in files and summarized by doing sums and displayed in some orderly fashion on graphs. I sat with one elbow on my desk, my left hand concealed in my hair. No one could see that I was counting on my fingers, in units of five and ten. The system by twelves would have finished



OLD NIGGER ON ONE~MULE CART ENCOUNTERED LATE AT NIGHT WHEN DRIVING HOME FROM PARTY IN THE BACK COUNTRY

Flesh, of a sudden, gone nameless in music, flesh
Of the dancer, under your hand, flowing to music, girl-
Flesh sliding, flesh flowing, sweeter than
Honey, slicker than Essolube, over
The music-swayed, delicate trellis of bone
That is white and secret in flesh-darkness. What
The music, it says: *no name, no name!*—only
That movement under your hand, what
It is, and no name, and you shut your eyes, but
The music, it stops. *O.K.*—but the silence,
It rages, it ranges the world, it will
Devour us, for
What sound I now hear is not external, is
Simply the crepitation and crinkle,
Like crickets gone nuts, of
Booze in the blood. *Good night! Good night!*

I can't even remember now the name of the dancer, but

I must try to tell you what, in Louisiana, in July,
Night is. No moon, but stars whitely outrageous in
Blackness of velvet, the long lane ahead
Whiter than snow, wheels soundless in deep dust, dust
Pluming whitely behind, and ahead all
The laneside hedges and weed-growth
Long since powdered whiter than stardust, or frost, but air
Hot. The night pants hot like a dog, it breathes
Off the blossoming bayou like the expensive whiff
Of floral tributes at a gangster's funeral in N.O.,
It breathes the smell love makes in darkness, and far off,
In the great swamp, an owl cries,
And does not stop. At the sharp right turn,
Hedge-blind, which you take too fast,

There it is: death trap.

On the damn-fool, fool-nigger wrong side of

The road, naturally: And the mule-head
Thrusts at us, and ablaze in our headlights,
Outstaring from primal bone-blankness and the arrogant
Stupidity of that skull snatched there
From darkness and the saurian stew of pre-Time,
For an instant—the eyes. The eyes,
They blaze out from the incandescent magma
Of mule-brain. Thus mule-eyes. Then
Man-eyes, not blazing, white-bulging
In black face, in black night, and man-mouth
Wide open, the shape of an O for the scream
That does not come. Even now,
That much in my imagination, I see. And also
The cargo of junk the black face blooms amidst:
Rusting bedsprings on end, auto axle at God-knows-
what
Angle up-canted, barbed wire on a fence rail rolled,
Lengths of stovepipe beat up. God-yes,

A death trap. But

I snatch the wheel left in a dust-skid,
Smack into the ditch, but the ditch
Shallow, and so, not missing a beat, I'm out
And go on, and he's left alone on his cart there
Unmoving, and dust of the car's passage settles
White on the sweat-sticky skin, black, of the forehead,
and on
The already gray head. This,
Of course, under the high stars.

Perhaps he had screamed after all, but

I have gone on: to the last drink, sweat-grapple in
Darkness, then sleep. That only, however, until
The hour when small, though disturbing, gastric shifts
Are experienced, the hour when the downy

me; luckily no one mentioned it. Numbers were a sunken world; they were a seascape from which perfect continents might emerge at any minute. I never saw more than their outline. I was caught on Zero. If zero meant Zero, how could you begin a graph on nothing? How could anything under zero be anything but Zero too? I spoke to Mr. Tracy: What occupied the space between Zero and One? It must be something arbitrary, not in the natural order of numbers. If One was solid ground, why not begin with One? Before One there was what? Thin air? Thin air must be Something. He said kindly, "Don't worry your head," and if I had continued would certainly have added, "Take the day off." Chief Engineer McCreery often had to remind me, "But we're not *paying* you to think!" If that was so, were we all being paid not to think? At the next place I worked things were even worse. It was another government agency, called Dominion Film Centre—my first

brush with the creative life. Here one was handed a folded thought like a shapeless school uniform and told, "There, wear that." Everyone had it on, regardless of fit. It was one step on: "We're not paying you to think about whatever you are thinking." I often considered approaching Mrs. Ireland, but she would not accept even a candy from me, let alone a question. "There's a war on" had been her discouraging refusal of a Life Saver once.

The men by now had found out about her husband. He had left school at Junior Fourth (Grade Seven) and "done nothing to improve himself." He was a Pole. She was ashamed of having a name that ended in "ski" and used her maiden name; Bertie Knox hadn't been far off. Thinking of it now, I realize she might not have been ashamed but only aware that the "ski" name on her application could have relegated it to a bottom drawer. Where did the men get their information, I wonder. Old "ski" was a lush who

drank her paycheck and sometimes beat her up; the scarves she wound around her neck were meant to cover bruises.

That she was unhappily married I think did not surprise me. What impressed me was that so many of the men were too. I had become engaged to be married, for the third time. There was a slight overlapping of two, by which I mean that the one in Halifax did not know I was also going to marry the one from the West. To the men, who could not follow my life as closely as they'd have wanted—I gave out next to nothing—it seemed like a long betrothal to some puppy in uniform, whom they had never seen, and whose Christian name kept changing. One of my reasons for discretion was that I was still under age. Until now I had been using my minority as an escape hatch, the way a married man will use his wife—for "Ursula will never divorce" I substituted "My mother will never consent." Once I

Throat of the swamp owl vibrates to the last predawn cry,
 the hour
 When joy-sweat, or night-sweat, has dried to a microscopic
 Crust on the skin, and some
 Recollection of childhood brings tears
 To dark-wide eyes, and the superego
 Again throws the switch for the old recorded harangue.
 Until waking, that is—and I wake to see,
 In darkness above the bed floating, the
 Black face, eyes white-bulging, mouth shaped like an O,
 and so
 Get up, get paper and pencil, and whittle away at
 The poem. Give up. Back to bed. And remember
 Now only the couplet of what
 Had aimed to be—Jesus Christ—a sonnet:

One of those who gather junk and wire to use
 For purposes that we cannot peruse.

But moved on through the years. Am here. Another
 Land, another love, and in such latitude, having risen
 In darkness, feet bare to cold boards, stare—
 Through ice-glitter of glass and air purer
 Than absolute zero—into
 The white night and star-crackling sky over
 The snow-mountain. Have you ever,
 At night, stared into the snow-filled forest and felt
 The impulse to flee there? Enter there? Be
 There and plunge naked
 Through snow, through drifts floundering, white
 Into whiteness, among
 Spectral great beech-boles, birch-whiteness, black jag
 Of shadow, black spruce-bulks snow-shrouded, floundering
 Upward and toward the glacial assertion that
 The mountain is? Have you ever
 Had the impulse to stretch forth your hand over
 The swell of forest and seize trees like hair
 Of a head you would master? Well,
 We are all entitled to our fantasies, for life
 Is only the fantasy that has happened to us, and

In God's name. But

In the lyrical logic and nightmare astuteness that
 Is God's name, by what magnet, I demand,
 Are the iron and outflung filings of our lives, on
 A sheet of paper, blind-blank as Time, snapped
 Into a polarized pattern?—and I see,
 By a bare field that yearns pale in starlight, the askew
 Shack. He arrives there. Unhitches the mule.
 Stakes it out. Between cart and shack,
 Pauses to make water, and while
 The soft, plogging sound in deep dust continues,
 his face
 Is lifted into starlight, calm as prayer. He enters
 The dark shack, and I see
 A single match spurt, then burn down, die.

The last glow is reflected, in streaks of petal-pink,
 On dark horn-crust of the thumbnail.

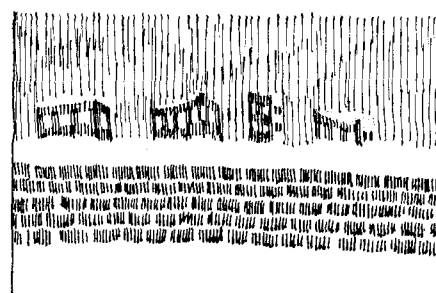
And so I say:
 Brother, Rebuker, Philosopher past all
 Casuistry, will you be with me when
 I arrive and leave my own cart of junk
 Unfended from the storm of starlight and
 The howl, like wind, of the world's monstrous
 blessedness,
 To enter, by a bare field,
 A shack unlit?—entering
 Into that darkness to fumble
 My way to a place to lie down, but holding,
 I trust, in my hand, a name,
 Like shell, a dry flower, a worn stone, a toy, merely
 A hard-won something that may, while Time
 Backward unblooms through time toward peace, utter
 Its sober, small, inestimable
 Glow: trophy of truth.

Can I see Arcturus from where I stand?

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

had made up my mind I simply began looking for roads around the obstacle; it was this search, in fact, that made me realize I must be serious. No one, no one at all, knew what I was up to, or what my entirely apocryphal emancipation would consist of; all that the men knew was that this time it did look as if I was going through with it. They took me aside, one after the other, and said, "Don't do it, Linnet. Don't do it." Bertie Knox said, "Once you're in it, you're in it, kiddo." I can't remember any man ever criticizing his own wife—it is something men don't often do, anywhere—but the warning I had was this: marriage was a watershed that transformed sweet, cheerful, affectionate girls into, well, their own mothers. Once a girl had caught (their word) a husband she became a whiner, a snooper, a killjoy, a wet blanket, a grouch, and a bully. What I gleaned out of this was that it seemed hard on the men. But then even Mrs. Ireland, who never said a word to me, de-

clared, "I think it's terrible." She said it was insane for me to marry someone on his way overseas, to tie up my youth, to live like a widow without a widow's moral status. Why were she and I standing together, side by side, looking out the window at a grey sky, at pigeons, at a streetcar grinding up the steep street? We could never possibly have stood close, talking in low voices. And yet there she is; there I am with Mrs. Ireland. For once she kept her voice down. She looked out—not at me. She said the worst thing of



Linnet Burgess

all. Remembering it, I see the unwashed windowpane. She said, "Don't you girls ever know when you're well off? Now you've got no one to lie to you, to belittle you, to make a fool of you, to stab you in the back." But we were different—different ages, different women, two lines of a graph that could never cross.

Mostly when people say "I know exactly how I felt" it can't be true, but here I am sure—sure of Mrs. Ireland and the window and of what she said. The recollection has something to do with the blackest kind of terror, as stunning as the bolts of happiness that strike for no reason. This blackness, this darkening, was not wholly Mrs. Ireland, no; I think it had to do with the men, with squares and walls and limits and numbers. How do you stand if you stand upon Zero? What will the passage be like between Zero and One? And what will happen at One? Yes, what will happen?

—MAVIS GALLANT

THE SHIP FROM COSTA RICA

AT the edge of the city of towers, a narrow park runs for a mile or so along the river. When I lived nearby, I would often walk there in the afternoons. Bridges for pedestrians, bicycles, and baby carriages cross the heavy traffic of the expressway at irregular intervals, and ramps descend from their river ends into the park. Thin branches of slaty trees reach toward the suspended slopes, surround them, and wait, always expecting something else. The park is bounded by a railing, a barrier of the utmost simplicity, next to the expressway, within arm's reach of the hurtling traffic. That railing is never touched, and is evenly wrapped in smoke. The gutter outside it is never swept by anything except the wind of the passing cars. Another railing follows the main pathway along the top of the river wall. It has been bent, here and there, and broken in places. All the way along, the top has been worn smooth by hands, so that it shines. After heavy rain or a midwinter thaw, the scattered spots of rust never last for more than

a day. Leaning on the railing, one can look straight down the dark masonry of the river wall: granite blocks perpetually wet with the heave and slap of the polished leaden water, and exhaling its leaden smell. Wakes of tugs and barges unfurl up the dank wall, and fall away, leaving their shadows on it, drying. Coming and going, the tide clings to the wall.

Between passages of hands, gulls watch the water from the cold bright rail. It has an age of its own, a function of the lives that have touched it, slipped along it, clung to it. It is older than the ore it was made of. Its icy curve reflects dimly, in the manner of frozen surfaces. Objects loom and vanish in it as amorphous shadows: drifting gulls, the vast bridge high overhead with trains flickering slowly over it and traffic on it creeping through the sky above the river—all are there, but only their watery motions, their changes, are distinguishable. The far shore itself is mirrored there: its smoking factories, gas tanks painted like checkerboards, warehouses, and

wharves are reduced to an indistinct margin on the unworn outer edge of the iron. They merge into a horizon of solid rust.

There is a silence in the park that always seems sudden, because of the din that encloses it. Trucks and cars roar beside it, trains rumble and clatter above it, horns blow, sirens and the whistles of tugs howl and blast along it, compressors, drills tear at it—it remains there, they miss it, one steps down into it. Yelping of dogs and shrieks of children drift through it like small kites, and float away. At each season, it contains the others. It was midwinter when I stood by the railing and saw my father on the far side of the river.

He had emerged from a high office in a rusted factory near the bridge, an edifice of many stories, each of a different size and shape from the others, like the superstructure of a ship. A sugar factory. I had often stood and stared across at it. At that distance, the buildings appear to have only one side with nothing behind it. But even from so far away, I could recognize him.

He was wearing no jacket, only a shirt, in spite of the cold north wind. A fresh yellow shirt, the color of lighted office windows before dark. And no tie. He looked fatter than when I had last seen him, but the shirt was loose, and the sleeves fluttered in the wind. He stood leaning on the balcony railing, looking down at a ship, moored below, that had been unloading there for several days, its bow higher every day. It came from Costa Rica. I could not see what was being unloaded from it. I waved, but I was not surprised that he did not see me. He was not even wearing his glasses. At that time, he still had nine years to live.

I waved again. What was he doing in the sugar factory, hundreds of miles from where he had been born and was living? I considered that if I were to walk to the nearest ramp, and away from the river, many blocks, to the bridge approach, it would be dark long before I even came in sight of the factory again. As I watched, he turned and went back in, and at once I began to wonder whether I had seen him at all.

Of course, I said nothing about it. And of course I knew he was far away all the time. Letters came from my mother, as usual. All was well. When I thought it had been only the day before yesterday that I had seen him, I realized that it had been longer than that, and then I tried to remember



whether it had been Wednesday or Thursday, and was startled to think that it might even have been the Saturday before, and then for a moment I could not remember what day "today" was. I had been back more than once, and had not seen him. Then one afternoon he came out again.

I HAD stopped—as I had done each time I had returned to the park since I had first seen him—for a long look at the factory. The same ship was still unloading, the stern almost as high as the bow. I thought it strange that they should take so long about the unloading. I wondered about the expense, and whether the factory owned the wharf. That same flag from the tropics flapping day after day in the wintry afternoon light. As I watched, the same door opened, and he stepped out, in his shirtsleeves again, and put his hands on the balcony railing and stood looking down at the ship. I thought, as I had the first time, that he looked younger than he did at home. That, then, was the way he looked at the sugar factory—a life he never mentioned, a life of ships, distances, cargoes, easygoing gazing from balconies, without noticing the cold—whereas at home, in the life in which I was used to seeing him, he set the thermostat in the upper eighties and complained of drafts. Rays of the winter sunset passing between the piers of the bridge fixed the ship and the factory and the balcony in salmon light. I waved to him, but he was watching the ship, and even if he had looked up and across the river, he would have had the sun in his eyes. He straightened up, rubbed his arms—whose softness had always depressed me—and turned to look down the river for a moment before going back into the office behind him.

Seeing him a second time did not remove my earlier doubts; it exacerbated them, and awoke new ones. I wondered whether the man I had seen had been there at all. I wondered what that meant—in any sense—and why I had seen him, and how I knew that he was my father. For I knew that he was my father—who, I knew, was living hundreds of miles inland, at that moment. The sun went down.



"There's the Secret of the Sphinx, the Mysteries of the Pyramids, the Lost Continent of Atlantis, the Bermuda Triangle, and you, Joey, you."

The black puddles were frozen under the bridge. Why did I think I had seen him?

The bright weather of the first lengthening days continued, and, the next afternoon, I walked onto the long bridge across the river. The ship was still there, riding high in the water, again reflecting the sunset. As I leaned over the bridge railing, which was not polished and reflected nothing, he came out again, now on the balcony below me, and looked down onto the empty ship. I thought that I could have called to him, but I knew that the distance was deceptive and the traffic on the bridge was roaring behind me. The day was milder than the one before, and without wind. The tide was rising. I watched him for a long time, waiting for him to look up, and he did, but not toward the part of the bridge where I was waving. And then he went in, and I walked on farther across the river, until I stood over the factory and could see the back of it: the trucks in the courtyard on the landward side, the chutes to another building, the open warehouse doors, the streets beyond. I considered going all the way across the bridge and into the factory, and inquiring—what? Asking for my father? By what name? Asking for the man on the balcony? About what? There I was, older than my father had been when I was born. I looked across the bridge, downriver, at the Navy yard. I recalled the way my father had often used the term "Navy yard"—a phrase evoking secret privileges, participation in some

arcane freedom and authority in another time. Yet I knew that the phrase, as he used it, did not refer to the place I could see, with its gray hulls tied in bundles, but to somewhere inexplicably different, vanished, on another coast, with two wars between. I had never been able to imagine his having anything to do with ships. When he had shown me, once, a photograph of himself and friends, on their ship, in the First War, he had had to point himself out to me; he was sitting cross-legged, grinning, in a knitted hat, on top of a big tube called a ventilator. What he said was, their ship looked like part of a building, a floor. When he showed me the brown picture, I thought someone else was speaking to me from behind him.

The day after I had seen him from the bridge, the ship was gone. I knew that he was still in the factory, but he did not come out, that afternoon. In the days that followed, I found it hard to believe that I had ever seen him, and I never saw him there again, alive.

—W. S. MERWIN

"Edgar Allan Poe wrote a story based on deceiving people with the obvious," Fraser said. "I don't recall the name of it."

"It was Arthur Conan Doyle. 'The Purloined Letter.'" The moment Catherine said it, she wished she hadn't. Men did not like smart girls. But then what did it matter? She was not his girl, she was his secretary.—From *"The Other Side of Midnight,"* by Sidney Sheldon.

Give her a little time.

REFLECTIONS

THE USES OF ENCHANTMENT

IF we do not live just from moment to moment but try to be conscious of our existence, then our greatest need and most difficult achievement is to find meaning in life. It is well known that many people lose the will to live because such meaning evades them. An understanding of the meaning of life is not suddenly acquired at the age of chronological maturity, or at any particular age. On the contrary, gaining this understanding is what constitutes having attained psychological maturity. This achievement is the result of a long development; wisdom is built up, small step by small step, from most irrational beginnings. Unfortunately, too many parents want their children's minds to function as their own do—as if a child's understanding of himself and the world did not have to develop as slowly as his body does. To find meaning in life, the child must become able to transcend the confines of a self-centered existence and believe that he will make a significant contribution—if not right now, then at some future time. This belief is necessary if he is to be satisfied with himself and with what he is doing; only hope for the future can sustain us in the adversities we unavoidably encounter.

As an educator and therapist, I have had as my main task giving meaning to the lives of severely disturbed children. This work has made it obvious to me that if children are reared so that their lives are meaningful to them they will not need special help. I have been confronted with the problem of deducing what experiences are suitable to promote a child's ability to find meaning in his own life and thereby endow life in general with more meaning. Of the first importance in providing such experiences is the impact of parents and others who take care of the child; second is our cultural heritage, if it is transmitted to the child in the right manner. Because it quickly became apparent to me that when

the child is young this heritage reaches him best through literature, I grew deeply dissatisfied with much of the literature intended to develop the child's mind and personality, finding that it fails to stimulate and nurture those resources he needs most in order to cope with his difficult inner problems. The pre-primers and primers from which he learns to read in school are designed to teach merely that skill, irrespective of the meaning of what is read. The overwhelming majority of the rest of the so-called "children's books" currently available attempt to entertain or inform, or both, but are so shallow that little of significance can be gained from them. The idea that by learning to read one may be able later to enrich one's life is experienced as an empty promise when the stories that the child listens to or reads are vacuous. For a story to truly hold the child's attention, it must entertain him and arouse his curiosity. But for a story to enrich his life it must stimulate his imagination, help him to develop his intellect and to clarify his emotions, be attuned to his anxieties and aspirations, give full recognition to his difficulties, suggest solutions to the problems that perturb him, and promote confidence in himself and his future.

In all these respects and many others, nothing in the entire range of "children's literature"—with rare ex-

ceptions—can be as enriching and satisfying to child and adult alike as the folk fairy tale. True, fairy tales teach little overtly about the specific conditions of life in modern mass society; these tales were created long before modern society came into being. But from them a child can learn more about the inner problems of man, and about solutions to his own (and our) predicaments in any society, than he can from any other type of story within his comprehension. Since the child is exposed at every moment to the society in which he lives, he will learn to cope with its conditions—provided, that is, that his inner resources permit him to do so. The child must therefore be helped to bring order into the turmoil of his feelings. He needs—and the point hardly requires emphasis at this moment in our history—a moral education that subtly, by implication only, conveys to him the advantages of moral behavior, not through abstract ethical concepts but through that which seems tangibly right and therefore has meaning for him. The child can find meaning through fairy tales. Like so many other modern psychological insights, this one was anticipated long ago by poets. The German poet Schiller wrote, "Deeper meaning resides in the fairy tales told to me in my childhood than in the truth that is taught by life." Through the centuries (if

not millennia) during which fairy tales, in their retelling, became ever more refined, they came to convey overt and covert meanings at the same time; came to speak simultaneously to all levels of the human personality, communicating in a manner that reaches the uneducated mind of the child as well as the sophisticated mind of the adult. In terms of the psychoanalytic model of the human personality, fairy tales carry important messages to the conscious, the preconscious, and the unconscious mind, on whatever level these are functioning. By dealing with universal human prob-



S. GROSS



"Well, I like Titian, and Rubens, and, of course, El Greco. But Delacroix is my god."

lems, and especially with those that preoccupy the child's mind, these stories speak to his budding ego and encourage its development, and at the same time relieve preconscious and unconscious pressures. As the stories unfold, they give conscious credence and body to id pressures and show how to satisfy these in ways that are in line with ego and superego requirements.

But my interest in fairy tales is not a result of such technical analysis of their merits. It is, on the contrary, a consequence of my asking myself why, in my experience, children—normal and abnormal alike, and at every level of intelligence—have found folk fairy tales more satisfying than all other children's stories. The more I tried to understand why these stories are so successful in enriching the inner life of the child, the clearer it became to me that, in a much deeper sense than any other reading material, they start where the child really is in his psychological and emotional being. They speak about his severe inner pressures in a way that the child unconsciously understands and, without belittling the

serious inner struggles that growing up entails, offer examples of both temporary and permanent solutions to acute psychological difficulties.

In order to master the psychological problems of growing up—overcoming narcissistic disappointments, oedipal dilemmas, sibling rivalries, becoming able to relinquish childhood dependencies, gaining a feeling of selfhood and self-worth and a sense of moral obligation—a child needs to be able to cope with what goes on in his unconscious. He can achieve this ability not by attaining rational comprehension of the nature and content of his unconscious but by becoming familiar with it through spinning out daydreams—ruminating on, rearranging, and fantasizing about suitable story elements in response to unconscious pressures. By doing this, the child fits into conscious fantasies matter from his unconscious, which he is then able to deal with. Here fairy tales have an unequalled value, because they offer new dimensions to the child's imagination, suggesting to him images with which he can structure his daydreams.

In child or adult, the unconscious is a powerful determinant of behavior. When the unconscious is repressed and its content denied entrance into awareness, the person's conscious mind will eventually become partly overwhelmed by derivatives of these unconscious elements, or else he will be forced to keep such rigid, compulsive control over them that his personality may be severely crippled. But when unconscious material is to some degree permitted to come to awareness and to be worked through in imagination, its propensity to cause harm—to him or others—is much reduced; indeed, some of its forces can be made to serve positive purposes. However, the prevalent parental belief is that a child must be diverted from what troubles him most: his formless, nameless anxieties and his chaotic, angry, and even violent fantasies. Many parents believe that only conscious reality or pleasant and wish-fulfilling images should be presented to the child—that he should be exposed only to the sunny side of things. But such one-sided fare nourishes the mind only in a one-sided way,

and real life is not all sunny. There is a widespread disinclination to let children know that the source of much that goes wrong in life is due to our own natures—the propensity of all men to act aggressively, asocially, selfishly, out of anger and anxiety. Instead, we want our children to believe that all men are inherently good. But every child knows that *he* is not always good, and that even when he is he would often prefer not to be. This contradicts what he is told by his parents, and therefore makes the child a monster in his own eyes.

Psychoanalysis was created to enable man to accept life's problematic nature without being defeated or giving in to escapism. Freud's prescription is that only by struggling courageously against what seem like overwhelming odds can man succeed in wringing meaning out of human existence. This is exactly the message that fairy tales

get across to the child in manifold form: that a struggle against severe difficulties in life is unavoidable—is part of the human condition—but that if, instead of shying away, one steadfastly meets unexpected and often unjust hardships, one masters all obstacles in the end and emerges victorious. Modern stories written for young children mainly avoid these existential problems, which are such crucial issues for all of us. The child needs most particularly to be given suggestions in symbolic form about how he may deal with these issues and grow successfully to maturity. "Safe" stories mention neither death nor aging, neither the limits to our existence nor the wish for eternal life. The fairy tale, by contrast, confronts the child squarely with the basic human predicaments. For example, many fairy tales begin with the death of a mother or father; in these tales the death of a parent

creates the most agonizing problems, as it (or the fear of it) does in real life. Other fairy tales tell about an aging parent who has decided that the time has come to let the new generation take over. But before this can happen, the successor has to prove himself capable and worthy. The Brothers Grimm's story "The Three Feathers" begins, "There was once upon a time a king who had three sons. . . . When the king had become old and weak, and was thinking of his end, he did not know which of his sons should inherit the kingdom after him." In order to decide, the king sets all his sons a number of difficult tasks; the son who meets them best "shall be king after my death." It is characteristic of fairy tales to state an existential dilemma briefly and pointedly. This permits the child to come to grips with the problem in its most essential form; a more complex plot would merely confuse matters for him. The fairy tale simplifies all situations. Its figures are clearly drawn, and details, unless they are very important, are eliminated. All characters are typical rather than unique.

Unlike many modern stories for children, fairy tales present evil as being no less omnipresent than virtue. In practically every fairy tale, both good and evil are given body in the form of figures and their actions, as both good and evil are omnipresent in life and the propensities for both are present in every man. It is this duality that poses the moral problem and requires the struggle to solve it. Evil is not without its attractions—symbolized by the might of the giant or dragon, the power of the witch, the cunning of the queen in "Snow White"—and often it is temporarily in the ascendancy. In many fairy tales, a usurper succeeds for a time in seizing the place that rightfully belongs to the hero—as the wicked stepsisters do in "Cinderella." It is not so much that the evildoer is punished at the story's end which makes immersing oneself in fairy tales an experience in moral education, although this is part of it. In fairy tales, as in life, punishment or fear of it is a limited deterrent to crime. The conviction that crime does not pay is much more effective as



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a deterrent, and in fairy tales the bad person always loses out. However, it is not even the fact that virtue wins in the end that promotes morality but that the hero is the most attractive figure to the child, who thus identifies with the hero in all his struggles and triumphs with him when virtue is victorious. The child makes such identifications on his own, and the inner and outer struggles of the hero imprint morality on him.

The figures in fairy tales are not good and bad at the same time, as we all are in reality. But polarization dominates the child's mind, and that is another reason he is so receptive to fairy tales. In the tales, a person is either good or bad—not both, and nothing in between. One brother is stupid, the other is clever. One sister is virtuous and industrious, the others are vile and lazy; one is beautiful, the others are ugly. One parent is all good, the other evil. But opposite characters are not juxtaposed merely for the purpose of stressing right behavior, as in cautionary tales. (There are some amoral fairy tales, in which goodness and badness, beauty and ugliness play no role at all.) Rather, the polarities simply exist as the basis for the tale that is to be told. Being presented with the polarities of character in this way permits the child to comprehend easily the difference between the two, which he could not do if the figures were drawn more true to life, with all the complexities that characterize real people. Ambiguities must wait until a relatively firm personality has been established, on the basis of positive identifications—until the child comes to understand that there are great differences between people, and that therefore one has to make choices about the kind of person one wants to be. This fundamental decision, on which all later personality development will build, is facilitated by the polarizations of the fairy tale.

Amoral fairy tales, which show no polarization or juxtaposition of good and bad persons, serve an entirely different purpose. Puss in Boots, who arranges for the hero's success through trickery, and Jack, in "Jack and the Beanstalk," who steals the giant's treasure, both answer needs very different from those answered by the good heroes. These amoral stories or motifs build character not by promoting choices between good and bad but by giving the child the hope that even the lowliest can succeed in life. After all, what's the use of choosing to become a good person when you feel so insignificant that you fear you will

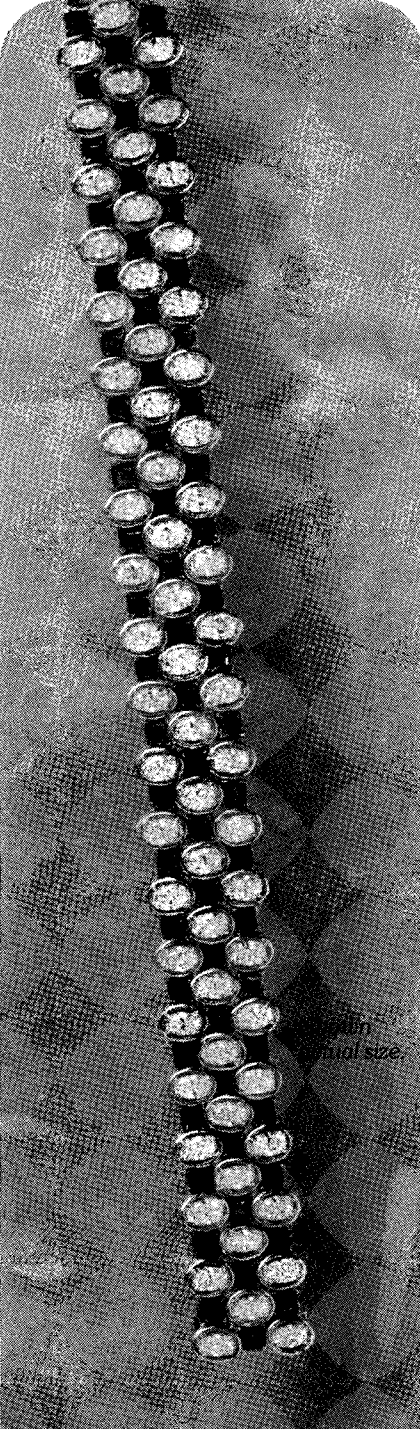
never amount to anything? In these tales, the issue is not morality but assurance that one can succeed. Whether one meets life with a belief in the possibility of mastering its difficulties or with the expectation of certain defeat is also, of course, a very important existential problem.

The child is subject to desperate feelings of loneliness and isolation, and often experiences mortal anxiety. More often than not, he is unable to express these feelings in words, or can do so only by indirection: by claiming fear of the dark or of some animal, for instance. Since it creates discomfort in parents to recognize negative emotions in their child, the parents tend to overlook them, or they belittle the spoken fears out of their own anxiety, believing that such a response will

allay the child's fears. The fairy tale, by contrast, takes these existential anxieties and dilemmas very seriously and addresses itself directly to them: to the need to be loved and the fear that one is thought worthless; to the love of life and the fear of death. Further, the fairy tale offers solutions on the child's level of understanding. For example, fairy tales recognize the dilemma of wishing to live eternally by occasionally concluding, "If they have not died, they are living still." As for the ending "And they lived happily ever after," it does not for a moment fool the child into believing that eternal life is possible. Instead, it indicates that which alone can take the sting out of recognition of the narrow limits of our time on this earth: forming a truly satisfying bond to another. The



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tales teach that when one has done this, one has reached the ultimate in emotional security and permanency of relation available to man, and that this alone can dissipate the fear of death. If one has found true adult love, the fairy tale makes plain, one doesn't need to wish for eternal life. This is also suggested by another ending found in fairy tales: "They lived for a long time afterward, happy and contented."

An uninformed view of fairy tales sees in this type of ending an unrealistic wish fulfillment, and misses completely the important message that it conveys to the child. These stories tell him that by forming a true interpersonal relation one escapes separation anxiety, which haunts the child—and which sets the stage for many fairy tales but is always resolved at the story's ending. Furthermore, these stories indicate that this desirable condition is not to be achieved by holding on to Mother eternally, as the child wishes and believes. If we try to escape anxiety about separation and death by desperately keeping our grasp on our parents, we will be cruelly forced out, like Hansel and Gretel. Only by going out into the world can the fairy-tale hero (child) find himself there; and as he does, he will also find the other with whom he will be able to live happily ever after—that is, without ever again having to experience separation anxiety. The fairy tale is future-oriented and guides the child—in terms he can understand in both his conscious and his unconscious mind—to relinquish his infantile wishes for dependency and achieve an independent existence, which the fairy tale helps him to perceive as more satisfying. Children no longer grow up within the security of an extended family or of a well-integrated community. Therefore, it is even more important than it was when fairy tales were invented that the child be provided with images of heroes who have to go out into the world by themselves and, although they are originally ignorant of the ultimate things, find themselves secure places by following the way that is right for them with deep inner confidence.

IN most cultures, there is no clear line separating fairy tales from myths; together, the two forms constitute the literature of pre-literate societies. Myths and fairy tales alike attain a definite form only when they are committed to writing, for then they

are no longer subject to continuous change. Up to that point, these stories would be sometimes condensed, sometimes vastly elaborated in their retelling over the centuries. Some stories would merge with others. All would be modified by what the teller thought was of greatest interest to his listeners, by his concerns of the moment, and by the special problems of his era.

Myths and fairy tales have much in common. Both speak to us in the language of symbols representing certain aspects of the unconscious. The appeal of both is simultaneously to the conscious and the unconscious, to all three of the mind's aspects—id, ego, and superego. But there are also inherent differences between myths and fairy tales. Although the same exemplary figures and situations are



found in the two forms, and equally miraculous events occur in the two, these are not communicated in the same way. Put simply, the dominant feeling that a myth conveys is: this is unique; it could not have happened to any other creature, or in any other setting; such events are grandiose, awe-inspiring, and could never be duplicated in the lives of ordinary mortals like you and me. The reason is not so much that what takes place is miraculous as that it is described as such. By contrast, although the events that occur in fairy tales are often unusual and most improbable, they are always presented as quite ordinary—as something that could happen to you or me or the person next door while taking a walk in the woods.

An even more significant difference in these two kinds of stories concerns the ending. The myth is pessimistic, while the fairy tale, no matter how terrifyingly serious some of its features may be, is optimistic. Whether the happy outcome is due to the virtues of the hero, to chance, or to the intervention of supernatural figures, it sets the fairy tale apart from all other stories in which fantastic events occur. Because the fairy tale, with its promise of a happy ending, reassures by giving hope for the future, Lewis Carroll called it a love gift—a term hardly applicable to a myth. Obviously, not every story contained in a collection called "Fairy Tales" necessarily meets these criteria. For example, Hans Christian Andersen's "The Little Match Girl" and "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" are beautiful but extremely sad; they do not convey the feeling of consolation so characteristic of fairy tales. But Ander-

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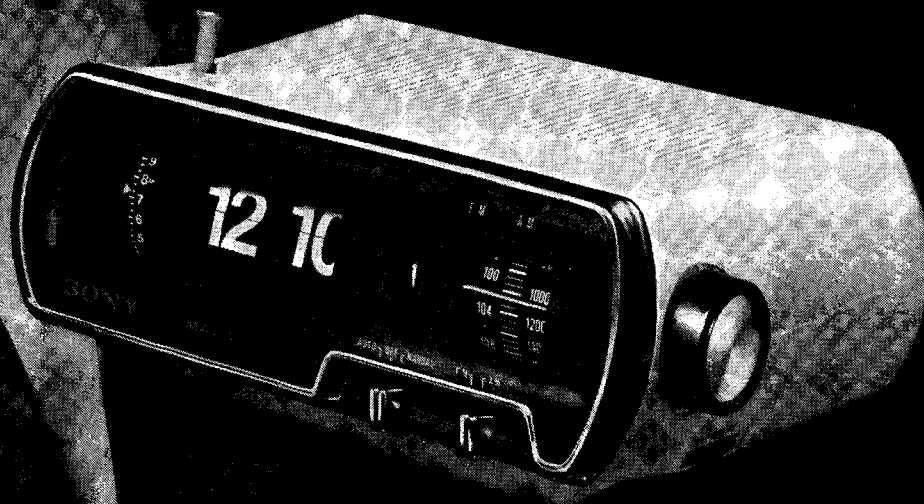
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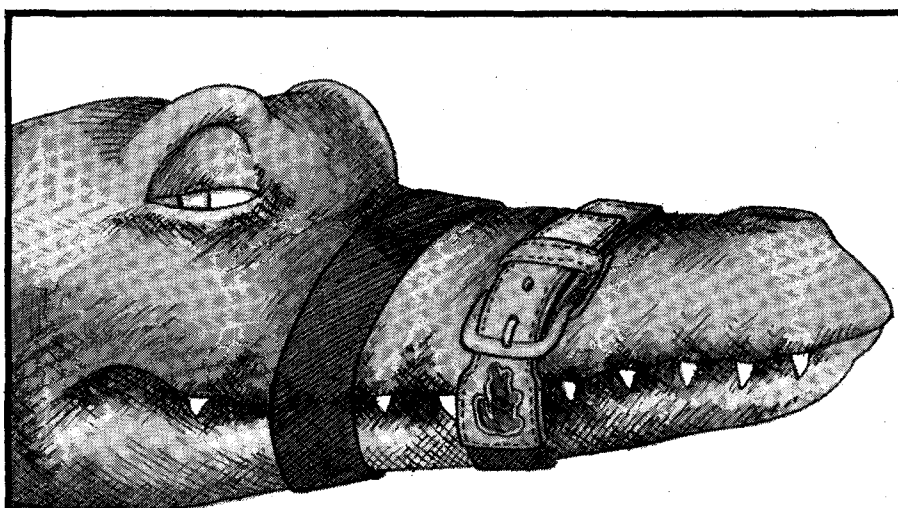
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sen's "The Snow Queen" comes quite close to being a true fairy tale. Many of the stories in fairy-tale collections may be simply diversions, fables, cautionary tales. If they are fables, they tell by means of words, actions, or events—implausible though these may be—what one ought to do. Cautionary tales demand and threaten—they are moralistic—and the diversions just entertain. Not a bad way of deciding whether a story is a fairy tale or something else might be to consider whether it could rightly be called a love gift to a child.

THE child asks himself, "Who am I? Where did I come from? How did the world come into being? Who created man and all the animals? What is the purpose of life?" True, he ponders these vital questions not in the abstract but mainly as they pertain to him. He worries not about whether there is justice for individual man but about whether *he* will be treated justly. He wonders who or what brings adversity upon him, and what can protect him against it. Are there benevolent powers in addition to his parents? *Are* his parents benevolent powers? How should he form himself, and why? Is there hope for him, though he may have done wrong? Why did all this happen to him? What will it mean for his future? Fairy tales provide answers to these questions—questions that, pressing though they are, the child may become aware of only as he follows the stories.

From an adult point of view and in terms of modern science, the answers that fairy tales offer are fantastic rather than true. As a matter of fact, these answers seem so wrong to many adults, who have become estranged from the ways in which young people experience the world, that they object to having children exposed to such "false" information. However, a realistic explanation is usually incomprehensible to children, because they lack the abstract understanding required to make sense of it. While scientifically correct answers make an adult think that he has clarified things for the child, they leave the child confused, overpowered, intellectually defeated. A child can derive security only from the conviction that he understands now what baffled him before; being given facts that create *new* uncertainties simply makes everything seem more precarious. As the child accepts such a factual answer, he comes to doubt whether he has asked the right question. Since the explanation fails to make sense to him, it must ap-



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ply to some unknown problem, not the one he asked about.

To tell a child that the earth floats in space, attracted by gravity into circling around the sun, but that the earth doesn't fall to the sun, as the child falls to the ground, is very confusing to him. The child knows from his experience that everything has to rest on something or be held up by something. Only an explanation based on that knowledge can make him feel that he understands better about the earth in space. What is more important, in order for the child to feel secure on earth he needs to believe that this world is held firmly in place. Therefore, a more satisfactory explanation for him will be a myth that tells him that the earth rests on a turtle or is held up by a giant. Considerable intellectual maturity is needed to believe that there can be stability to one's life when the ground one walks on (the firmest thing around, on which everything rests) rotates with incredible speed on an invisible axis, that in addition it revolves around the sun, and furthermore that the entire solar system is itself hurtling through space. I have seldom encountered a child under ten who could comprehend all these combined movements, although I have known many who could repeat the information. A child will parrot explanations that according to his own experience of the world are lies, feeling that he must believe them to be true because some adult has said so. The consequence is that the child comes to distrust his own experience, and therefore himself and what his mind can do for him.

In trying to get a child to accept scientifically correct explanations, parents all too frequently discount scientific findings of how a child's mind works. Research on the child's mental processes—most notably by Piaget—convincingly demonstrates that the young child is not able to comprehend two vital abstract concepts: the conservation of quantity, and reversibility; for instance, that the same quantity of water rises high in a narrow receptacle and falls low in a wide one, and that subtraction reverses the process of addition. Until the child can understand abstract concepts such as these, he can experience the world only subjectively.

I have known many young people who, particularly in late adolescence, come to a belief in magic, to compensate for their having been deprived of it prematurely in childhood. It is as if such young people felt that now was



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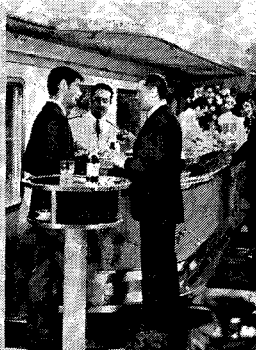
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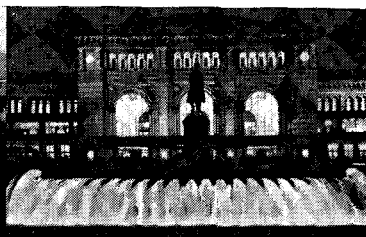
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their last chance to make up for a severe deficiency in their life experience—that without having had a period of belief in magic they would be unable to meet the rigors of adult life. Many of the young people who today suddenly seek escape in drug-induced dreams, apprentice themselves to a guru, believe in astrology, practice “black magic,” or in some other fashion escape from reality into daydreams about magic experiences were prematurely pressed to view reality as adults view it. Trying to evade reality by the methods these adolescents adopt has its ultimate cause in early experiences that prevented the development of the conviction that life can be mastered in realistic ways. It is apparently desirable for the individual to repeat in his life span the process involved historically in the genesis of scientific thought. For a good part of human history, men used emotional projections (such as gods) born of their immature hopes and anxieties to explain man, his society, and the universe; these explanations gave men a feeling of security. Then, slowly, by their own social, scientific, and technological progress, men freed themselves of the constant fear for their very existence. Feeling more secure in the world, and also within themselves, they could now begin to question the validity of the images they had used in the past as explanatory tools. From there, men’s “childish” projections dissolved and more rational explanations took their place.

“True” stories about the “real” world may provide children with some interesting and often useful information. But the way such stories unfold is as alien to the way the child’s mind functions as the supernatural events of the fairy tale are to the way the mature intellect comprehends the world. Strictly realistic stories run counter to the child’s inner experiences; he will listen to them and maybe get something out of them, but he cannot extract from them much personal meaning that transcends their obvious content. These stories inform without enriching, and the same thing is unfortunately true of much learning in school. Factual knowledge profits the total personality only when it is turned into personal knowledge. Outlawing realistic stories for children would be as foolish as banning fairy tales; there is an important place in the life of the child for each. Yet a fare of nothing but realistic stories is barren. When realistic stories are combined with ample and psychologically sound exposure to fairy tales, the child receives infor-



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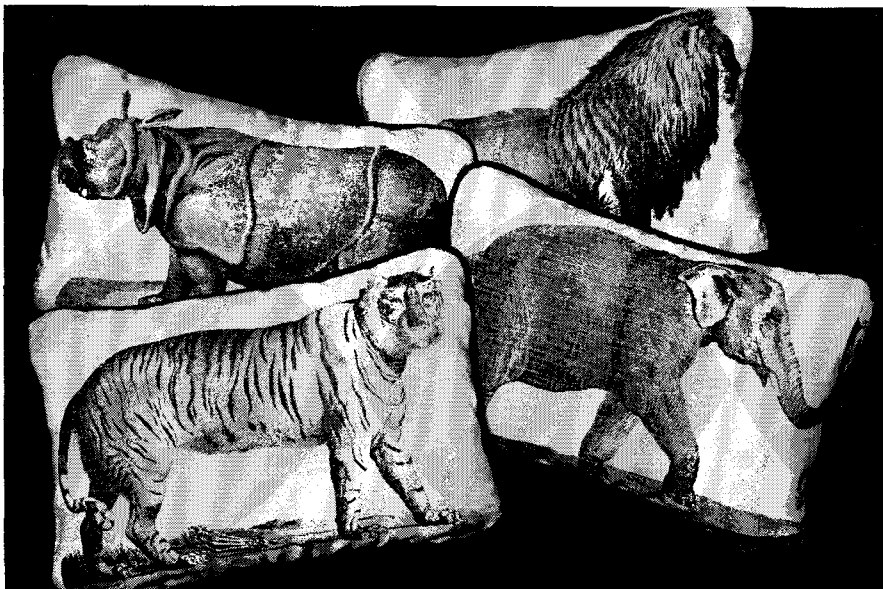
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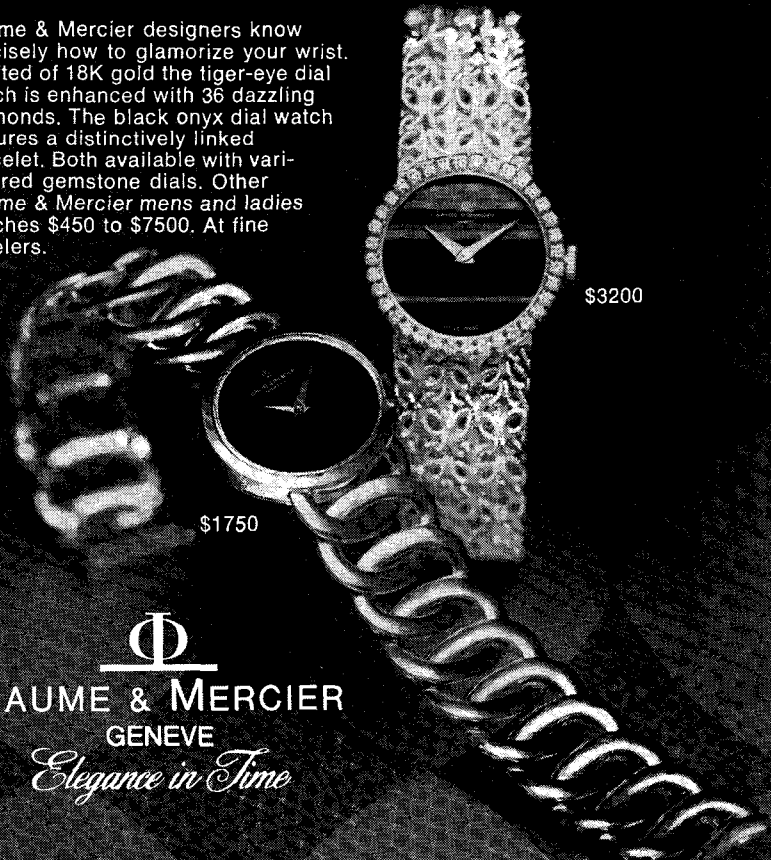
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mation that speaks to both parts of his budding personality—the rational and the emotional.

The child who is familiar with fairy tales understands that they speak to him in the language of symbols, not that of everyday reality. The fairy tale conveys from its first words, throughout its plot, and by its ending that the things he is being told about are not tangible facts or real persons and places. "Once upon a time," "In a certain country," "A thousand years ago, or longer," "At a time when animals still talked," "There was once an old castle in the midst of a large and dense forest"—such beginnings suggest that what follows does not pertain to the here and now that we know. This deliberate vagueness in the beginnings of fairy tales symbolizes a departure from the concrete world of ordinary reality. The old castles, the dark caves, the locked rooms one is forbidden to enter, the impenetrable woods all suggest that something normally hidden will be revealed, and the "long ago" implies that we are going to learn about the most archaic events. The Brothers Grimm could not have begun their collection of fairy tales with a more telling sentence than the one that introduces their first story, "The Frog King": "In olden times when wishing still helped, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face." This beginning very clearly locates the story in a unique fairy-tale time: the archaic period when we all believed that our wishes could, if not move mountains, change our fate, and when, in our animistic view of the world, the sun took notice of us and reacted to events. After the age of approximately five—the age when fairy tales really begin to have meaning—no normal child takes these stories as true to external reality. Much as the little girl wishes to imagine that she is a princess living in a castle and spins elaborate fantasies that she is, when her mother calls her to dinner she knows that she is not. And while a grove in a park may be experienced at times as a deep, dark forest full of hidden secrets, the little boy knows what it really is, just as the little girl knows that her doll is not really her baby, even though she calls it that and treats it as such.

THERE is a right time for certain growth experiences, and childhood is the time to learn how to bridge the



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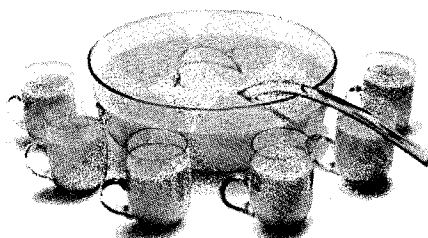
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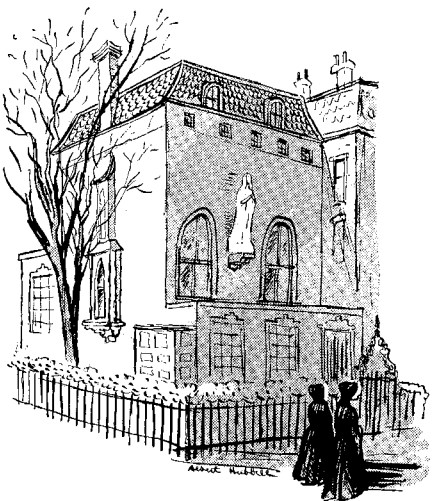
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immense gap between inner experiences and the real world. Fairy tales may seem senseless, fantastic, scary, and totally unbelievable to the adult who was deprived of fairy-tale fantasy in his own childhood or has repressed the memory of it. An adult who has not achieved a satisfactory integration of the two worlds of reality and imagination is put off by such tales. But an adult who in his own life is able to integrate rational order with the illogic of his unconscious will be responsive to the manner in which fairy tales help the child with this integration. To the child, and to the adult who, like Socrates, knows that there is still a child in the wisest of us, fairy tales reveal truths about mankind and about himself.

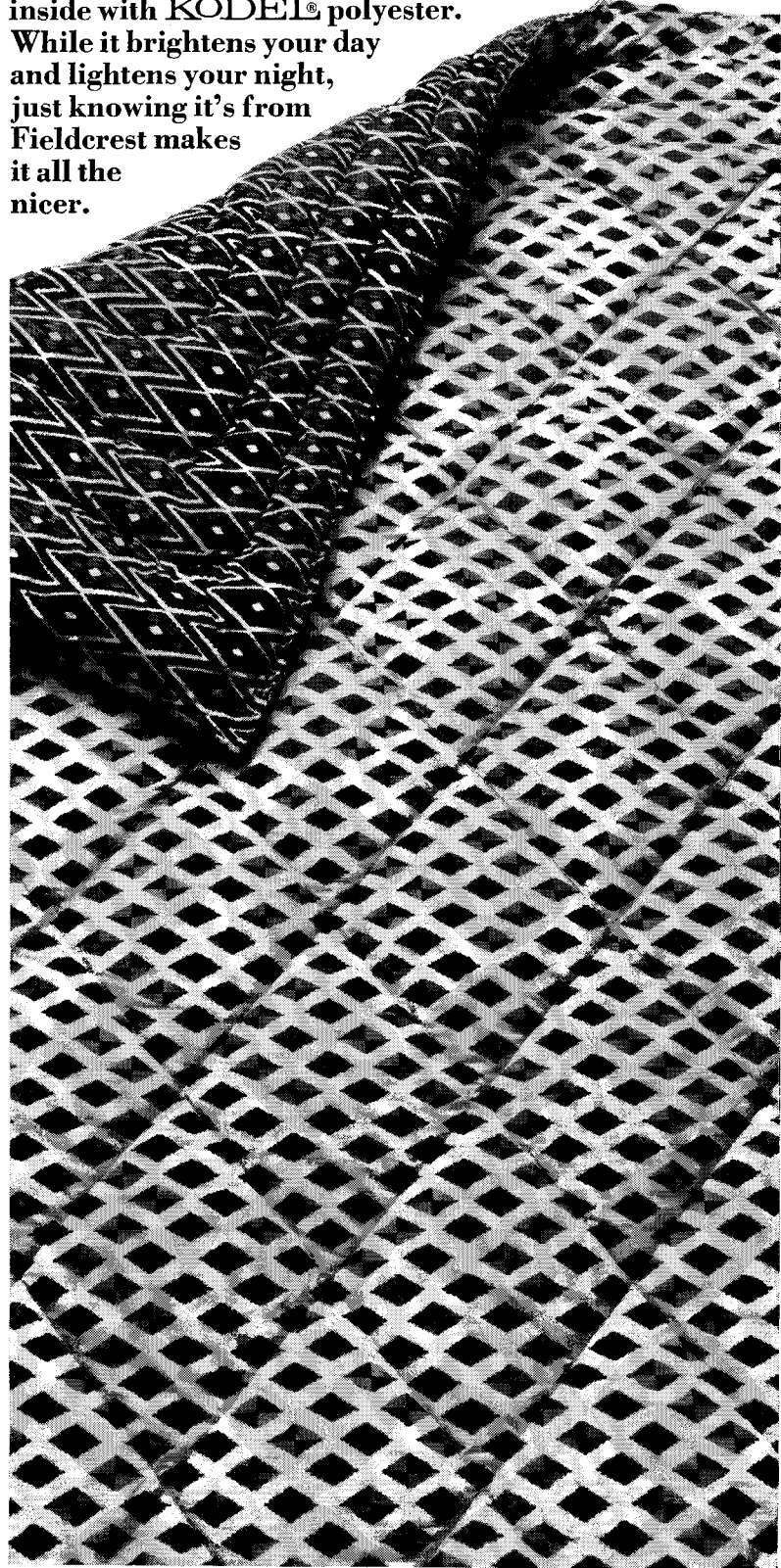
In "Little Red Riding Hood," the kindly grandmother undergoes a sudden replacement by the rapacious wolf, who threatens to destroy the child. How silly a transformation it is when it is viewed objectively, and how frightening! We might think that transformation unnecessarily scary, contrary to all possible reality. But when it is viewed from a child's way of experiencing, is it really any more scary than the sudden transformation that his own kindly grandma undergoes, into a figure who threatens his very sense of self, when she humiliates him for a pants-wetting accident? To the child, Grandma is no longer the same person she was just a moment ago; she has become an ogre. How can someone who was so very kind, who brought presents and was more understanding and tolerant and uncritical than even his own mother, suddenly act in such a radically different fashion? Unable to see any congruence between the different manifestations, the child truly experiences Grandma as two separate entities—the loving and the threatening. She is



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indeed Grandma *and* the wolf. By dividing her up, so to speak, the child can preserve his image of the good grandmother. If she changes into a wolf—well, that's certainly scary, but he need not compromise his vision of Grandma's benevolence. And, in any case, as the story tells him, the wolf is a passing manifestation; Grandma will return triumphant. Similarly, although Mother is most often the all-giving protector, she can also change into the cruel stepmother if she is so evil as to deny the child something he wants.

Far from being a device used only by fairy tales, such a splitting up of one person into two to keep the good image uncontaminated occurs to many children as a solution to a relationship too difficult to manage or comprehend. While all young children sometimes need to split the image of a parent into its benevolent and threatening aspects in order to feel fully sheltered by the first, most children cannot do it consciously. Most cannot find their own solution to the impasse of Mother's suddenly changing into a look-alike impostor. Fairy tales, which contain good fairies suddenly appearing to help the child find happiness despite this "impostor" or "stepmother," permit the child not to be destroyed by the "impostor." Fairy tales indicate that somewhere hidden the good fairy godmother watches over the child's fate, ready to assert her power when it is critically needed. The fairy tale tells the child, "Although there are witches, don't ever forget that there are also the good fairies, who are much more powerful." The very name of the stories stresses this fact; they might have been called witches' tales. The same tales assure that the ferocious giant can always be outwitted by the clever little man—somebody seemingly as powerless as the child feels himself to be.

When the child experiences the emotional need to do so, he not only splits a parent into two figures but may also split himself into two people, who, he wishes to believe, have nothing in common. I have known a young child who was dry during the day but wet his bed at night and then, on waking up, would move with disgust to a corner and say with conviction, "Somebody has wet my bed." He did not do this, as his parents may have thought, to put the blame on somebody else, knowing that it was really he himself who had urinated in the bed. The "somebody" who did it was that part of himself with which he had

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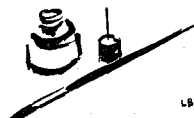
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parted company; this aspect of his personality had become a stranger to him. To insist that the child recognize that it was he who wet the bed would have been to make a premature attempt to impose on him the concept of the integrity of the human personality, and such insistence actually retards its development. In order to develop a secure feeling of his self, the child needs to constrict it for a time to only what he fully approves and desires. After he has thus achieved a self of which he can be unambivalently proud, he can slowly accept the possibility that it may also contain aspects of a more dubious nature.

The fairy-tale literature does not fail to consider the problematic nature of sometimes seeing Mother as an evil stepmother; in its own way, the fairy tale warns against being swept away too far and too fast by angry feelings. A child easily gives in to his annoyance with a person dear to him, or to his impatience when he is kept waiting; he tends to harbor angry feelings, and to make furious wishes with little thought of the consequences if the wishes should come true. Many fairy tales depict the tragic outcome of such rash wishes, engaged in because one desires something too much or is unable to wait until things come about in their good time. Both mental states are typical of the child. Two stories of the Brothers Grimm may illustrate. In "Hans the Hedgehog," a man becomes angry when his great desire for children of his own is frustrated by his wife's inability to have any. Finally, he gets carried away and exclaims, "I will have a child, even if it be a hedgehog!" His wish is granted: his wife gives birth to a child who is a hedgehog on top, while the lower part of his body is that of a boy. In "The Seven Ravens," a newborn daughter so pre-occupies a father's emotions that he turns his anger against his older children—seven sons. The father sends one of the sons to fetch baptismal water for the christening of the infant daughter, and the son is joined on his errand by his six brothers. The father, angered at being kept waiting, shouts, "I wish the boys were all turned into ravens!"—which instantly happens.

If these fairy tales in which angry wishes come true ended there, they would be merely cautionary tales, warning us not to permit ourselves to be carried away by our negative emotions—something that the child is unable to avoid. But the fairy tale knows

better than to expect the impossible of the child and to make him anxious about having angry wishes that he cannot help having. While the fairy tale realistically warns the child that being carried away by anger or impatience leads to trouble, it reassures him that the consequences are only temporary ones, and that good will or a good deed can undo the harm done by bad wishing. Hans the Hedgehog helps a king lost in the forest to return home safely. The king promises beforehand to give Hans as a reward the first thing



he encounters on his return home, which happens to be the king's only daughter. Despite Hans's appearance, the princess marries him.

After the marriage, in the marital bed, Hans changes into completely human form, and he inherits the kingdom. In "The Seven Ravens," the sister who was the innocent cause of her brothers' being turned into ravens travels to the end of the world and makes a great sacrifice to undo the spell put on them. The ravens all regain their human form, and happiness is restored.

BEFORE and well into the oedipal period (roughly, the ages between three and six or seven), the child's experience of the world is chaotic—but only as seen from an adult point of view, for chaos implies an awareness of this state of affairs. If this "chaotic" fashion of experiencing the world is all that one knows, then it is accepted as the way the world is. During and because of the oedipal struggles, the outside world comes to hold more meaning for the child, and he begins to try to make some sense of it. He no longer takes it for granted that the confused way in which he sees the world is the only possible one.

As a child listens to a fairy tale, he gets ideas about how he may create order out of the chaos that is his inner life. The fairy tale suggests isolating and separating the disparate and confusing aspects of the child's experience and projecting them onto different figures. Even Freud found no better way to help make sense out of the incredible mixture of contradictions that coexist in the human mind and inner life than by creating symbols for isolated aspects of the personality. He named these id, ego, and superego. If we, as adults, must have recourse to the creation of separate entities to bring some sensible order into the chaos of our inner experiences, how much greater is the child's need for this! Unfortunately,

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in using these symbols we have lost something that is inherent in the fairy tale: the realization that these externalizations are fictions, useful only for sorting out and comprehending mental processes.

When the hero of a fairy tale is the youngest child, or is specifically called "the dummy" or Simpleton at the start of the story, this is the fairy tale's rendering of the original debilitated state of the ego as it begins its struggle to cope with the inner world of drives and with the difficult problems that the outer world presents. Not unlike psychoanalysis, the fairy tale frequently depicts the id in the form of some animal, standing for our animal nature. Fairy-tale animals come in two forms: dangerous and destructive animals (the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood") and wise and helpful animals, which guide and rescue the hero (the animals that revive the dead hero and gain him his just reward in "The Two Brothers"). Both the dangerous and the helpful animals stand for our animal nature, our instinctual drives. The dangerous ones symbolize the untamed id in all its dangerous energy, not yet subjected to ego and superego control. The helpful animals also represent our id, but now made to serve the best interests of the total personality. There are also some animals—usually white birds, like doves—that symbolize the superego.

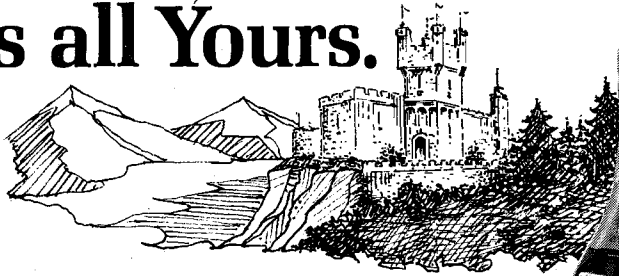
No single fairy tale does justice to the richness of all the images that give external body to the most complex inner processes, but a little-known story called "The Queen Bee," reported by the Brothers Grimm, may illustrate the symbolic struggle of personality integration against chaotic disintegration. (A bee is a particularly apt image for the two opposite aspects of our nature, since the child knows that the bee produces honey but can also sting painfully. He knows, too, that the bee works hard, collecting the nectar out of which it produces the honey.) In "The Queen Bee," the two older sons of a king go out to seek adventure, and live such wild, dissolute lives that they never return home. In short, they live an id-dominated existence, without any regard for the requirements of reality or the justified demands and criticisms of the superego. The youngest son, called Simpleton, sets out to find them, and, through persistence, succeeds. But they mock him for thinking that he, in his simplicity, could get through life better than they, who are supposedly so much more clever. On the surface, the two brothers are right; as the sto-

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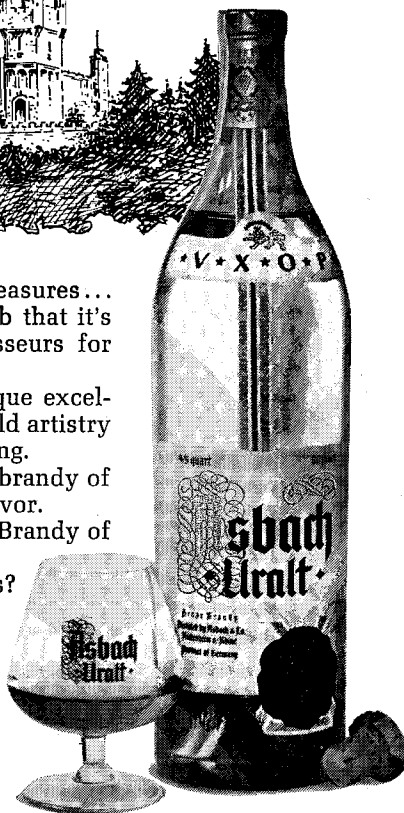
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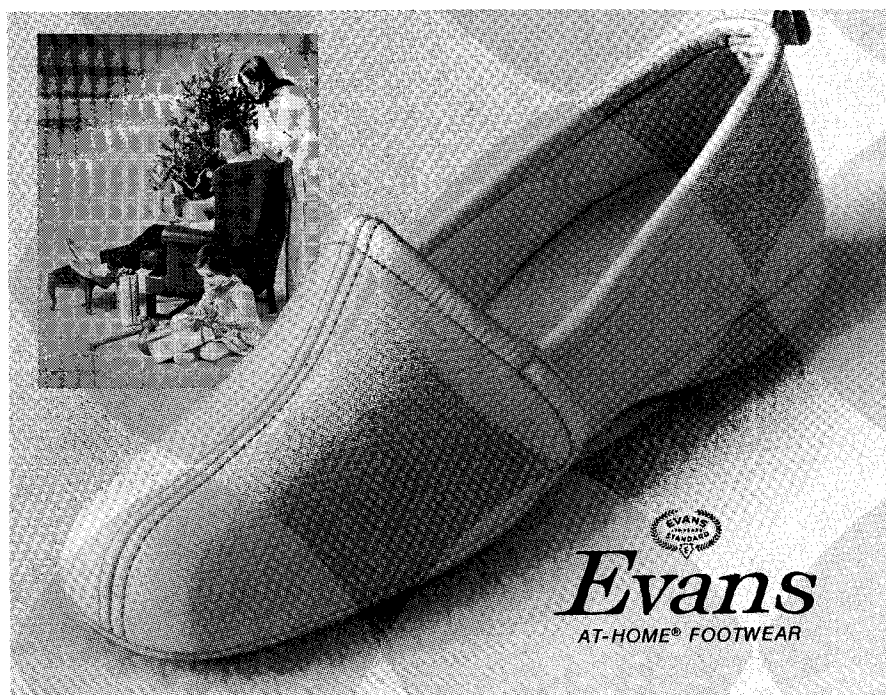
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ry unfolds, Simpleton would be just
as incapable as they are of master-
ing life, represented by difficult tasks
that all three are asked to perform,
if he were not able to call for help
on his inner resources, represented by
the helpful animals.

As the three brothers travel through
the world, they come to an anthill.
The two older brothers want to de-
stroy it, just to enjoy the ants' terror.
Simpleton does not permit this. He
says, "Leave the creatures in peace. I
will not allow you to disturb them."
Next, they come to a lake where ducks
are swimming. The older brothers,
considering nothing but their pleasure
and oral cravings, want to catch some
ducks and roast them. Simpleton pre-
vents this, too. They proceed, and come
to a bees' nest; the two brothers now
want to make a fire beneath the tree
holding the nest, to suffocate the bees
and get at the honey. Simpleton again
interferes, insisting that the creatures
must be neither killed nor disturbed.
The three brothers finally arrive at
a castle, where everything has been
turned to stone or is in a deathlike
sleep, with the exception of a little
gray man who lets them in, feeds
them, and beds them down for the
night. The next morning, the little
man presents the oldest brother with
three tasks, each of which must be
accomplished within a day, to undo
the spell over the castle and its in-
habitants. The first task is to gather a
thousand pearls that are spread and
hidden in the moss of the forest. But,
the brother is warned, if he fails in this
task he will be turned to stone. He tries
and fails, and the same thing happens
to the second brother. When Simple-
ton's turn comes, he finds that he is
also not up to the task. Feeling defeat-
ed, he sits down and cries. At this
point, the five thousand ants that he
saved come to his help, and gather the
pearls for him. The second task is to
fetch from the depths of a lake the key
to the king's daughter's bedchamber.
This time, the ducks that Simpleton
protected come, dive into the lake,
and give him the key. The final task
is to select from among three sleeping
princesses who look exactly alike the
youngest and most lovable. The queen
of the beehive that Simpleton saved
now comes to his help; she settles on
the lips of the princess whom Simpleton
must choose. With the three tasks ful-
filled, the spell is broken and the en-
chantment is at its end. All who were
asleep or were turned to stone—in-
cluding Simpleton's two brothers—
come to life. Simpleton marries the

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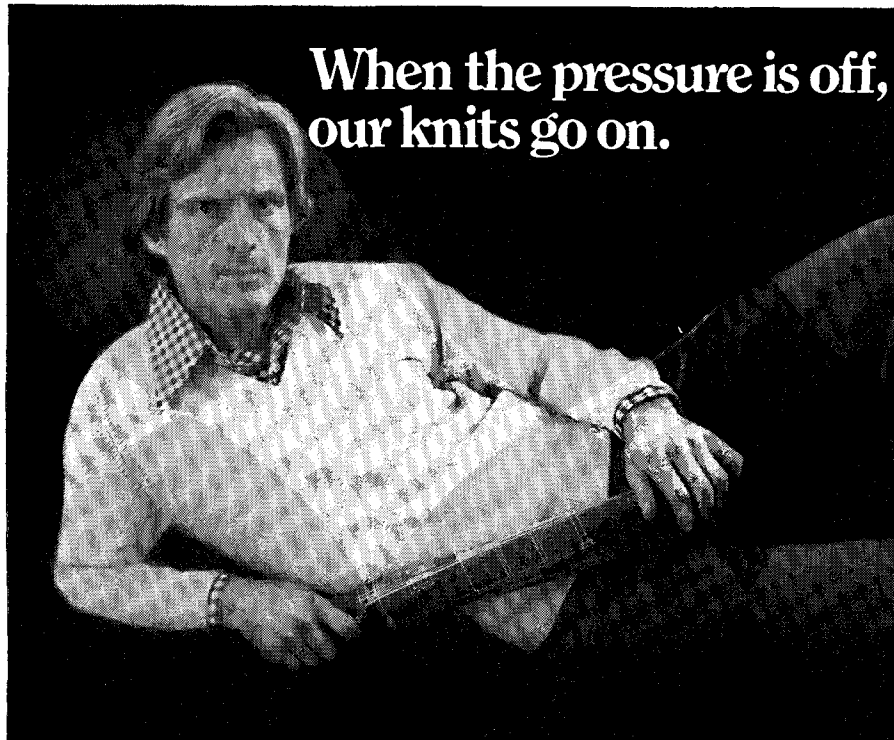
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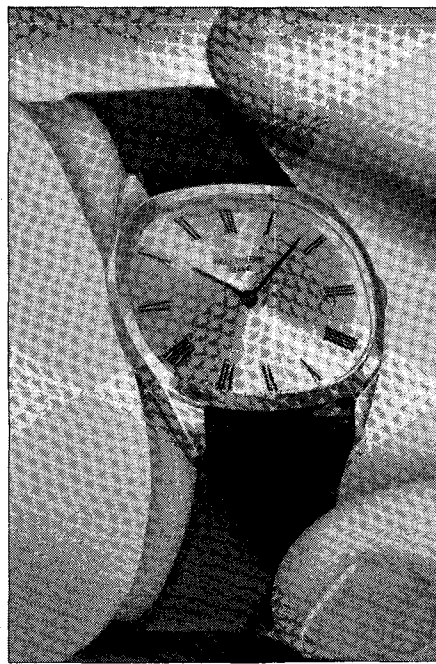
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youngest princess and eventually inherits the kingdom.

The two brothers who were unresponsive to the requirements of personality integration failed to meet the demands of reality. Insensitive to everything but the proddings of the id, they were turned into stone. As in many other fairy tales, this state symbolizes not death but a lack of true humanity, an inability to respond to higher values; the person who suffers this lack, being dead to what life is all about in the best sense, might as well be made of stone. Simpleton (standing for the ego), despite his obvious virtues, and despite his obedience to the commands of his superego, which tells him that it is wrong to disturb or kill wantonly, is by himself unequal to the demands of reality (symbolized by the three tasks to be performed), just as his brothers were. Only when animal nature has been befriended and recognized as important—brought into accord with ego and superego—do we have the power of an integrated personality. Thereafter, our accomplishments seem like miracles. Far from suggesting that we subjugate our animal nature to our ego or superego, the fairy tale shows that each element must be given its due; if Simpleton had not followed his inner goodness (read superego) and protected the animals, these id representations would never have come to his aid. The three animals, incidentally, represent different elements: the ants stand for earth, the ducks for the water in which they swim, and the bees for the air in which they fly. Again, only the coöperation of all three different elements, or aspects of our nature, permits true success. Not until Simpleton has achieved his full integration, symbolically expressed by his having mastered the three tasks, does he become master of his fate, which in fairy-tale fashion is expressed by his becoming king.

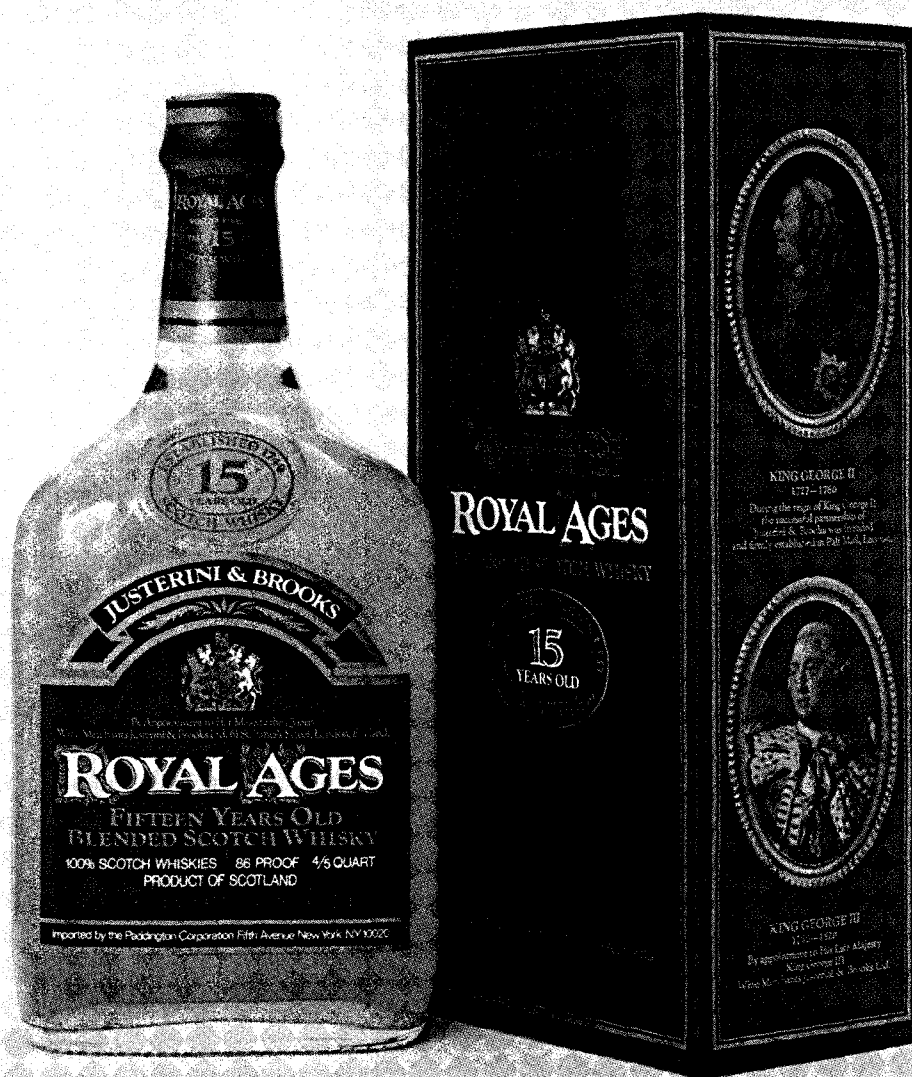
THE fairy-tale motif of the child abused and rejected by older siblings is well known all through history, especially in the form of "Cinderella." But the stories centering on a stupid child, of which "The Three Languages" and "The Three Feathers" are examples, tell a different tale. The unhappiness of the "dumb" child, whom the rest of the family holds in such low esteem, is not mentioned. His being considered stupid is stated as a fact of life, and one that does not seem to concern him much. Sometimes one gets the feeling that the "simpleton" does not mind this condition, because as



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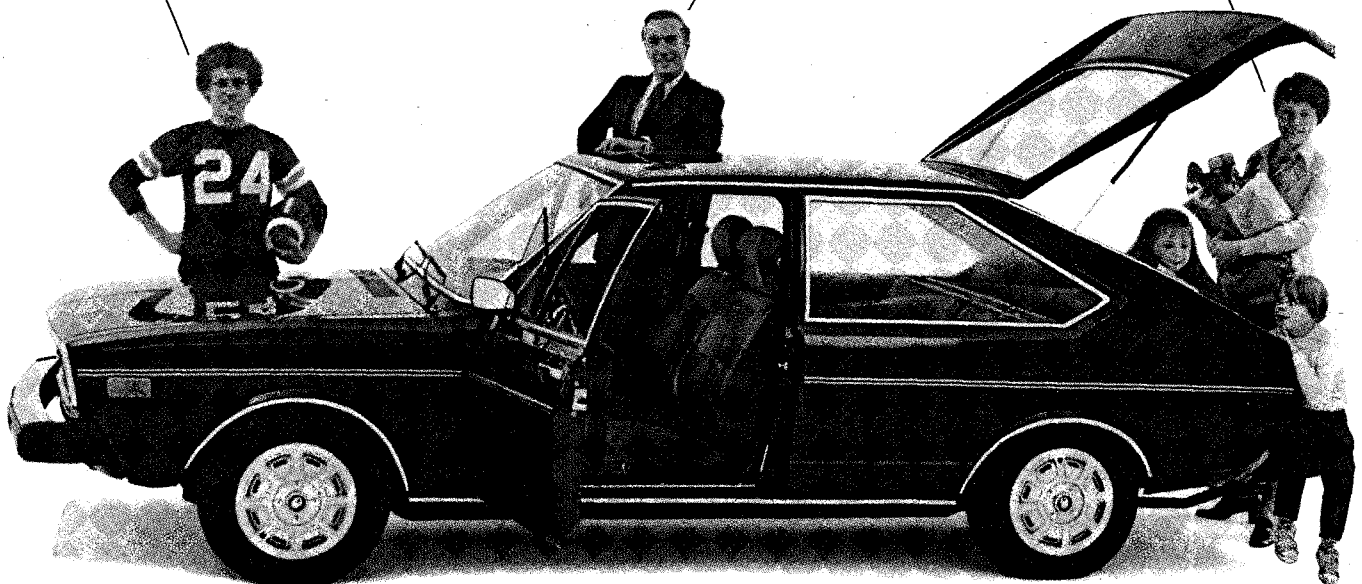
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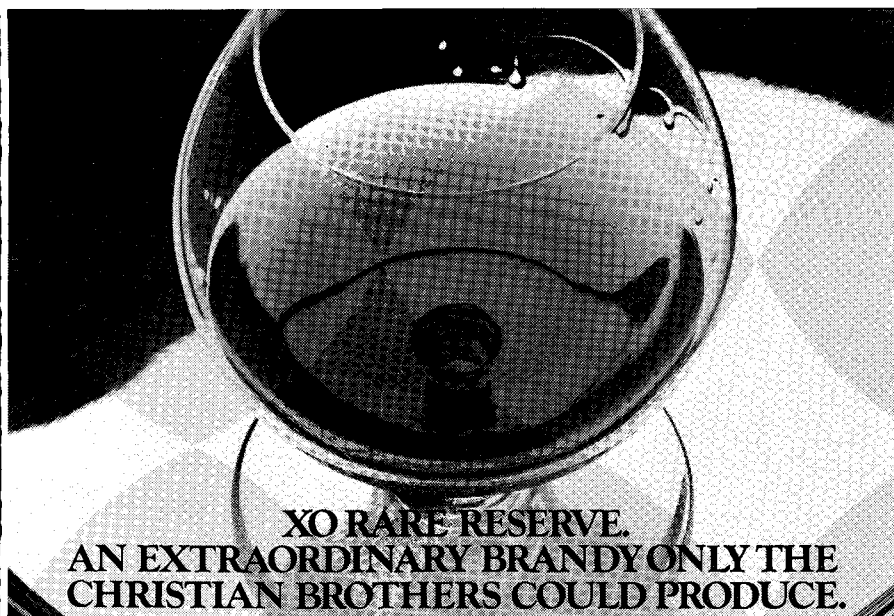
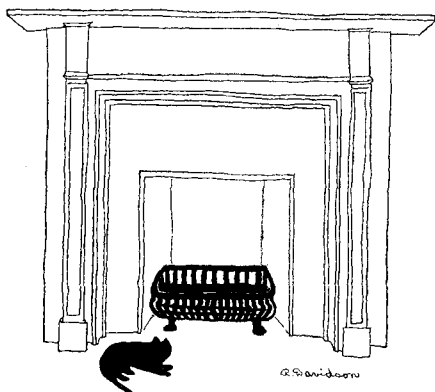
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a result of it others expect nothing of him. Such stories begin to unfold when the simpleton's uneventful life is interrupted by some demand.

A small child, bright though he may be, feels himself stupid and inadequate when he is confronted with the complexity of the world that surrounds him. Everybody else seems to know so much more than he, and to be so much more capable. In the same way, many fairy tales begin with the hero's being depreciated and considered stupid. These are the child's feelings about himself, which are projected not so much onto the world at large as onto his parents and older brothers and sisters. Even when in some fairy stories, like "Cinderella," we are told that the child lived in bliss before the advent of misfortune, the happy time is not described as one during which the child was competent. The child was so happy because nothing was expected of him; everything was provided for him. A young child's inadequacy, which makes him fear that he is stupid, is not his fault, and so the fairy tale that never explains why the child is considered stupid is psychologically sound.

As far as a child's consciousness is concerned, nothing happened during his first years, because in the normal course of events the child remembers no inner conflicts before parents began making specific demands that ran counter to his desires. It is in part because of these demands that the child experiences conflicts with the world, and internalization of these demands contributes to the establishment of the superego and the awareness of inner conflicts. Hence, these few first years are remembered as conflict-free and blissful, but empty. This situation is represented in the fairy tale by an absence of events in the child's life before he awakens to the conflicts between him and his parents and, with those, to the conflicts within himself. Being "dumb" suggests an undifferentiated stage of existence, which precedes the struggles between the id, the



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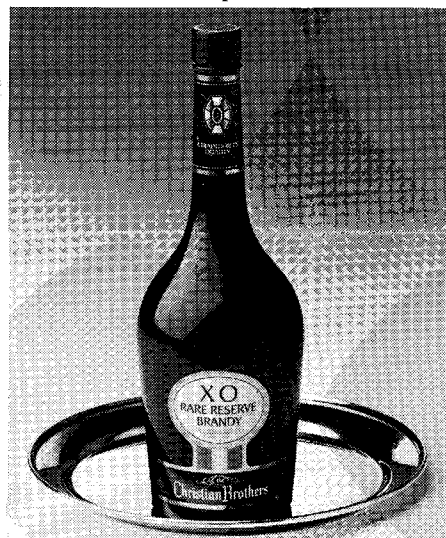


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ego, and the superego of the complex personality.

On the simplest and most direct level, fairy tales in which the hero is the youngest and most inept offer the child consolation and hope for the future. Though the child thinks little of himself—a view he projects onto others' views of him—and fears he will never amount to anything, the story shows that he has already started on the process of realizing his potential. As the son learns the language of dogs and later those of birds and frogs in "The Three Languages," the father sees in this only a clear indication of the boy's stupidity, while the boy has actually taken very important steps toward selfhood. The outcome of these stories tells the child that he who regarded himself, or was viewed by others, as the least able nonetheless surpasses all.

Such a message can best carry conviction through repeated telling of the story. Upon first being told a story with a "dumb" hero, a child may not be able to identify with him, stupid though the child feels himself to be. That would be too threatening, too contrary to his self-love. Only when the child feels completely assured of the hero's superiority, through repeated hearings, can he afford to identify with the hero from the beginning. And only on the basis of such identification can the story encourage the child to believe that his depreciated view of himself is erroneous. Before such identification occurs, the story means little to the child as a person. But as the child comes to identify with the stupid or degraded hero of the fairy tale, who he knows will eventually show his superiority, the child himself is started on the process of realizing his potential.

Hans Christian Andersen's "The Ugly Duckling" is the story of a bird that is thought little of as a fledgling but in the end proves its superiority to all those who had scoffed at it and mocked it. This story, too, contains the element of the hero's being the youngest and the last born, since all the other ducklings pecked their way out of their eggs and into the world sooner. As is true of most Andersen stories, this one, charming as it is, is much more a story for adults. Though children enjoy it, too, it is not helpful to them, because it misdirects their fantasy. The child who feels misunderstood and unappreciated may wish to be of a different breed, but he knows he is not. His chance for success in life is *not* to grow into a creature of a dif-



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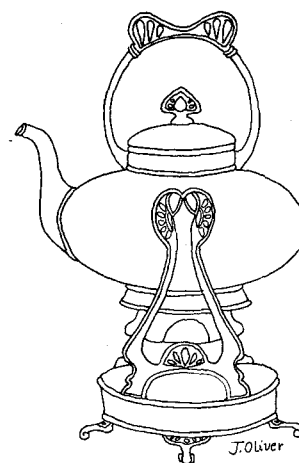
and it's from *Saks Fifth Avenue*

ferent nature, as the duckling grows into a swan, but, while being of the same nature as his parents and brothers and sisters, to acquire better qualities and to do better than others expect. In folk fairy tales, we find that no matter how many transformations the hero undergoes, including being turned into an animal, or even to stone, in the end he is always a human being, as he started out. To encourage a child to believe that he is of a different breed, much as he may like the thought, can lead him in the opposite direction from the one that folk fairy tales point to: that he must do something to achieve his superiority. No need to accomplish something is expressed in "The Ugly Duckling;" things are simply fated and unfold accordingly, whether or not the hero takes any action. In the folk fairy tale, it is the hero's doing that changes his life. That one's fate is inexorable—a depressive world view—is as clear in "The Ugly Duckling," with its favorable outcome, as it is in the sad ending of Andersen's "The Little Match Girl," a story that is deeply moving but hardly suitable for identification. The child, in his misery, may indeed identify with this heroine, but if he does, the identification leads only to utter pessimism and defeatism. "The Little Match Girl" is a moralistic tale about the cruelty of the world; it arouses compassion for the downtrodden. But what the child who feels downtrodden needs is not compassion for others who are in the same predicament but the conviction that he can escape this fate.

THE first steps toward achieving a well-integrated personality are made as the child begins to struggle with his deep and ambivalent attachments to his parents—that is, during his oedipal conflicts. In regard to these, too, fairy tales help the child to comprehend the nature of his difficulties and offer him hope for their successful resolution. In the throes of oedipal conflict, a young boy resents his father for standing in the way of his receiving Mother's exclusive attention. The boy wants Mother to admire him as the greatest hero of all; that means that somehow he has to get Father out of the way. This idea creates anxiety in the child, though, because without Father to protect them, what will happen to the

family? And what if Father were to find out that the little boy wanted him out of the way? Might he not take a most terrible revenge?

One can tell a small boy many times—without avail—that someday he will grow up, marry, and be like his father. Such realistic advice provides no relief from the pressures that the child feels right now. But the fairy tale tells the child how he can live with his conflicts: it suggests fantasies he could never invent for himself. For example, the fairy tale offers the story of the little unnoticed boy who goes out into the world and makes a great success of life. Details may differ, but the basic plot is always the same: the unlikely hero proves himself through slaying dragons, solving riddles, and living by his wits and his goodness until eventually he frees the beautiful princess, marries her, and lives happily ever after. No little boy has ever failed to see himself in this starring role. The story implies: It's not Father whose jealousy prevents you from having Mother all to yourself; it's an evil dragon. What you really have in mind is to slay an evil dragon. Further, the story gives veracity to the boy's feeling that the most desirable female is kept in captivity by an evil figure, while implying that it is not Mother whom the child wants for himself but a marvelous and wonderful woman he hasn't met yet but certainly will meet. The

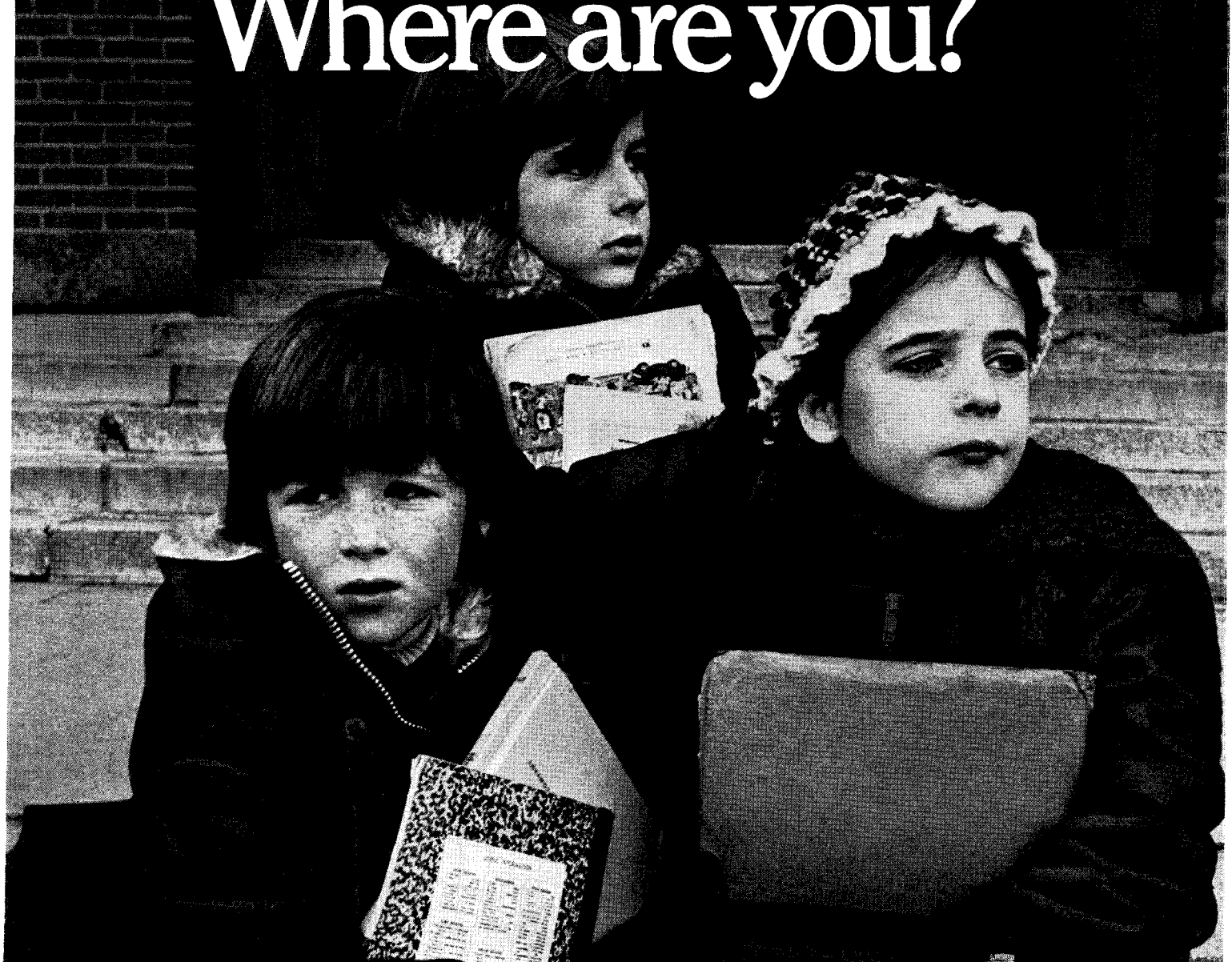


story tells more of what the boy wants to hear and believe: that it is not of her own free will that this wonderful female (Mother) abides with this bad male figure. On the contrary, if she just could, she would much prefer to be with a young hero (the child). The dragon slayer always has to be young, like the child, and innocent. The innocence of the hero with whom the child identifies proves by

proxy the child's innocence; thus, far from having to feel guilty about these fantasies, the child can feel himself to be the hero.

The oedipal problems of a girl are different from those of a boy, and so the fairy tales that help her to cope with her oedipal situation are of a different character. What blocks the oedipal girl's uninterrupted blissful existence with Father is an older, ill-intentioned female (Mother). But since the little girl wants very much to con-

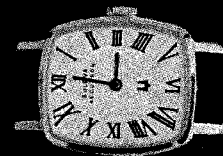
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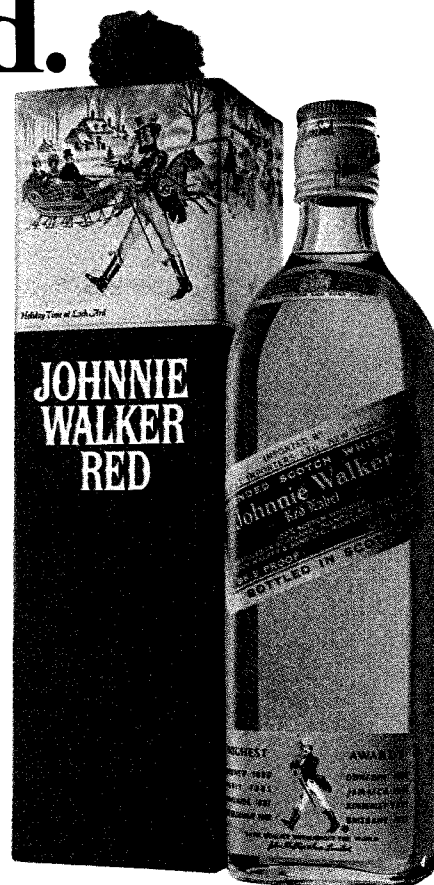
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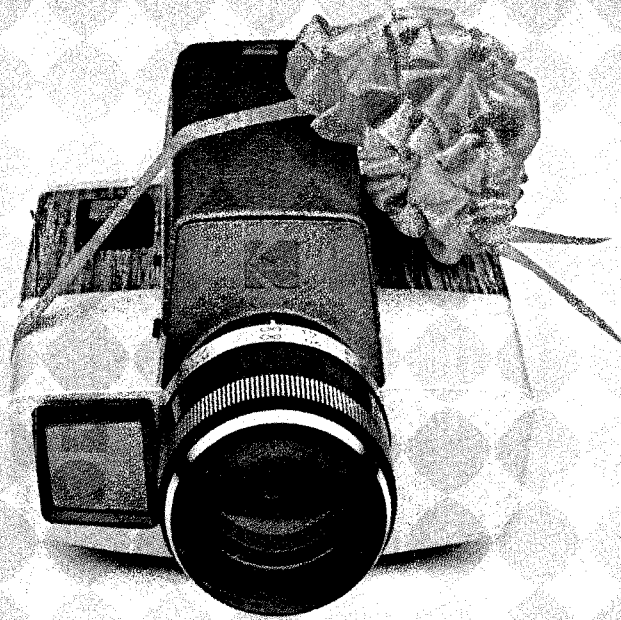
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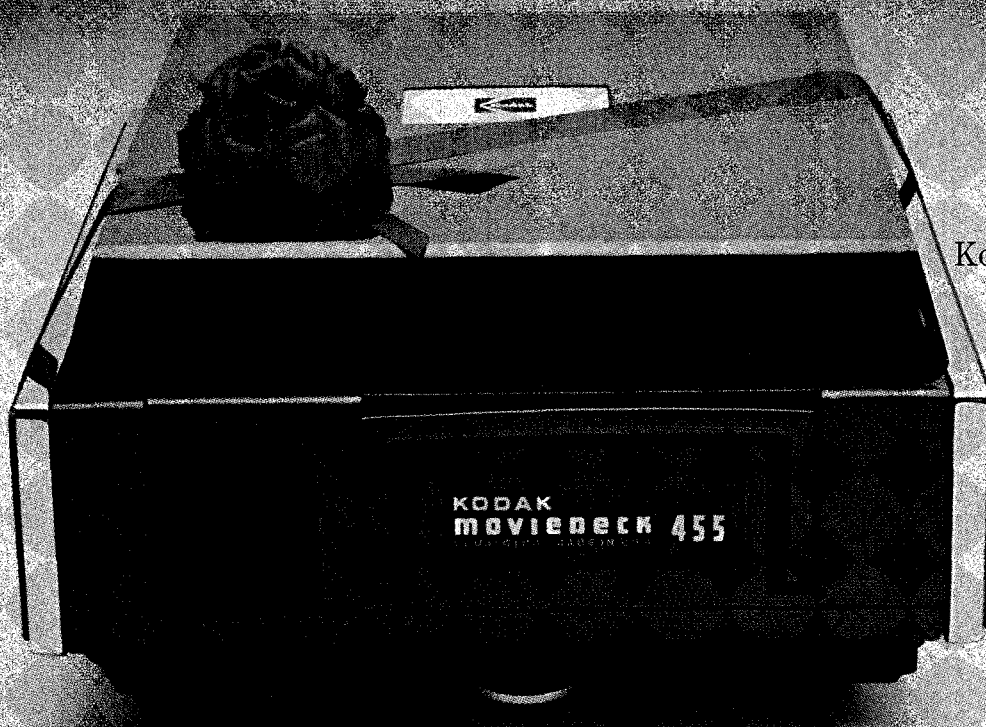
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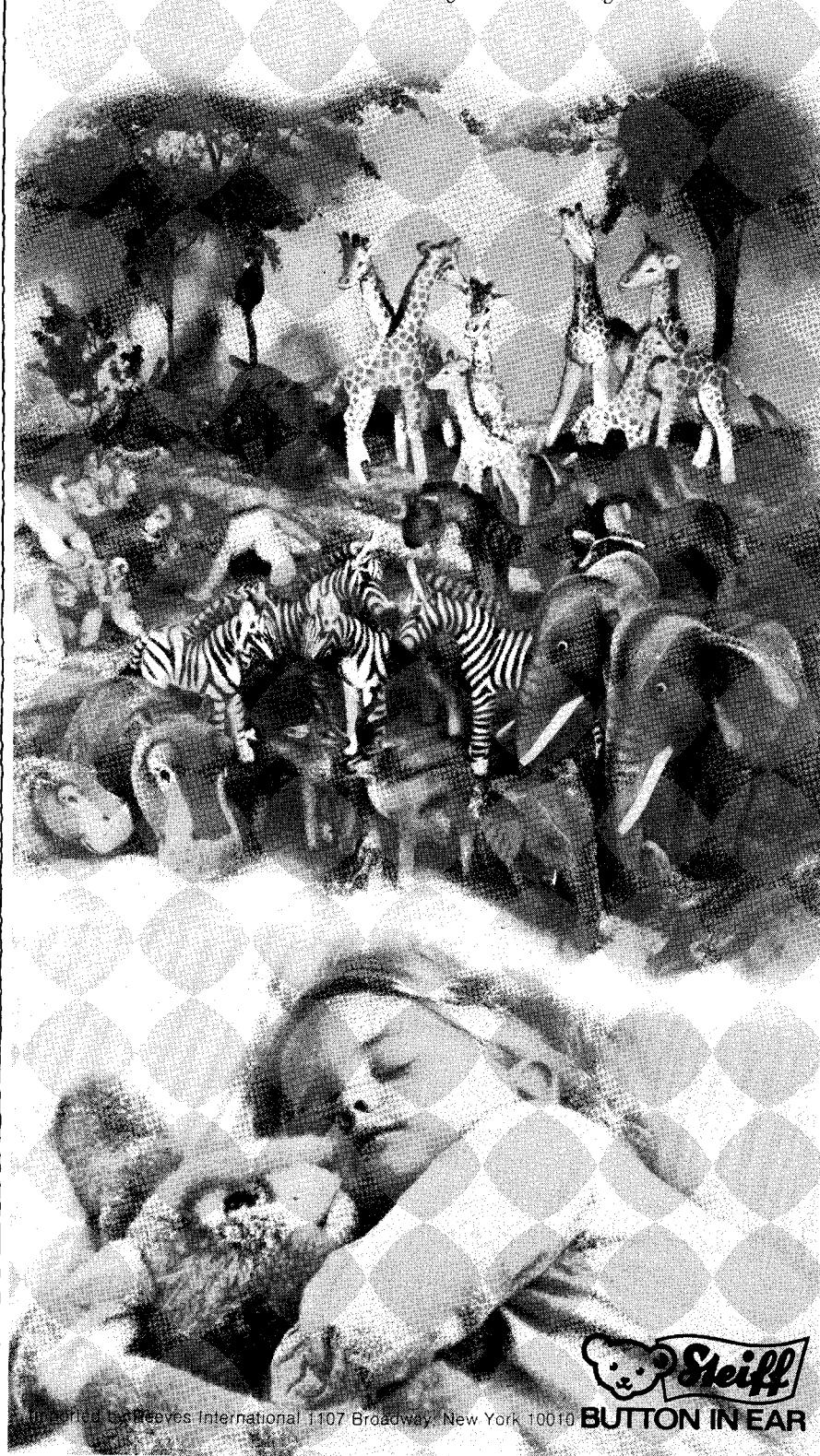
tinue enjoying Mother's loving care, there is also a benevolent female in the past or in the background of the fairy tale the happy memory of whom is kept intact, although she has become inoperative. A little girl wishes to see herself as a young and beautiful maiden—a princess or the like—who is kept captive, and hence unavailable to the male lover, by the selfish, evil female figure. The captive princess's real father is depicted as benevolent but helpless to come to the rescue of his lovely girl. In "Rapunzel," it is a vow that stymies him. In "Cinderella" and "Snow White," he seems unable to hold his own against the all-powerful stepmother. The mother is split into two figures: the pre-oedipal wonderful, good mother, and the oedipal evil stepmother. (Sometimes there are bad stepmothers in fairy tales about boys, but such tales deal with problems other than oedipal ones.) The good mother, so the fantasy goes, would never have been jealous of her daughter or have prevented the prince (Father) and the girl from living happily together. So for the oedipal girl belief and trust in the goodness of the pre-oedipal mother, and deep loyalty to her, tend to reduce the guilt about what the girl wishes would happen to the (step)-mother who stands in her way.

Thus, thanks to the fairy tale, both oedipal girls and boys can have the best of two worlds: they can fully enjoy oedipal satisfactions in fantasy and can keep good relations with both parents in reality. For the oedipal boy, if Mother disappoints him there is the fairy princess in the back of his mind—that wonderful woman of the future who will compensate for all his present hardships, and so makes it much easier to bear up under them. If Father is less attentive to his little girl than she desires, she can endure such adversity, because a prince will arrive who will prefer her to all competitors. Since everything takes place in never-never land, the child need not feel guilty or anxious about casting Father in the role of the dragon or evil giant, or Mother in the role of a miserable stepmother or witch.

If one would believe in a grand design to human life, one could admire the wisdom with which it is arranged that a wide variety of psychological events coincide to reinforce each other and propel the young human being out of infancy into childhood. Because of the child's growing ability to cope, he can have more contact with people outside the family, and with wider aspects of the world. Also, because the child is

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able to do more, his parents feel that the time has come to expect more of him, and they become less ready to do for him. This change in their relations is an enormous disappointment of the child's hope that he will always receive endlessly; it is the most severe disillusionment of his young life, made infinitely worse because it is inflicted by those who he believes owe him unlimited care. Because of his new experiences with the outside world, however, the child can afford to become aware of the "limitations" of his parents—that is, their shortcomings as seen in the light of his unrealistic expectations of them. In consequence, the child grows so disgusted with his parents that he ventures to seek satisfaction elsewhere. When this comes about, so overwhelming are the new challenges presented to the child by his enlarging experiences, and so very small is his ability to meet them, that he needs fantasy satisfactions in order not to give up in despair. Considerable as the child's real achievements are, they all seem to vanish into insignificance whenever he fails in any respect—if only because he has no comprehension of what is actually possible. This disillusionment may lead to such severe disappointment in himself that he gives up all effort and withdraws into himself completely, unless fantasy comes to his rescue. If any one of the various steps the child is taking in growing up could be viewed in isolation, it might be said that the ability to spin fantasies beyond the present is the new achievement that makes all others possible—because it makes bearable the frustrations experienced in reality.

If only we could recall how we felt when we were small, or could imagine how utterly defeated a young child feels when his playmates or older brothers and sisters temporarily reject him or when adults—worst of all, his

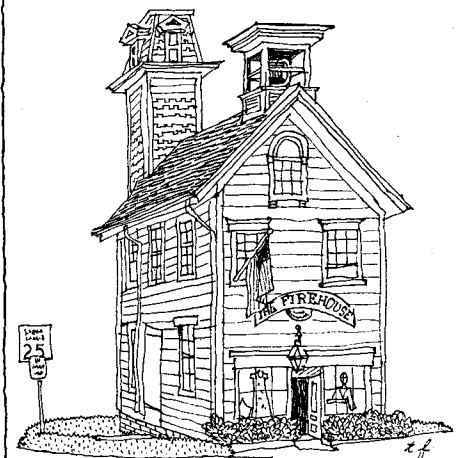
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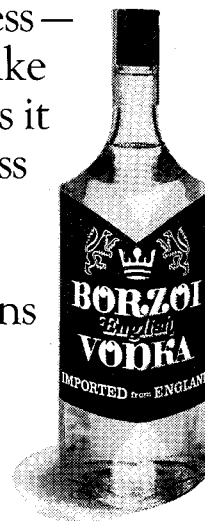
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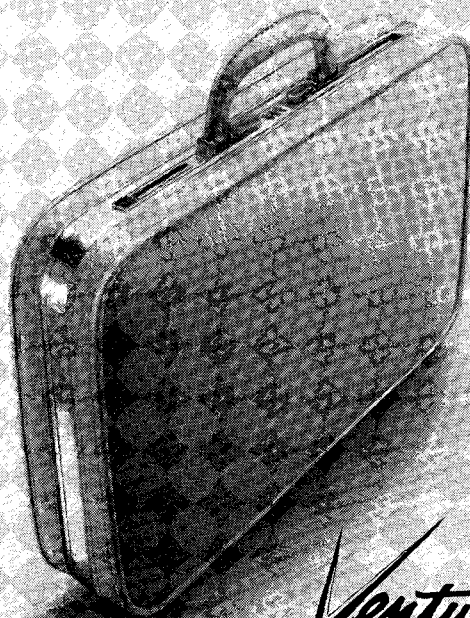
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parents—seem to make fun of him or belittle him, then we would know why the child often feels like an outcast, a “simpleton.” How enormous the frustration and despair of the child are at moments of unrelieved defeat can be seen from his temper tantrums, which are the visible expression of the conviction that he can do nothing to improve the “unbearable” conditions of his life. As soon as a child is able to imagine (that is, to fantasize) a favorable solution to his present predicament, temper tantrums disappear; the hope for the future makes the present difficulty no longer insufferable. Random physical discharge through kicking and screaming is then replaced by thought or activity designed to reach a desired goal, either now or at some future date.

If a child is for some reason unable to imagine his future optimistically, arrest of development sets in. The extreme example of this can be found in the behavior of the child suffering from infantile autism. He does nothing or he intermittently breaks out into severe temper tantrums, but in either case he insists that nothing must be altered in his environment and the conditions of his life. All this is the consequence of his complete inability to imagine any change for the better. When one such child, after prolonged therapy, finally emerged from her total autistic withdrawal and reflected on what characterizes good parents, she said, “They hope for you.” The implication was that her parents had been bad parents, because they had failed both to feel hope for her and to give her hope for herself and her future.

We know that the more deeply unhappy and despairing we are, the more we need to be able to engage in optimistic fantasies. But these are not available to us at such periods. Then, more than at any other time, we need others to uplift us with their hope for us and our future. No fairy tale all by itself will do this for the child; as the autistic girl reminded us, first we need our parents to instill hope in us. Once we have this—are aware of the positive ways in which our parents view us and our future—we can go ahead and build castles in the air, half recognizing that they are just that but gaining deep reassurance from them nonetheless. While the fantasy is unreal, the good feelings it gives us about ourselves and our future are real, and these good real feelings are what we need to sustain us. Every parent responsive to his child's feeling down and out tells the child that things will



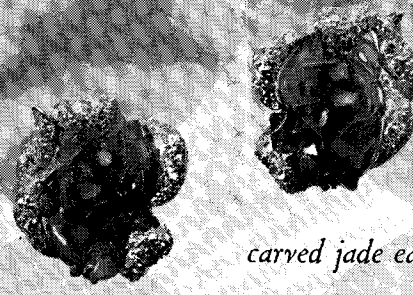
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take a turn for the better. But the child's despair is all-encompassing (he feels either in darkest Hell or gloriously happy, because he does not know gradations) and therefore nothing but perfect and everlasting bliss can at that moment combat his fear of total devastation. No reasonable parent can promise his child that perfect bliss is available to him. But by telling his child fairy tales the parent can encourage him to borrow for his private use fantastic hopes for the future, while not misleading him by suggesting that there is reality in such imaginings.

Feeling acutely the disappointments that come with being dominated by adults while also being dispossessed of the small child's kingdom, where no demands were made on him and it seemed that all his wishes were satisfied by his parents, every child is bound to wish for a new kingdom, of the sort promised by fairy tales. What is this kingdom that many fairy-tale heroes gain at the story's end? Its main characteristic is that we are never told anything about it—not even what the king or queen does. There is no purpose in being king or queen of this kingdom other than being a ruler instead of being ruled. To have become king or queen at the conclusion of the story symbolizes a state of true independence, in which the hero feels as secure, satisfied, and happy as the infant felt in his most dependent state, when he was well taken care of in the kingdom of his cradle. The hero has become an autocrat in the best sense of the word: a self-ruler, a truly autonomous person—not a person who rules over others. The child understands this very well. No child believes that one day he will become a ruler over any kingdom other than the realm of his own life. The fairy tale assures him that this kingdom can be his someday, but not without struggle. How the child specifically imagines the "kingdom" depends on his age and state of development, but he never takes it literally. To the younger child, it may simply mean that nobody will order him around and that all his wishes will be fulfilled. For the older child, it will also include the obligation to rule—that is, to live and act wisely. But at any age a child interprets becoming king or queen as having gained maturity.

Many fairy tales center on solving a riddle, which leads to marriage and the gaining of the kingdom. For example, in the Brothers Grimm's story "The Cunning Little Tailor" only the hero is able to guess correctly the

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two colors of the princess's hair, and he wins the princess. Similarly, the story of Princess Turandot tells that she can be won only by the man who gives the correct answers to her three riddles. Solving the riddle posed by a particular woman stands for solving the riddle of woman in general, and since marriage usually follows the right solution, it does not seem farfetched to conclude that the riddle to be solved is a sexual one: whoever understands the secret that the other sex presents has gained his maturity. In the myth of Oedipus, the figure who correctly answers the riddle destroys himself and marital tragedy follows, but in fairy tales the discovery of the secret leads to the happiness of both the person who solved the riddle and the one who posed it. Oedipus marries a woman who is his mother, so obviously she is much older than he. The fairy-tale hero, whether male or female, marries a partner of about the same age. That is, whatever oedipal attachment the fairy-tale hero may have had to his parent he has successfully transferred to a suitable non-oedipal partner. Again and again in fairy tales, an unsatisfactory relation to a parent, like Cinderella's link to a weak and ineffective father, is replaced by a happy relation to the rescuing marital partner.

The parent in such fairy tales, far from resenting the child's transcending his oedipal attachment, is delighted that he does, and is often instrumental in arranging it. For example, in "Hans the Hedgehog" and in "Beauty and the Beast," the father (willingly or unwillingly) causes his daughter to marry; relinquishing his oedipal attachment to his daughter, and inducing her to give up hers to him, leads to a happy solution for both. Never in a fairy tale does a son take his father's kingdom away from him. If a father gives it up, it is always because of old age. Even then, the son has to earn it, by finding the most desirable wife for himself, as in "The Three Feathers." This story makes it quite clear that gaining the kingdom is tantamount to having reached moral and sexual maturity. The hero is given a task that he must fulfill in order to inherit the kingdom. When he succeeds, this turns out not to be sufficient. The same thing happens the second time round. And then there is a third task: to find and bring home the right bride. When the hero manages to do this, the kingdom is finally his. Thus, far from showing the son as being jealous of his father, or the father as resenting his son's sexual endeavors, the fairy tale

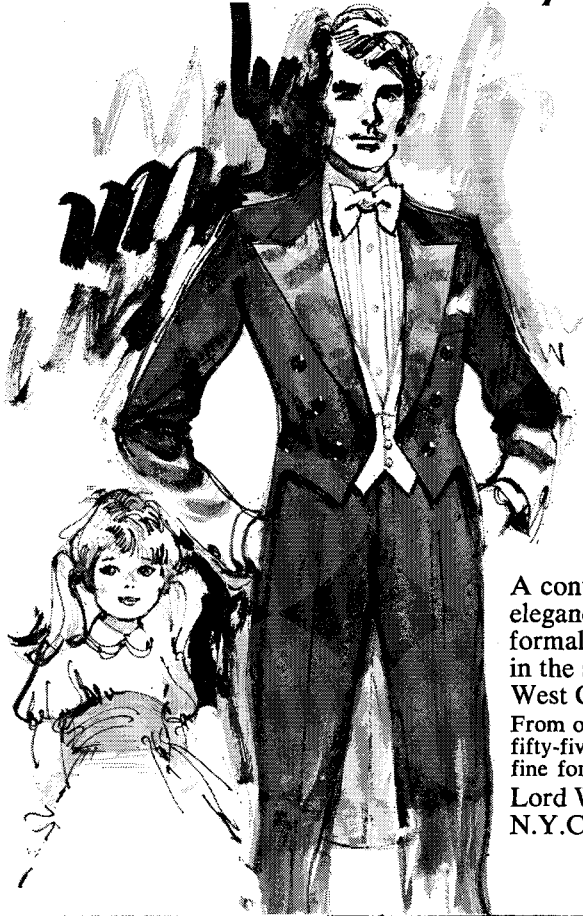
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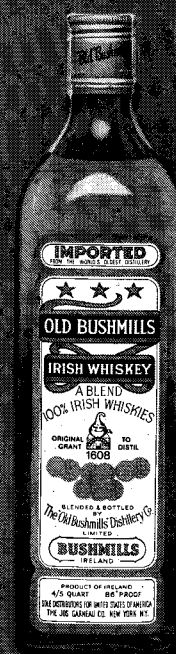
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shows the opposite: when the child has reached the right age and degree of maturity, the parent wants him to come into his own sexually; in fact, the parent will accept the son as a worthy successor only after he has done so. Gaining his kingdom through being united in love and marriage with the most appropriate and desirable partner—a union that the parents thoroughly approve and that leads to the happiness of everybody but the villains—symbolizes the perfect resolution of oedipal difficulties as well as the gaining of true independence and complete personality integration. Is it so unrealistic to speak of this high achievement as coming into one's own kingdom?

FAIRY tales underwent severe criticism when the new discoveries of psychoanalysis and child psychology revealed just how violent, anxious, destructive, and even sadistic a child's imagination is. For example, a young child not only loves his parents with an incredible intensity but at times also hates them. With this knowledge, it should have been easy to recognize that fairy tales speak to the inner mental life of the child. Instead, doubters claimed that these stories created, or at least greatly encouraged, these upsetting feelings. Those who outlawed traditional folk fairy tales decided that if there was a monster in a story told to children, it must be a friendly one. They missed the monster a child knows best and is most concerned with: the monster he feels or fears himself to be, which also sometimes persecutes him. When this monster within the child remains unspoken of, and hidden in his unconscious, the child is prevented from spinning fantasies around it in the image of the fairy tales he knows. Without such fantasies, the child fails to get to know his monster better, and is given no suggestions as to how he may gain mastery over it. As a result, the child remains helpless with his worst anxieties—much more so than if he had been told fairy tales, which give these anxieties form and body and then show ways to overcome them. If our fear of being devoured takes the tangible form of a witch, it can be got rid of—by burning her in the oven! But these considerations did not occur to those who outlawed fairy tales.

It was a strangely one-sided picture of adults and life which many children were expected to accept as the only correct one. Starving the imagination of the child was expected to extinguish

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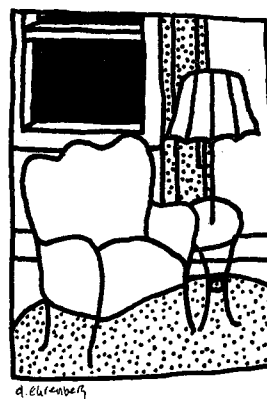
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the giants and ogres of the fairy tale—that is, the dark monsters residing in the unconscious—so that they would not obstruct the development of the child's rational mind. The rational ego was expected to reign supreme from babyhood on. This was not to be achieved by the ego's conquering the dark forces of the id but by adults' preventing the child from paying attention to his unconscious or hearing stories that would speak to it. In short, the child would supposedly repress his unpleasant fantasies and have only pleasant ones.

The rationalizations for continuing to forbid fairy tales, despite what psychoanalysis revealed about the unconscious—particularly that of children—took many forms. When it could no longer be denied that the child is beset by deep conflicts, anxieties, and violent desires and helplessly tossed about by all kinds of irrational processes, it was concluded that because the child is already afraid of so many things anything else that looks fearful should be kept from him. A particular story may indeed make some children anxious, but once they become better acquainted with fairy tales, the fearful aspects seem to disappear and the reassuring features become ever more dominant. The original displeasure of anxiety then turns into the great pleasure of anxiety successfully faced and mastered. Parents who wish to deny that their child has murderous wishes and wants to tear things, and even people, to pieces believe that their child must be prevented from engaging in such thoughts (as if this were possible). Denied access to stories implying that others have the same fantasies, the child is left to feel that he is the only one who imagines such things. This makes his fantasies really scary. On the other hand, learning that others have the same or similar fantasies makes us feel that we are a part of humanity, and allays our fear that having such destructive ideas has put us outside the common pale.

The shortcomings of the realistic stories with which many parents have replaced fairy tales is suggested by a comparison of two such stories—"The Little Engine That Could" and "The Swiss Family Robinson"—with the fairy tale of "Rapunzel." "The Little Engine That Could" encourages the

child to believe that if he tries hard and does not give up, he will finally succeed. A young adult has recalled how much impressed she was at the age of seven when her mother read her this story. She became convinced that one's attitude indeed affects one's achievements—that if she would now approach a task with the conviction that she could conquer it, she would succeed. A few days later, this child encountered in first grade a challenging situation: she was trying to make a house out of paper, gluing various sheets together. But her house continually collapsed. Frustrated, she began to seriously doubt whether her idea of building such a paper house could be realized. But then the story of "The Little Engine That Could" came to her mind; twenty years later, she recalled how at that moment she began to sing to herself the magic formula "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can . . ." So she continued to work on her paper house, and it continued to collapse. The project ended in complete defeat, with this little girl convinced that she had failed where anybody else could have succeeded, as the Little Engine had. Since "The Little Engine That Could" was a story set in the present, using such common props as engines that pulled trains, this girl had tried to apply its lesson directly in her daily life, without any fantasy elaboration, and had experienced a defeat that still rankled twenty years later.



Very different was the impact of "The Swiss Family Robinson" on another little girl. The story tells how a shipwrecked family manages to live an adventurous, idyllic, constructive, and pleasurable life—a life very different from this child's own existence. Her father had to be away

from home a great deal, and her mother was mentally ill and spent protracted periods in institutions. So the girl was shuttled from her home to that of an aunt, then to that of a grandmother, and back home again, as the need arose. During these years, the girl read over and over again the story of this happy family who lived on a desert island, where no member could be away from the rest of the family. Many years later, she recalled what a warm, cozy feeling she had when, propped up by a few large pillows, she forgot all about her present predicament.

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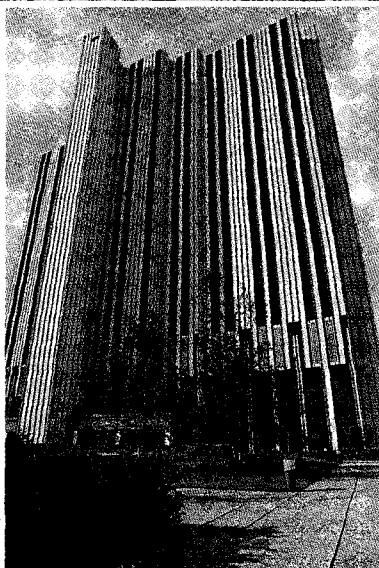
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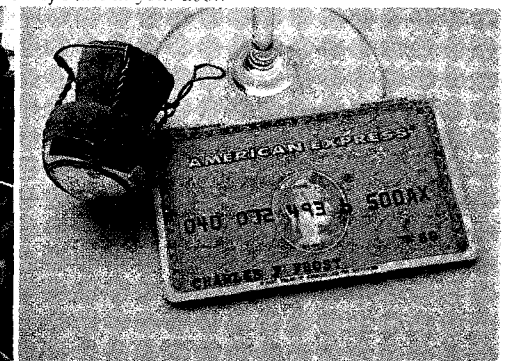
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So instead of consulting with commercial artists, we went to the company that has meant elegance and quality for generations. We went to Tiffany & Co. We conferred with their finest talent, and they were as excited about 1776 as we were. Together we decided to create a totally different kind of spirits packaging. We agreed that the decanter should reflect the art of America, one that dates back to pre-Revolutionary days. And one uniquely American art is glass and crystal design. Working from museum models and private collections, Tiffany created a cut crystal decanter that is inspired by earlier American glasswork.

It is obvious that a spirit that took so much planning, so much creativity cannot be prepared for mass consumption. The whiskies themselves are in limited supply, and we have only a small number of decanters. Therefore, 1776 is presented in a limited first edition in honor of America's 200th birthday.

We think we have created a whiskey different from any other.

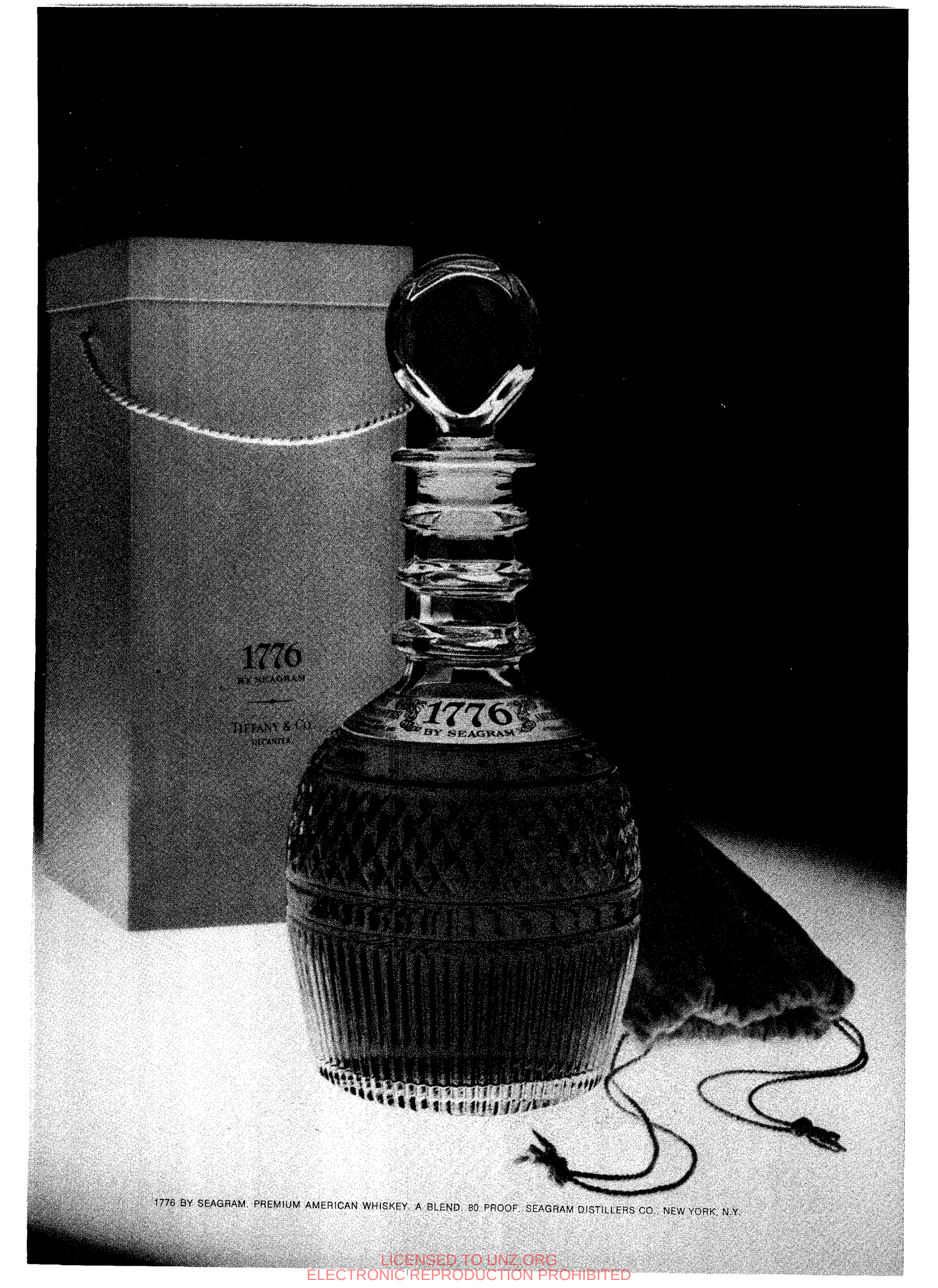
We present it with pride, with care and with devotion.

For we have given our whiskey the name 1776, and in all America there can be no finer name.

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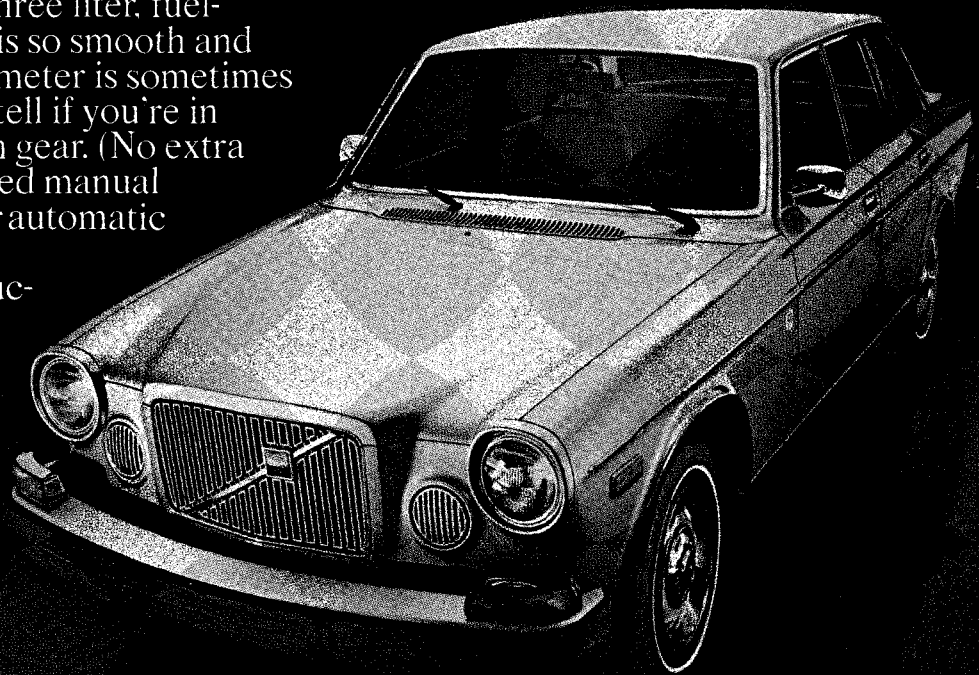
Rustproofing isn't just sprayed on. It's drawn into the metal with a powerful magnetic charge before Volvo receives its final exterior coats. The result is an exterior finish that surpasses any mere "paint job." Even the striking metallic finishes are included in the base price of the Volvo 164.

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VOLVO 164

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ment as she read this story. As soon as she had finished it, she started to read it over again. The happy hours she spent with the Family Robinson in that fantasy land permitted her not to be defeated by the difficulties that reality presented to her. She was able to counteract the impact of harsh reality by imaginary gratifications. But since the story was not a fairy tale, it merely gave her a temporary escape from her problems; it did not hold out any promise to her that her life would take a turn for the better.

Consider the effect that "Rapunzel" had on a third girl. This girl's mother had died in a car accident. The girl's father, deeply upset by what had happened to his wife (he had been driving the car), withdrew entirely into himself and handed the care of his daughter over to a nursemaid, who was little interested in the girl and gave her complete freedom to do as she liked. When the girl was seven, her father remarried, and, as she recalled it, it was around that time that "Rapunzel" became so important to her. Her stepmother was clearly the witch of the story, and she was the girl locked away in the tower. The girl recalled that she felt akin to Rapunzel because the witch had "forcibly" taken possession of her, as her stepmother had forcibly worked her way into the girl's life. The girl felt imprisoned in her new home, in contrast to her life of freedom with the nursemaid. She felt as victimized as Rapunzel, who, in her tower, had so little control over her life. Rapunzel's long hair was the key to the story. The girl wanted her hair to grow long, but her stepmother cut it short; long hair in itself became the symbol of freedom and happiness to her. The story convinced her that a prince (her father) would come someday and rescue her, and this conviction sustained her. If life became too difficult, all she needed was to imagine herself as Rapunzel, her hair grown long, and the prince loving and rescuing her.

"Rapunzel" suggests why fairy tales can offer more to the child than even such a very nice children's story as "The Swiss Family Robinson." In "The Swiss Family Robinson," there is no witch against whom the child can discharge her anger in fantasy and on whom she can blame the father's lack of interest. "The Swiss Family Robinson" offers escape fantasies, and it did help the girl who read it over and over to forget temporarily how difficult life was for her. But it offered no specific hope for the future. "Rapunzel," on the other hand, offered the girl a chance to see the witch of the story as

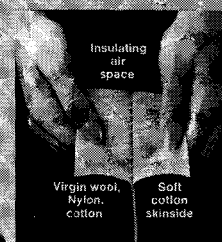
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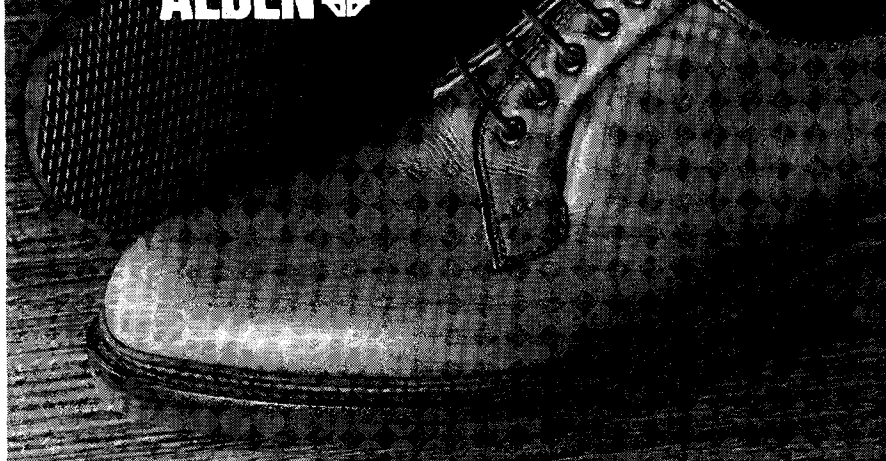
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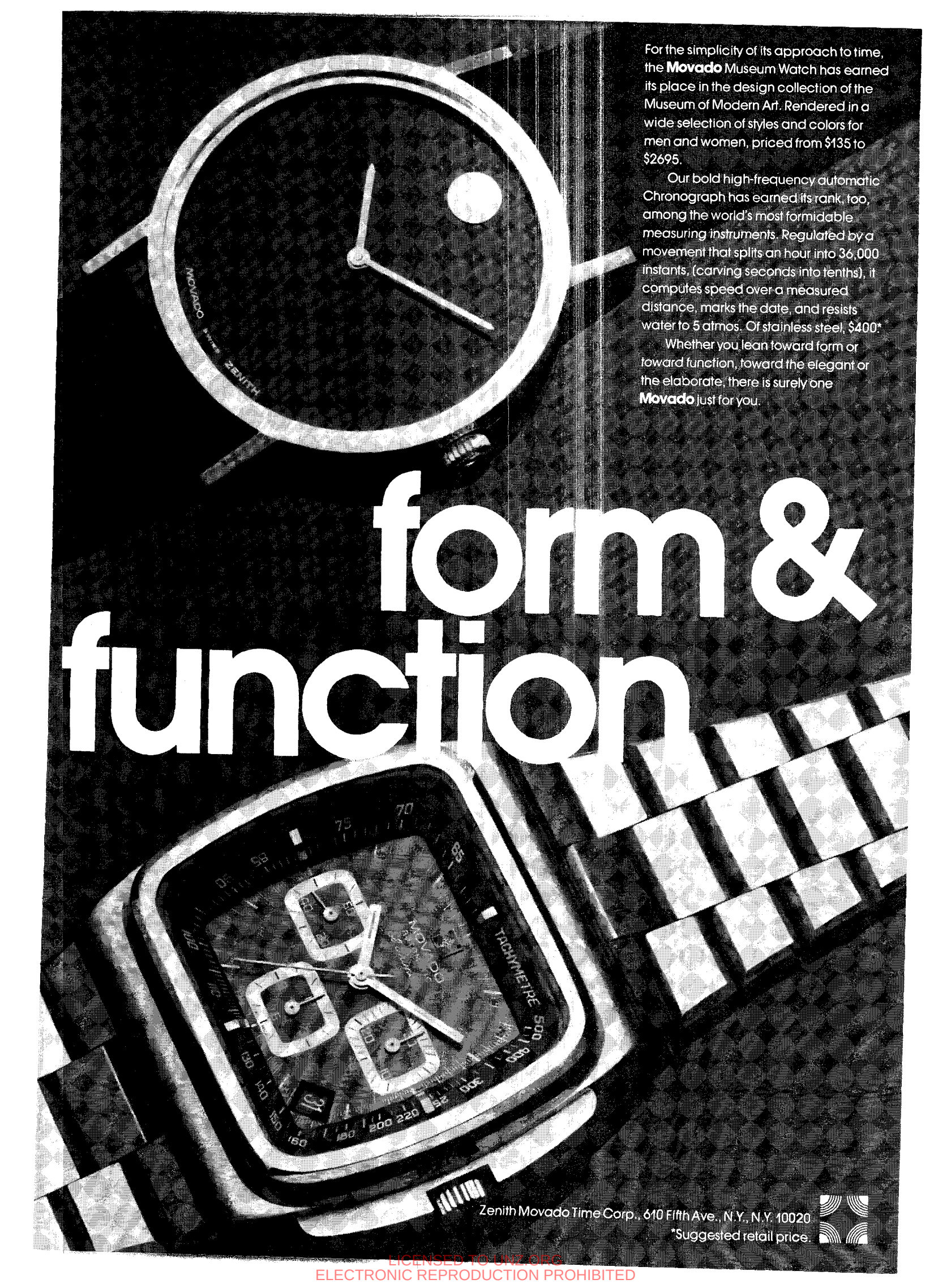


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so evil that by comparison even the "witch" stepmother at home was not really so bad. "Rapunzel" also promised the girl that her rescue would be effected by her own body, when her hair grew long. Most important of all, it promised that the "prince" was only temporarily blinded—that he would regain his sight and rescue his princess. This fantasy continued to sustain the girl, though to a less intense degree, until she fell in love and married, and then she no longer needed it. We can understand why at first glance the stepmother, if she had known the meaning of "Rapunzel" to her stepdaughter, would have felt that fairy tales are bad for children. What she would not have known was that unless the stepdaughter had been able to find that fantasy satisfaction through "Rapunzel," she would have tried to break up her father's marriage, and that without the hope for the future which the story gave her she might have gone badly astray in life.

It seems quite understandable that when children are asked to name their favorite fairy tales, hardly any modern tales are among their choices. Many of the new tales have sad endings, which fail to provide the escape and consolation that the fearsome events in the fairy tale require if the child is to be strengthened for meeting the vagaries of his life. Without such encouraging conclusions, the child, after listening to the story, feels that there is indeed no hope for extricating himself from his despairs. In the traditional fairy tale, the hero is rewarded and the evil person meets his well-deserved fate, thus satisfying the child's deep need for justice to prevail. How else can a child hope that justice will be done to him, who so often feels unfairly treated? And how else can he convince himself that he must act correctly, when he is so sorely tempted to give in to the asocial proddings of his desires? Chesterton once remarked that some children with whom he saw Maeterlinck's play "The Blue Bird" were dissatisfied, "because it did not end with a Day of Judgment, and it was not revealed to the hero and the heroine that the Dog had been faithful and the Cat faithless." He added, "For children are innocent and love justice, while most of us are wicked and naturally prefer mercy."

One may rightly question Chesterton's belief in the innocence of children, but he is absolutely correct in observing that the appreciation of mercy for the unjust, while characteristic of a mature mind, baffles the



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child. It seems particularly appropriate to a child that exactly what the evildoer wishes to inflict on the hero should be the bad person's fate—as in the case of the witch in "Hansel and Gretel," who wants to cook children in the oven and is pushed into it and burned to death, or of the usurper in "The Goose Girl," who names her own punishment and suffers it. Consolation requires that the right order of the world be restored, and this means punishment of the evildoer.

Prettified or bowdlerized fairy tales are rightly rejected by any child who has heard them in their original form. It does not seem fitting to the child that Cinderella's evil stepsisters should go scot-free, or actually be elevated by Cinderella. Such magnanimity does not impress the child favorably, nor will he learn it from a parent who bowdlerizes the story so that the just and the wicked are both rewarded. The child knows better what he needs to be told. When a seven-year-old was read the story of Snow White, an adult, anxious not to disturb the child's mind, ended the story with Snow White's wedding. The child, who knew the story, immediately demanded, "What about the red-hot shoes that killed the wicked queen?" The child feels that all's well with the world, and he can be secure in it, only if the wicked are punished in the end.

Perhaps the greatest consolation offered to the child by fairy tales, however, is not the promise that justice will be done but the promise that he will never be deserted. There is no greater threat in life than that we will be left all alone. Psychoanalysis has given this—man's greatest fear—the name separation anxiety; and the younger we are, the more excruciating is our anxiety when we feel deserted, for the young child actually perishes when he is not adequately protected and taken care of. There is a cycle of Turkish fairy tales in which the heroes again and again find them-



Open our treasure

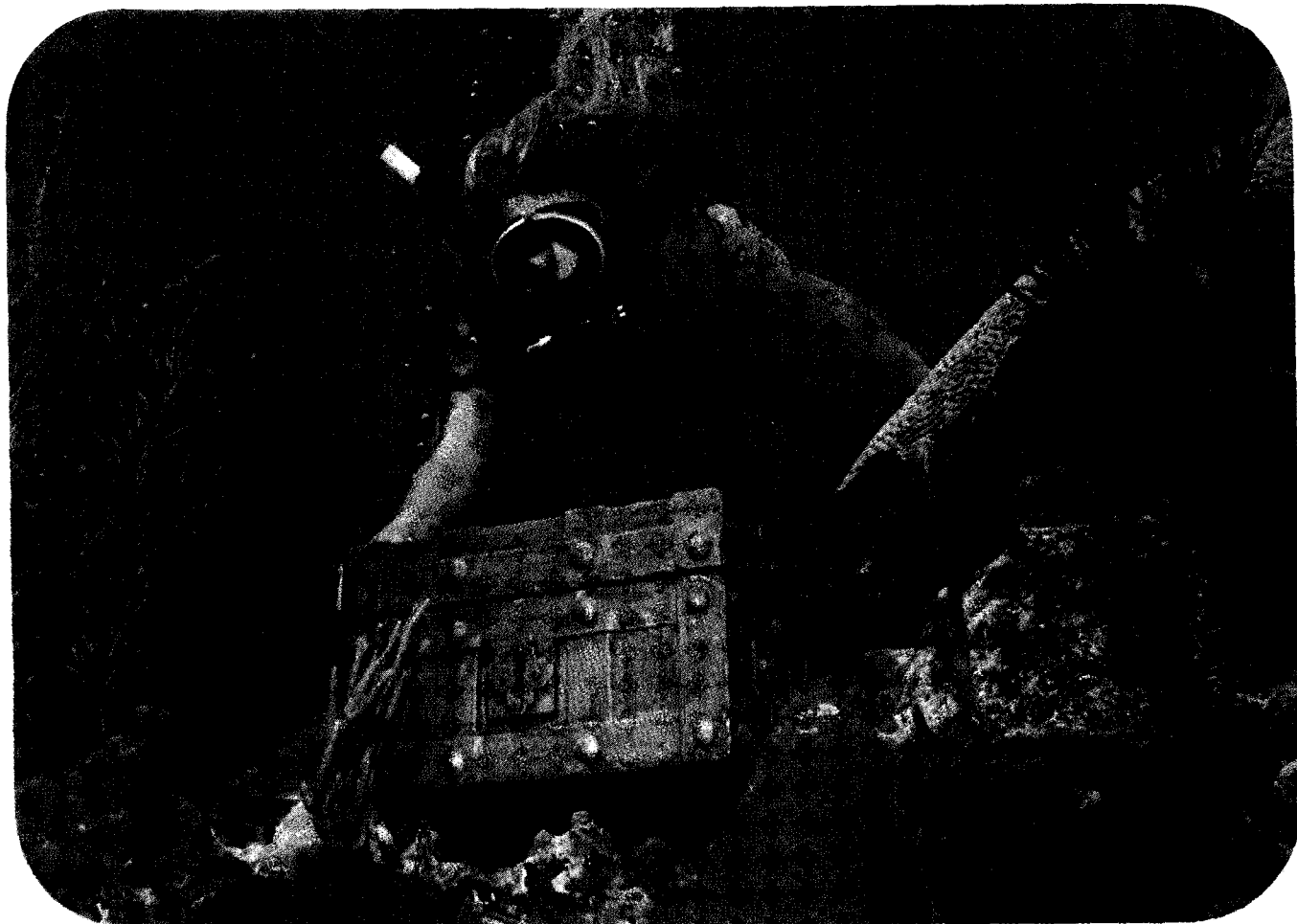


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Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
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Brand D.....	4%
Brand B.....	3%
Brand I.....	2%
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selves in the most impossible situations but succeed in evading or overcoming the danger as soon as they have gained a friend. For example, in one famous tale, the hero, Iskender, arouses the enmity of his mother, who forces his father to put Iskender into a casket and set him adrift on the ocean. Iskender's helper is a green bird, which rescues him from this danger, and later from innumerable others, each more threatening than the preceding one. The bird reassures Iskender each time with the words "Know that you are never deserted." This, then, is the ultimate consolation—the one that is implied in the common fairy-tale ending "And they lived happily ever after."

FOR a fairy tale to attain to the full its consoling propensities, all its symbolic meanings, and, most of all, its interpersonal meanings, it should be told rather than read. If it is read, it ought to be read with emotional involvement in the story, with emotional concern for the child, with empathy for what the story may mean to him. Telling is preferable to reading because it permits greater flexibility. The folk fairy tale, as distinct from more recently invented fairy tales, is the result of a story's being shaped and reshaped through being told millions of times, by different adults, to all kinds of other adults and to all kinds of children. As each narrator told the story, he dropped and added elements to give it more meaning for himself and for the listeners, whom he knew well. When the adult was talking to a child, he responded to what he surmised from the child's reactions. Thus, the narrator let his unconscious understanding of what the story told be influenced by the child's own understanding of it. Successive narrators adapted the story according to the questions that children asked, the delight and fear they either expressed openly or indicated by the way they snuggled up against the adults. Slavishly sticking to the way a fairy story is printed robs it of much of its value. The telling of the story to the child, to be most effective, has to be an interpersonal event, shaped by those who participate in it.

There is no getting around the possibility that this approach contains some pitfalls. A parent who is not attuned to his child or is too beholden to what goes on in his own unconscious may choose to tell fairy tales on the basis of *his* needs rather than those of the child. But even if he does, all is not lost. The child will better understand what

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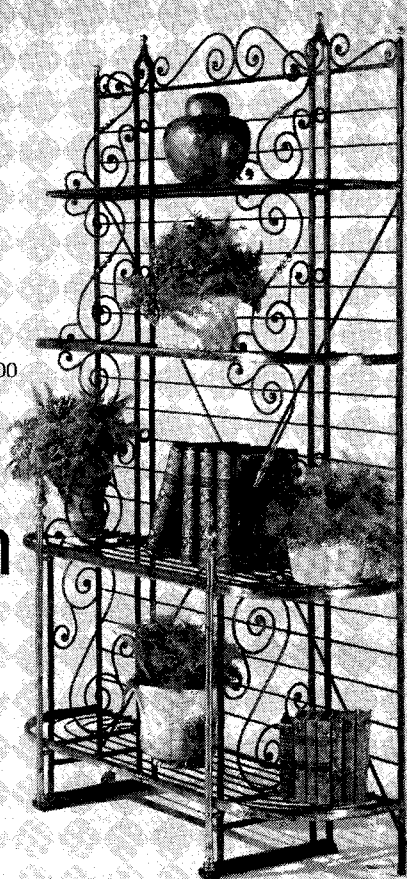
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moves his parent, and such understanding is of great interest and value to him in comprehending the motives of those most important in his life. Fortunately, children not only know how to deal with such parental distortions of fairy tales but also have their own ways of dealing with story elements that run counter to their emotional needs. They do this by changing the story around and remembering it differently from its original version, or by adding details to it. The fantastic ways in which the stories unfold encourage spontaneous changes; stories that deny the irrational in us do not so easily permit such variations. It is fascinating to view the changes that even the most widely known stories undergo in the minds of children. One boy reversed the story of Hansel and Gretel, so that it was Gretel who was put in the cage and Hansel who pushed the witch into the oven, thereby freeing Gretel. To add some female distortions of fairy tales which made them conform to individual needs: a girl remembered "Hansel and Gretel" with the change that it was the father who insisted that the children had to be cast out, despite his wife's entreaties not to do it, and that the father did his evil deed behind his wife's back. A young woman remembered "Hansel and Gretel" mainly as a story depicting Gretel's dependency on her older brother, and objected to its "male chauvinistic" character. As far as her recollection of the story went—and she claimed to remember it vividly—it was Hansel who managed to escape by his own wits, and who pushed the witch into the oven and thus rescued Gretel. On rereading the story, she was much surprised by the way her memory had distorted it; she realized that all through her childhood she had relished her dependency on a somewhat older brother, and, as she put it, "I have been unwilling to accept my own strength and the responsibilities that go along with that awareness." Then, in her early adolescence, something happened that strongly reinforced this distortion. While her brother was abroad, her mother had died and she had had to make the arrangements for the cremation. Therefore, even on rereading the fairy tale as an adult she felt revulsion at the idea that it was Gretel who was responsible for the witch's being burned to death; it reminded her too painfully of the cremation of her mother. Unconsciously, she had understood the story well—especially the degree to which the witch represented the bad mother

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about whom we all harbor negative feelings.

Goethe wrote that he gained from his mother his pleasure in spinning fantasies, and with it his cheerful outlook on life. It all had begun in his childhood with his mother's telling him fairy tales. And his mother recounted in her old age, "Air, fire, water, and earth I presented to him as beautiful princesses, and everything in all nature took on a deeper meaning. We invented roads between stars, and what great minds we would encounter. . . . He devoured me with his eyes; and if the fate of one of his favorites did not go as he wished, this I could see from the anger in his face, or his efforts not to break out in tears. Occasionally he interfered by saying, 'Mother, the princess will *not* marry the miserable tailor, even if he slays the giant,' at which I stopped and postponed the catastrophe until the next evening. So my imagination was often replaced by his; and when the following morning I arranged fate according to his suggestions and said, 'You guessed it, that's how it came out,' he was all excited, and one could see his heart beating." Not every parent can invent stories as well as Goethe's mother, who during her lifetime was known as a great teller of fairy tales. She told the stories in line with her listeners' inner feelings of how things should proceed in the tale, and this was considered the right way. Unfortunately, many modern parents have never known how it felt to be told fairy tales. Having been deprived as children of realizing how enjoyable fairy tales are, and how much they enrich the inner life of the child, even the best of parents cannot be spontaneous in providing his child with such experiences. In such cases, an intellectual understanding of how significant a fairy tale can be for a child, and why, must replace direct empathy based on recollections of one's own childhood.

When we speak of an intellectual understanding of the meaning of a fairy tale, it should be emphasized that it will not do to approach the telling of fairy tales with didactic intentions. When I say that a fairy tale helps the child to understand himself, guides him to find solutions to the problems that beset him, and so on, I always mean it metaphorically. The purpose in telling a fairy tale ought to be that of Goethe's mother—a shared experience of enjoying the story, even though what makes for this enjoyment may be quite different for child and adult. While the child enjoys the fan-

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tasy, the adult may well derive his pleasure from the child's enjoyment; while the child may be elated because he now understands something about himself better, the adult's delight in telling the story may derive from the child's experiencing a sudden shock of recognition. Telling a fairy tale with a purpose other than that of enriching the child's experience turns it into a cautionary tale, a fable, or some other didactic experience. One must never "explain" to the child the meanings of fairy tales. If the parent tells his child fairy tales in the right spirit—that is, with a feeling for the meaning that the story had for him when he was a child, and for its different present meaning to him, and with sensitivity to the reasons why his child may derive some personal meaning from hearing the tale—then the child feels understood in his most tender longings, his most ardent wishes, his most severe anxieties and feelings of misery. The child feels that he is not alone in his fantasy life—that it is shared by the person he needs and loves most. Under such favorable conditions, fairy tales communicate to the child an intuitive, subconscious understanding of his own nature and of what his future may hold if he develops his potential. He senses that to be a human being means having to accept difficult challenges, but also means encountering the most wondrous adventures.

—BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Geraldo Rivera has gone the same route as Cosell. He is more entertainer than newsman, a sort of hip journalist. But there was a day when Rivera was an up and coming reporter. His expose of the horrors of Willowbrook, a home for the mentally retarded, was an example of tough, gutsy TV journalism. But with the success of the Willowbrook story, Rivera achieved fame and his head seemed to be swayed by the applause. He needs a game show now. His gowns with fitted bodice, gently-flared skirts with knee-high slits, are cut in sleek, smooth Caprolan nylon tricot. Details include front keyhole cutouts, skirts slit to the knee, plunging and square necklines. His coverups include one trimmed in maribou feathers that goes from the wearer's boudoir to theatre parties.

—Alpena (Mich.) News.

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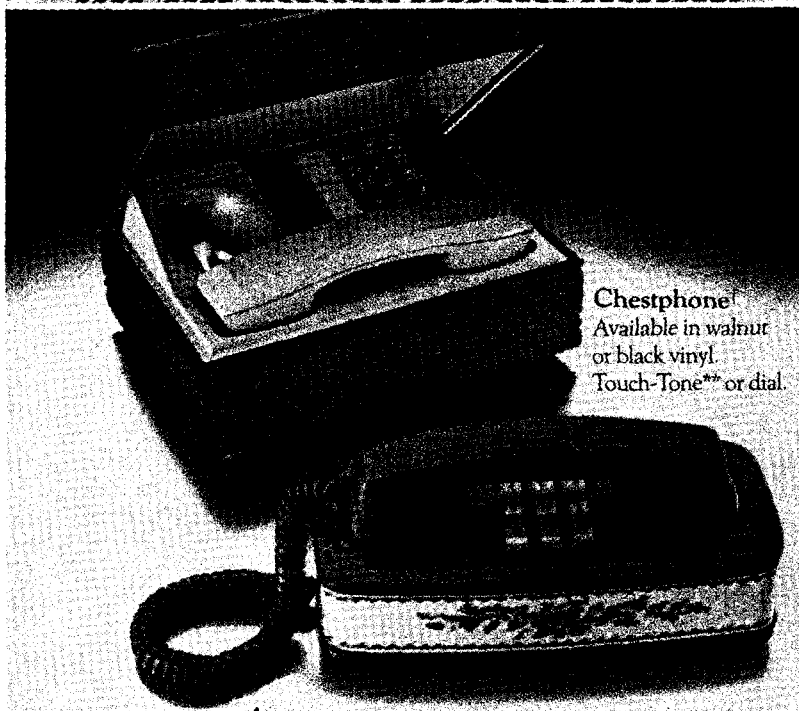
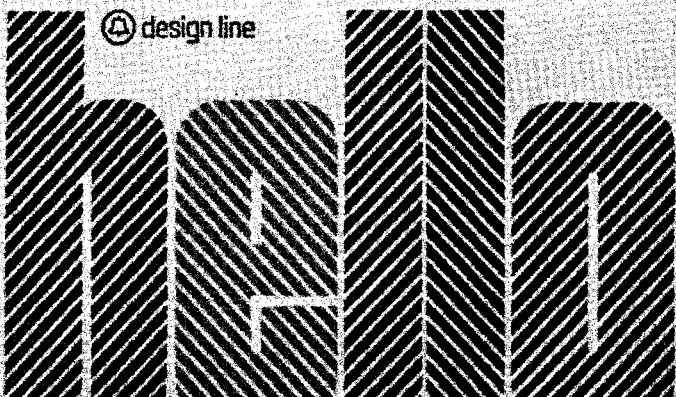
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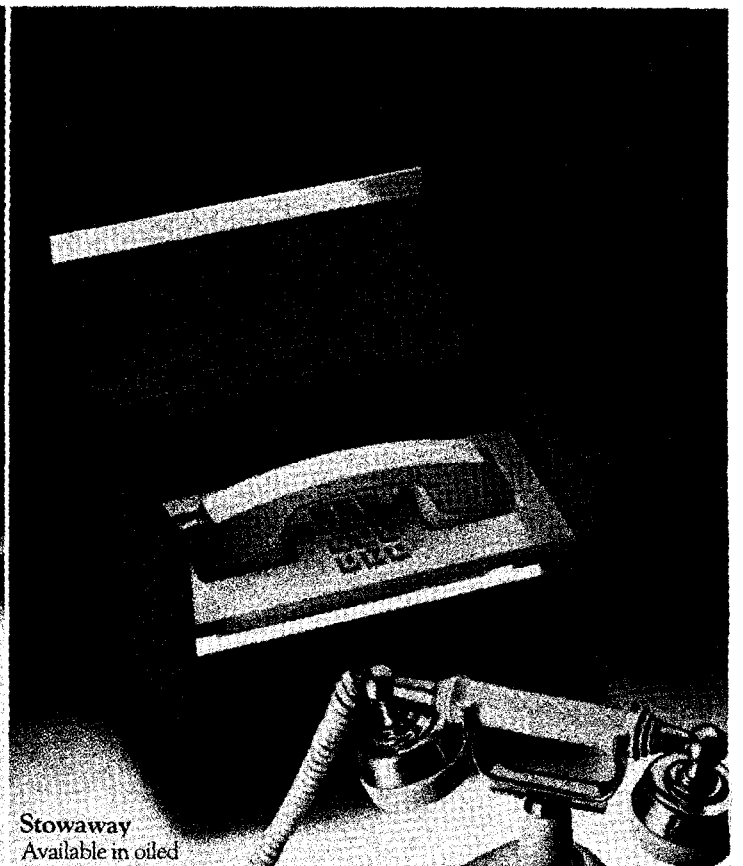

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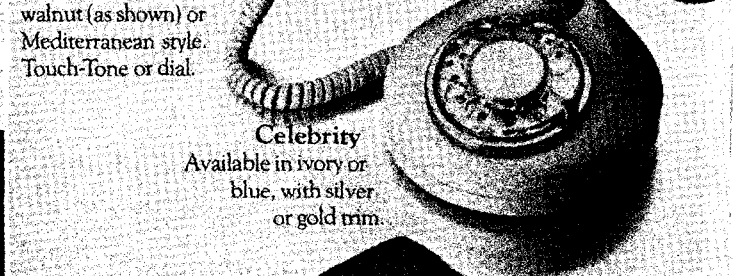


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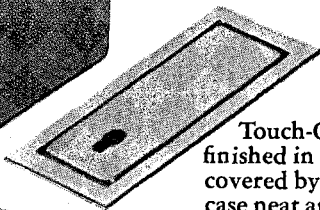


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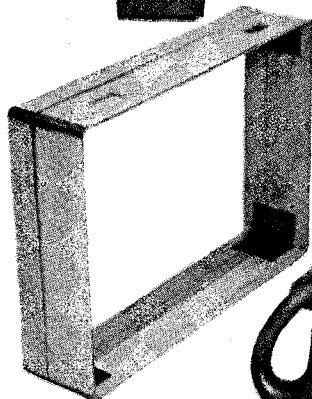
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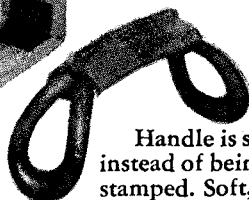
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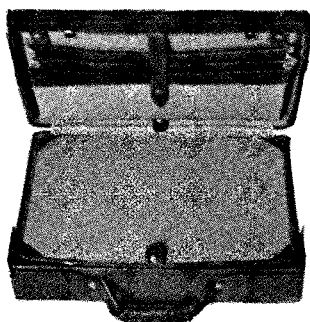
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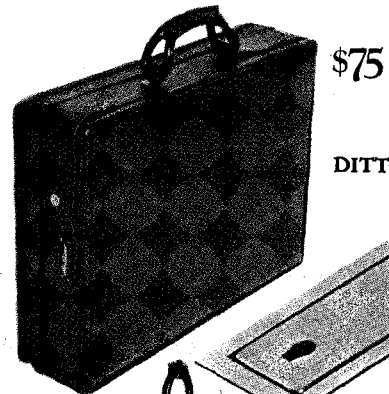
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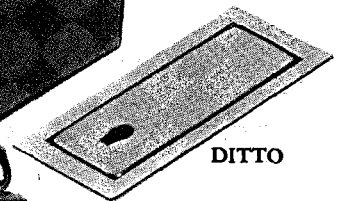


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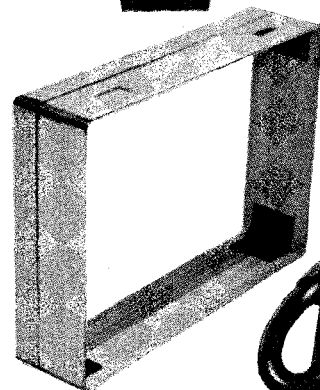
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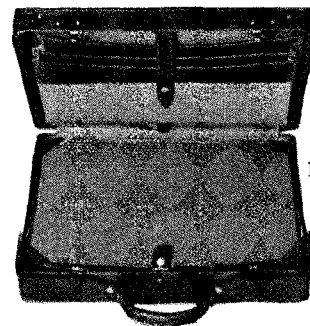
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THE RENAISSANCE AND AFTER

IF Boccaccio were alive today, he would be six hundred and sixty-two years old and, one presumes, fairly infirm—despite his known sweetness of temper and excellent court manners, he would almost certainly be in no mood to put up with the musical oddity bearing his name which spent a few days last week at the Edison Theatre. The oddity consisted of an adaptation into colloquial English, by Kenneth Cavander, of six of the hundred stories that make up the “Decameron;” mingled with the stories were some listless songs, the lyrics of which were by Mr. Cavander and the music by Richard Peaslee, and some aggressive dances, staged by Julie Arnal. Eight pleasant-faced young actors and actresses rushed through their assorted roles under the direction of Warren Enters (the only stage director I know of whose name is itself a stage direction) and reached the final curtain panting but in excellent condition, having easily outrun both the Black Death and my patience.

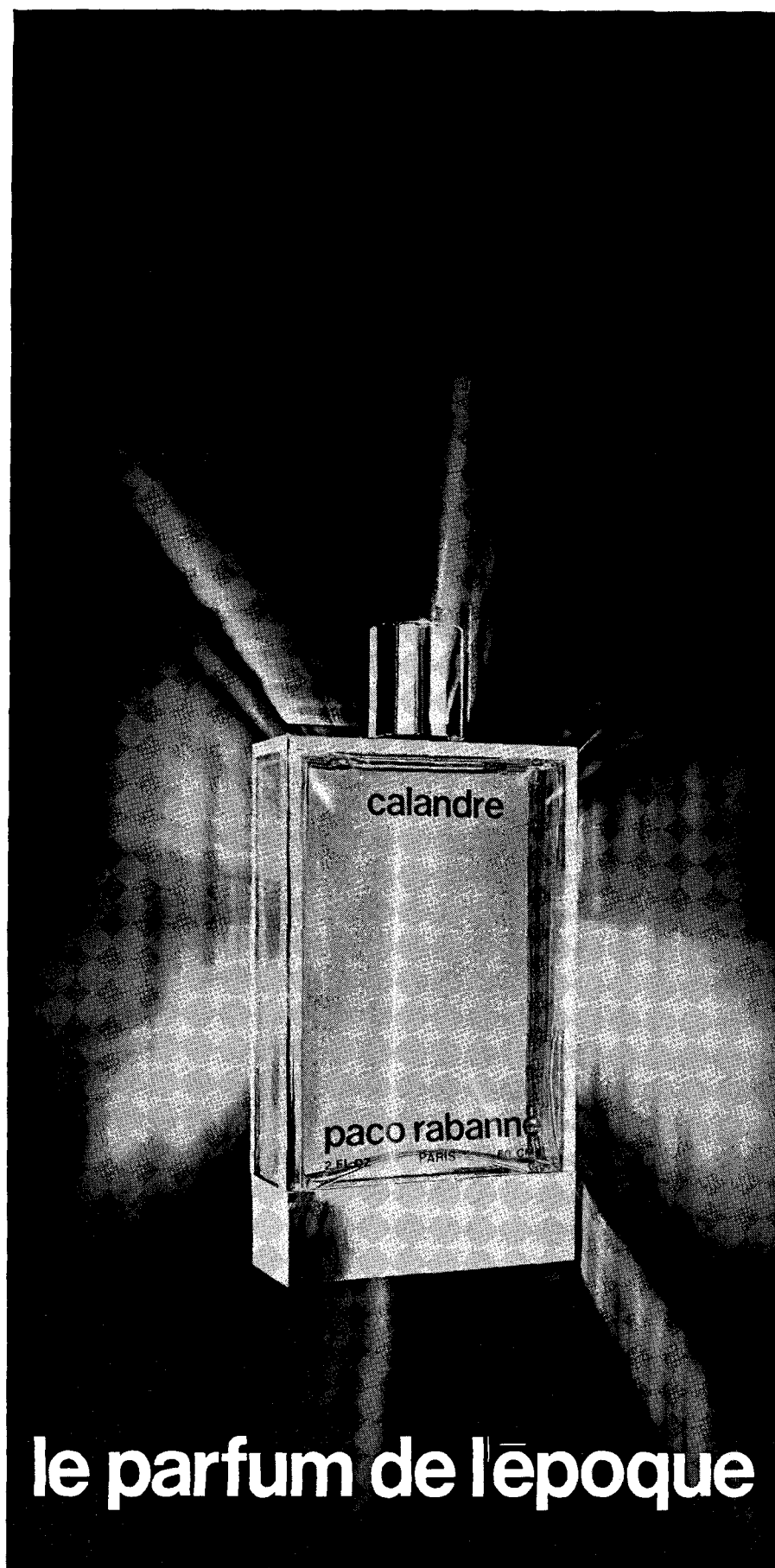
Many years ago, the critic Niccolò Tucci described the artistic license practiced by Mr. Cavander and his ilk as “the defoliation of the classics,” and I fear that “Boccaccio” was little more than that—an uprooted bramble, which failed all the more when, from time to time, it chanced to remind us of its proud origins. The “Decameron” is consummately a work to be read, not played (as are “Alice in Wonderland” and “The Canterbury Tales,” among other literary works that have been wantonly dragged onstage and flogged to death in the soppy name of being brought to life), and the only excuse that can be made for Mr. Cavander is that his dire deed began as a simple little workshop exercise a few summers ago at the Williamstown Theatre. The exercise proved so damnably pleasing in the frisky Berkshire air that it was encouraged to grow and grow, steadily deform-

ing itself as it expanded. Hints of the show’s modest intentions were to be welcomingly discerned in the setting, by Robert U. Taylor; the costumes, by Linda Fisher; and the lighting, by Patrika Brown. Now back between covers, dear Boccaccio! No need to raise your exquisite Renaissance voice in the hurly-burly of Broadway.

I ASSUME that “Habeas Corpus,” at the Martin Beck, was brought here on the strength of its immense success in London, but when it comes to predicting box-office success in the theatre one must always remember that it is a far greater distance from London to New York than it is from New York to London; Broadway audiences are apt to find the Alan Bennett play almost as great an oddity as “Boccaccio,” though a lot more entertaining. In lieu of writing a play, Mr. Ben-

nett—no doubt egged on by his director, Frank Dunlop, who would consider Armageddon itself an event somewhat in need of hyping up—has hurled together snippets of parodies of several totally unlike theatrical forms. One catches mocking echoes of nineteenth-century French bedroom farce, of English music-hall star turns, and of drawing-room comedies of the Maugham-Novello period, and the one thing that the snippets have in common is a preoccupation with the fact that women’s breasts achieve a variety of shapes and sizes. Mr. Bennett sees inexhaustible riches of humor in this fact; he is so busy making jokes about it and is so careless of the consequences of his slapdash construction that he comes within an ace of discovering no way to end his play. Indeed, on opening night my heart quailed at the thought that perhaps someone besides Robert Wilson had faced the challenge of writing a play that would have no reason ever to end—that would go on and on and on, until audience and cast alike had died of old age in their accustomed places. Luckily, at a certain moment the play dissolved unexpectedly into curtain calls and one could deduce that it was over. Perhaps we have





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some grumbling stagehands to thank for that.

The plot of "Habeas Corpus" being no easier to describe than its title is to account for—literally translated, the Latin legal phrase means "You should have the body," but why should we?—I proceed at once to what is most praiseworthy about the enterprise, which is its cast. That accomplished actor Donald Sinden is superb as Arthur Wicksteed, an aging general practitioner in Hove whose lascivious proclivities no longer encompass his wife, played with relentless comic acerbity by Rachel Roberts. Kristoffer Tabori is their repellent son; Jean Marsh is the doctor's flat-chested and therefore dolorous sister (in the course of the play she puts on breasts as, in another play, she would take off glasses, and with identical results); and Paxton Whitehead is Canon Throbbing, a notably celibate suitor for the sister's hand. Also in the cast, though not altogether at ease in a British setting, are June Havoc, Celeste Holm, Constance Forslund, and Richard Gere. The pretty scenery and costumes are by Carl Toms, and the lighting is by Jennifer Tipton.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Lost and Found

IN these days of indiscriminate nostalgia, how pleasant it is to come across a reminiscent revue that means something, that exists. The score of "By Bernstein" is a collection of songs that were tossed out of Leonard Bernstein's shows during rehearsals or try-outs, and of songs from shows of his that never got as far as rehearsal. An original idea, which almost amounts to saying that it is a production of Robert Kalfin's Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn. The small upstairs room at the Chelsea's Manhattan outlet, the Westside, has been turned into a cabaret, with the audience seated at tables and with a bar at one end presided over by Jack Bittner, who doubles as compère and singer. Everything is in proportion; the setting (by Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeagan, who also designed the costumes) encloses the show. The songs were cut from "On the Town," "Wonderful Town," "West Side Story," and "Candide," among others, and although no buried treasures have been unearthed, more than several of the songs are quite lovely, and all of them are theatrical. Being cut doesn't necessarily mean that a song is bad; there can be any number of reasons for eliminating it. Jerome

Kern's "Bill," for example, was taken out of "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" before it found its perfect home in "Show Boat." A number here called "The Intermission's Great" is so amusing that it's hard to believe that it was removed from anything, but it was—from "On the Town." Most of the best lyrics in "By Bernstein" are, needless to say, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, although there are some good ones—O.K. ones, anyway—by the Maestro himself and a few others. Miss Comden and Mr. Green were also responsible for the script of the show—what script there is, since more often than not one song just blends into the next.

Including Mr. Bittner, there are seven singers—4 m., 3 f.—and they are all fine and blissfully unamplified. Among the numbers I enjoyed most were "Lonely Me," sung by Kurt Peterson; "Say When," sung by Patricia Elliott and Ed Dixon; "Ain't Got No Tears Left," sung by Miss Elliott; "Spring Will Come Again," sung by Margery Cohen and the company; "The Story of My Life," sung by Janie Sell; and "It's Gotta Be Bad to Be Good," sung by Miss Sell and Jim Corti. But as I think back, these are just songs chosen at random. What matters is the evening as a whole and the atmosphere—friendly and merry—that is maintained from beginning to end.

—EDITH OLIVER

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—Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

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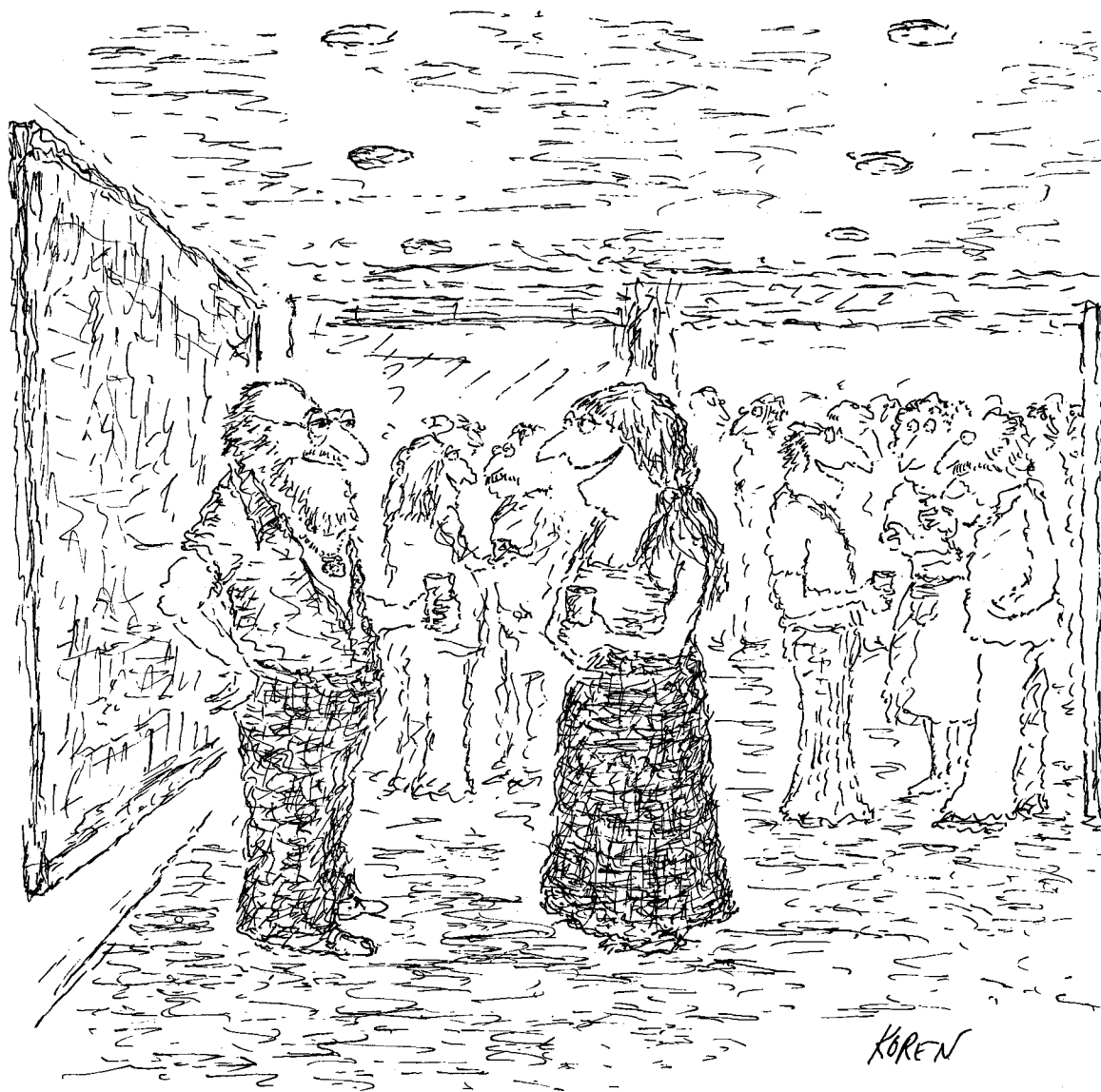
WYMAN BASINGER, the Sheriff of Cole County, has lately been accused of collaborating with the Shah of Iran. The Sheriff has taken the accusation in stride. Basinger is a man who has an old-fashioned county-sheriff speech pattern that tends to relax the formality of his headquarters, as well as an old-fashioned county-sheriff build that tends to tighten the pressure on the lower buttons of his shirt. "If they say I'm working for that Shah," he said not long ago, "what I really want is that Shah to send me my check." The county seat of Cole County, Jefferson City, is also the capital of Missouri, but that has not made it into a place any more likely than the ordinary county seat to become entangled in the political problems of Iran. In fact, it has always seemed an unlikely place to become

entangled in the political problems of St. Louis. The state government does attract an exotic now and then—by chance, the present governor and attorney general both come under that category, both being wealthy by inheritance and overtly educated—but, like a lot of state governments, it has traditionally had a tone much closer to a county courthouse than to a metropolitan city hall. The residents of Jefferson City—many of whom are descendants of German farmers who settled along the Missouri River in the first half of the nineteenth century—have a reputation for conservatism. The only newspaper in town, the *News Tribune*, has the reputation of being to the right of the general population—any general population. The kind of subjects *News Tribune* editorials bring up for public reflection

are whether Henry Kissinger has committed treason and whether the United States Senate has been infiltrated by Communist agents. Its columnists range from Ralph de Toledano rightward toward a couple of commentators whose names would be familiar only to people who collect brochures at rallies of anti-Communist evangelism. As if recognizing that print has its limitations even in a one-newspaper town, the *News Tribune* until recently sponsored daily radio broadcasts by Ronald Reagan.

Because Lincoln University is in Jefferson City, there have been foreign students in town for years, although the permanent residents have not taken much notice of them; in fact, the permanent residents have taken as little notice as possible of Lincoln University. Before the 1954 Supreme Court decision, Lincoln, a state school, was, by law, all black. In Missouri, a sort of Midwestern Border State that has always managed segregation

without Southern rhetoric, the very word "Lincoln" used to be the equivalent of signs in the Deep South that said "Colored Only." Kansas City had not only a Lincoln High School but a Lincoln movie theatre. Until the fifties, there might have been children in Missouri who were surprised to learn in grade school that the word also served as the name of the sixteenth President. As many whites as blacks attend Lincoln University now, but after class the whites go home—many of them to small towns around the county. The dormitory population is all black. The senior administration is mostly black. Jefferson City residents tend to think of Lincoln as black, and state legislators in charge of appropriations, so it is said, think of it hardly at all. The relations between the university and the town are not so much tense as merely thin. The Lincoln administration has often been



"Are you a hunter or a food gatherer?"

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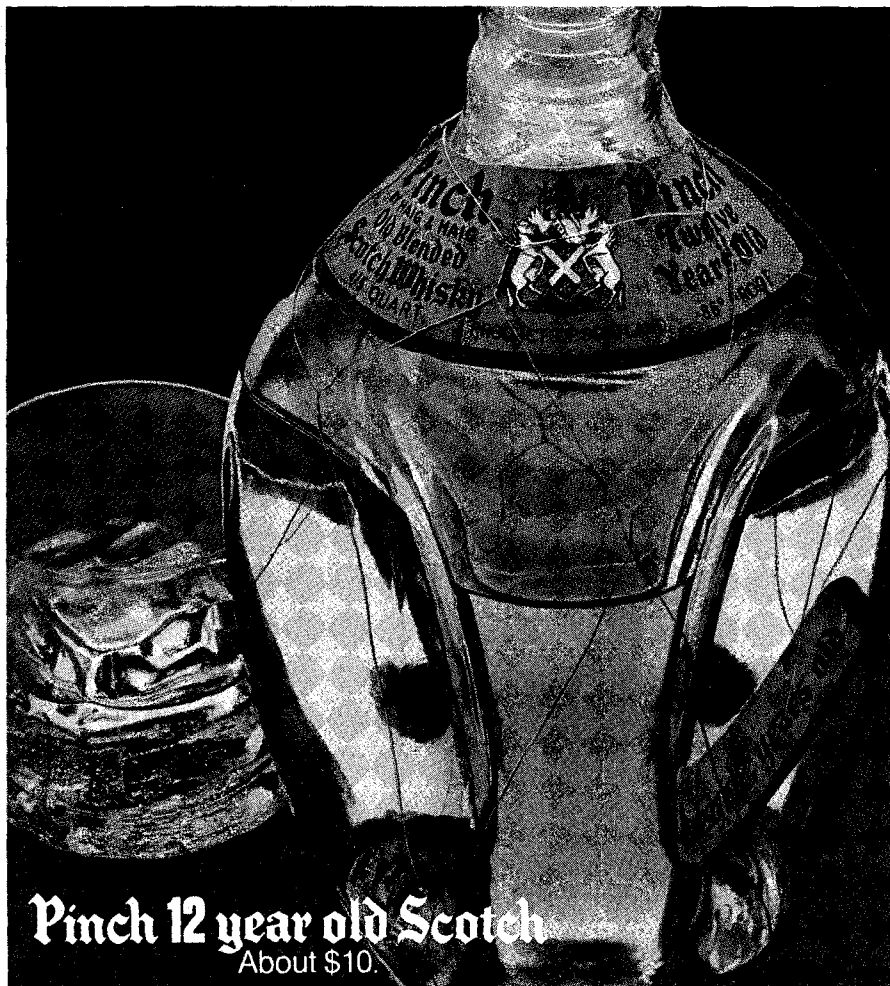
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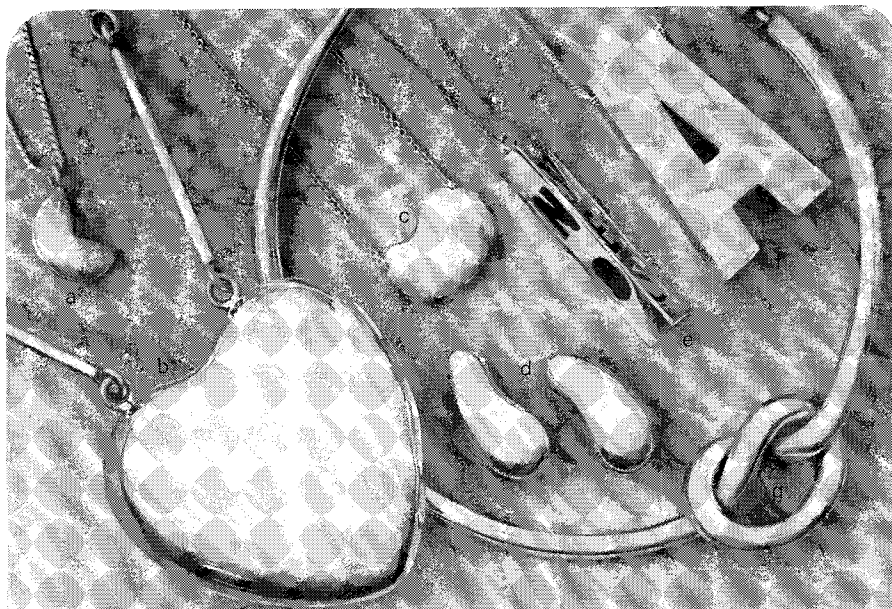
rather conservative—conscious that tumult could drive the legislature into new spasms of parsimony, or even into a decision to allow Lincoln to “lose its heritage” (not to speak of its black administrators) by turning it into a community-college branch of the University of Missouri. Some windows at the *News Tribune* were broken during disturbances following the murder of Martin Luther King, but Lincoln students, being generally more affected by poverty than by militancy, are much less likely to get into trouble with the law in downtown Jefferson City for any act of racial hostility than for shoplifting a package of bologna.

The attraction of Lincoln for foreign students seems to be that it is cheap and relatively undemanding and authorized to award credits that can be easily transferred to the University of Missouri, in Columbia, twenty-five miles away. Nigerians once dominated the foreign-student population, and until the recent political turmoil in Ethiopia there were a lot of Ethiopians. For the last few years, the largest single group has come from Iran. This year, there are nearly a hundred Iranian students registered at Lincoln—enough of them in engineering so that the Building Engineering program at Lincoln more or less exists to train Iranians. The Iranian Students Association has been having a nasty factional dispute at campuses all over the country, but the two I.S.A. factions are bound by the strong belief that Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlavi is a corrupt and oppressive puppet of American imperialism—a belief they feel obligated to share with the American people. (There may be supporters of the Shah attending Lincoln—Jewish Iranians, for instance, normally prefer the Shah’s regime to their estimate of what would replace it—but they are as quiet as a cell of McGovernites might be at the *News Tribune*.) In early October, some Iranian students applied for a permit to bring their case to residents of Jefferson City by parading down the middle of the main business street shortly before noon on a Friday.

The permit was given for the sidewalk rather than the street—and on the condition that the students not wear the masks they said were protection against retaliation by the Shah—but the parade went peacefully. Jefferson City shoppers were able to see, presumably for the first time, placards that called for the end of house raids in Iran and the end of American involvement in the Persian Gulf. On the following Sunday, the Iranians of one

faction, including many people who had come in from other campuses for the parade, marched over to where the other faction was meeting, in the Wesley Foundation building adjoining the Lincoln campus, and tried to get into the meeting. There was a lot of noise and some minor scuffling, and eventually the city police, the sheriff's department, and the Missouri Highway Patrol were on hand. Twenty-six Iranians who had refused to leave the Wesley Foundation lawn were arrested, and another was arrested outside the county jail. All of the students were released the following day, twenty-six of them on twenty-five-dollar bonds. Within a few days, bomb threats phoned in to the *News Tribune* ("A male caller with a foreign accent") had resulted in the evacuation of City Hall and two clothing stores, the Iranians had claimed that they were mistreated during their arrest and their confinement in the county jail, Sheriff Basinger had received telegrams of protest from places like Chicago and Miami, and, most remarkable of all, the mayor of Jefferson City had said that he was planning to send the names and pictures of those arrested to the Shah—an act that the Iranians said would result in retaliation against the students involved and their families. Before long, the flyer that Iranian students were handing out in Jefferson City was no longer one headed "The Fascist Shah" but one headed "Defend I.S.A. 27!"

THE Sheriff says that what went on at the jail amounted to little more than some "carrying on" by the students, mostly over when they would be fed—"raisin' hell and stompin' on the table," that sort of thing. In fact, the Sheriff says, "We had this one little old Nigerian in there at the same time, and he was getting the biggest kick out of it." The Iranians were less taken with the humor of the situation than the Sheriff was, but they have not provided the details or filed the formal complaint that might make their most serious accusation against the Sheriff—the accusation that one student was beaten—sound more persuasive. The Sheriff says that he did give one slight shove to a student who refused to move through a doorway, whereupon the student "fell down and rolled on the floor and started squallin'." The squalling apparently included some warnings about the possibility of a heart seizure, but Sheriff Basinger says he didn't believe there was anything wrong with the student's



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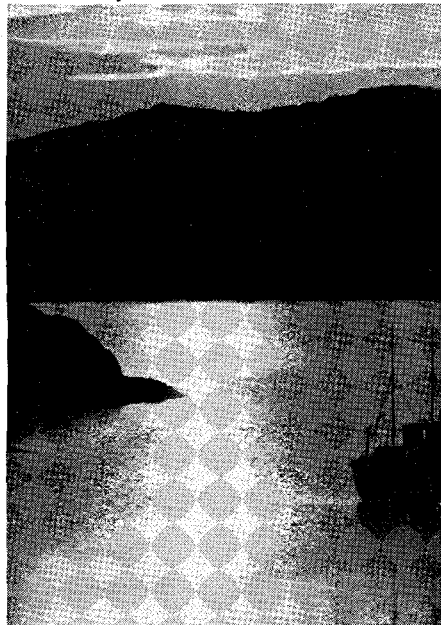
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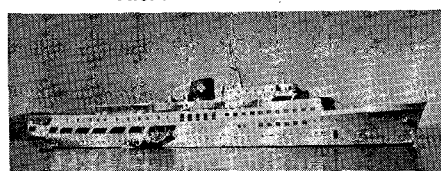
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heart. "I said, 'Well, just lay there, you damn Communist,'" the Sheriff recalled recently. "He came up off that floor with fists doubled up and said he wasn't any Communist. It was really comical." The Sheriff told the *News Tribune*, "I sure learned a quick way to cure an Iranian heart attack."

If the Iranian student reacted strongly to being called a Communist, it was presumably because he assumed the word was meant to describe his political ideology—Communist as opposed to Social Democrat, for instance, or Muslim Nationalist or anti-Soviet Maoist. Sheriff Basinger, of course, is the sort of man who might call someone a Communist as an alternative to calling him a sissy or a yellow dog. Calling someone a yellow dog would not imply that the person so called was actually yellow and wagged his tail. It is just the sort of cultural misunderstanding that student-exchange programs were once expected to clear up.

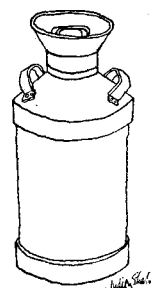
THERE are probably not many citizens in Jefferson City who have taken a stand one way or the other on house raids in Iran or the American presence in the Persian Gulf, but everyone has some pretty definite views on demonstrators who get themselves arrested—particularly foreign demonstrators who get themselves arrested. A representative letter to the *News Tribune*, signed "Native American," said, "If you don't like our peaches, don't shake our tree. Just get out of our country and let Americans alone. In plain language, go back to where you came from and Good Riddance!" Sheriff Basinger says, "Most of the remarks I hear are 'Send 'em back home. They couldn't do it there.'"

The problem involved in doing it there, of course, is one of the points the Iranian students were trying to make with their placards about house raids and political prisoners. The possibility that the Shah's regime was the sort that might deal harshly even with demonstrators who did their demonstrating in another country—one implication of the mayor's decision to punish the students by sending their names to the Shah—was another point they were trying to make, by asking to wear masks at the downtown march. But that rather subtle propaganda victory was lost in the outrage Iranian students of both factions expressed at the mayor's decision. The mayor of Jefferson City, Robert Hyder, is a bluff, white-haired attorney

who retired two years ago as chief counsel for the Missouri Department of Highways—an agency that has been compared to Iran at least to the extent of being referred to around the capitol quite often as "a kingdom of its own." Mayor Hyder is not a man who keeps his views much below the surface. Asked about Lincoln recently, he said, "They got ex-convicts out there from all over the country. They got cars out there a lot bigger than you and I could afford from working." He finds the political rhetoric of the Iranian students repugnant, but he assumes they don't believe in it anyway. "What they really want," Hyder says, "is sympathy so they can stay here and make money, of course." A career at the Missouri Department of Highways does not nourish a belief in the motivational power of ideology over hard cash.

The Mayor was reported once as saying that he was going to write the Shah to apologize for what the students had done, and quoted another time as saying that, having been told that the Immigration and Naturalization Service was lacking the funds to deport all of the student troublemakers now in the country, he had decided to solicit funds "from the other end." What may have happened, judging from what the Mayor and local newspaper reporters now say, is that the Mayor spontaneously reacted to news of the arrest by saying he would write the Shah, the newspaper printed his remarks, and the Mayor

either had to write the letter or back down. There was some discussion among the smart-alecks around town as to how the Mayor would go about writing the Shah, diplomatic correspondence not ordinarily being within the purview of his office. "Dear Shah"? "For Shah's eyes only"? What the Mayor did



was to ask Congressman Ichord's office to find out how the Shah should be addressed in a letter—which turned out to be as "His Imperial Majesty." Then, the Mayor says, he "got the names and pictures and bundled them all up and sent them to him, with an account of what happened."

Some of the lawyers in Jefferson City discussed among themselves the propriety of the Mayor's taking official—not to say international—action in a case that had not yet been heard in court, the students having been found guilty of nothing at all so far. But there were few public objections



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to the Mayor's action except from the Iranian students themselves. The Mayor says that it is "hogwash" to believe that the students on the list would ever be seriously punished by the Iranian regime—even if they defy his prediction by spending their future as political activists in Teheran rather than as illegal aliens in St. Louis. He says that a documentary he saw on television not long ago showed row after row of houses built by the Shah for his people, leading him to conclude that the Shah is a pretty benevolent fellow. He also says that one of the Iranian students admitted to a Columbia student paper that the students whose names were turned over would probably only have to apologize when they returned home—although the form of apology mentioned by the Iranian student quoted, a young man who was identified as a supporter of the Shah, included "two or three years in jail." Whatever the punishment, the Mayor sees its threat as a deterrent to demonstrations in Jefferson City. "They know we won't put up with any nonsense," he says.

The Mayor describes the entire incident as an attempt to "make waves" by the members of the I.S.A., and the Iranian students describe it as an attempt to concoct a "cause célèbre" by the Mayor—smearing the I.S.A. with implications that it includes terrorist bombers, exploiting an internal dispute in order to have innocent students arrested and threatened with deportation. The Iranian students who were arrested, like a lot of overseas opponents of various regimes, tend to be secretive and defensive and capable of interpreting practically any event anywhere purely in terms of the politics of their own country. They speak matter-of-factly of a conspiracy that includes the C.I.A. and SAVAK (the Iranian secret police) and the Sheriff of Cole County. When they criticize the Mayor, they tend to put together a step-by-step, carefully documented chain of evidence that leads inescapably to the charge that there is "express and outright cooperation between the Mayor and the Shah of Iran." The Mayor's dispatch of the names and his statements to the newspapers are criticized by the students incidentally as interference in a case that is still before the court and heatedly as a "clear manifestation of Shah-Mayor collaboration."

ARGUING in Cole County, Missouri, about the future of an Iranian Shah—or the future of Iranian

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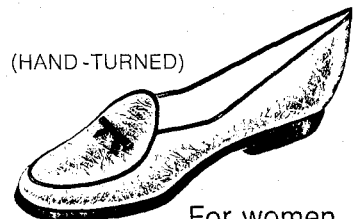
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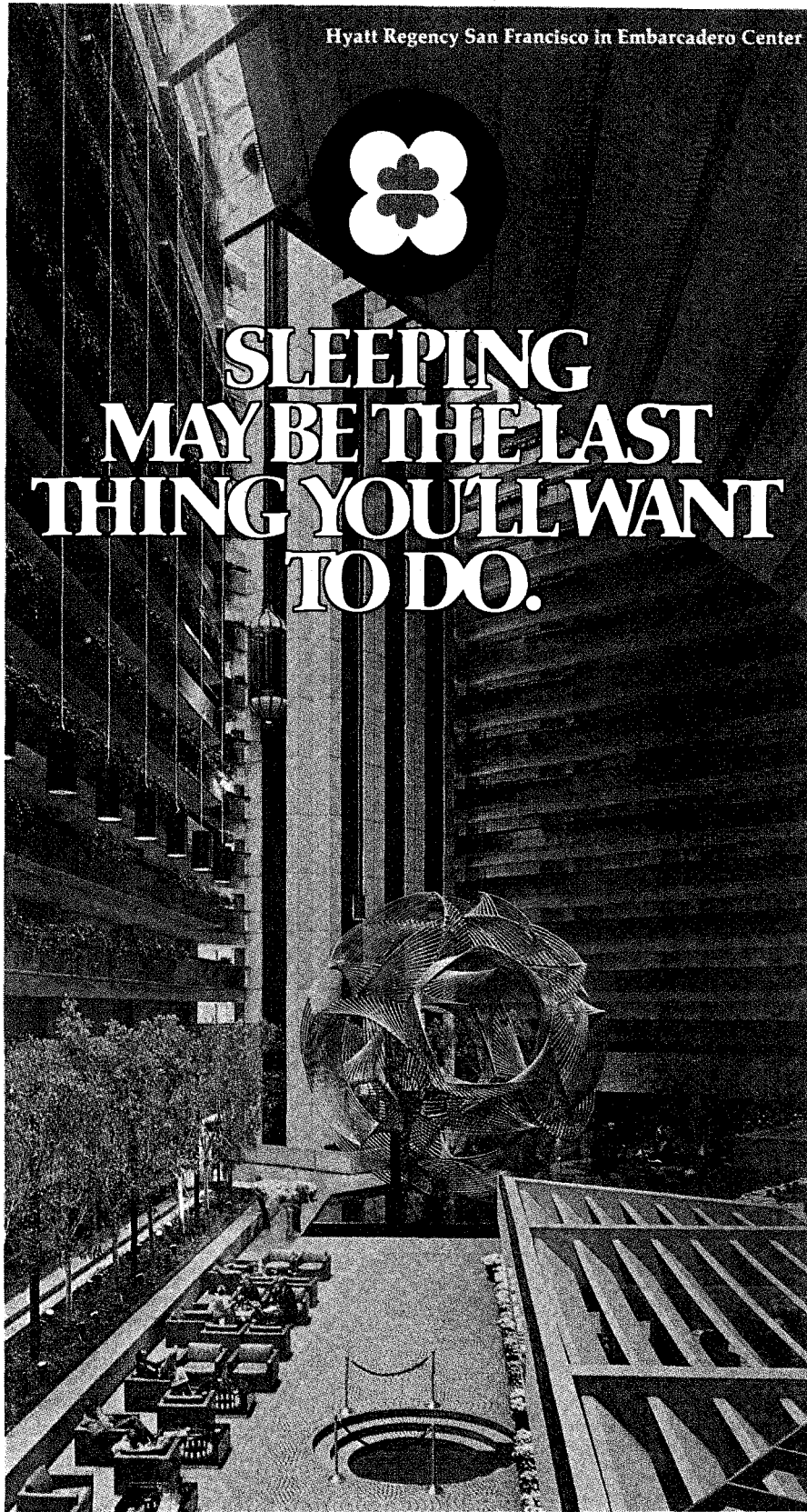
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students—can make some of the arguments and the arguers seem sillier than they really are. Sheriff Basinger's way of talking may make him inappropriate as a representative of the United States Information Agency abroad but not necessarily as a sheriff in Cole County. In fact, even that minority of Jefferson City residents whose sympathies normally lie with prisoners rather than policemen say that Basinger's administration of the sheriff's department has been remarkably free of complaints about brutality or mistreatment. If the attacks on the Iranians in the letters column of the *News Tribune* by Native American and such other enraged residents as American Taxpayer and Citizen are put in calmer language, the proposition they contain—the proposition that American taxpayers should not be expected to subsidize the education of foreign students who spend a good deal of their time attacking American policy—is merely questionable instead of ridiculous. In Cole County, the students' talk of C.I.A. plots and *agents provocateurs* from SAVAK phoning bomb threats that resulted in the evacuation of Herman's Department Store sounds like bad melodrama in broken English. But, even assuming that the students exaggerate the number of political prisoners and the amount of torture and the level of repression in Iran, they obviously have reason to be concerned that a neat, well-typed list of their names has been sent to their government. The list of countries in the world whose young people studying abroad would have absolutely no cause for concern in such circumstances is short, and, as has become obvious from revelations in Washington over the past months, it does not include this one.

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[Picture caption in the *Washington Post*]

During shad season, his four sons come in from the city to help him, and they go out with the tide as many as three times a day.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

THIS being *The New Yorker's* fiftieth-anniversary year, there has inevitably been a certain amount of retrospection around here, and this week's backward excursion through the pages of the magazine took us to the recommendations we made for children's Christmas gifts half a century ago or thereabouts. Grandparents who were children in that era may not be surprised to learn that the toys we listed then were, for the most part, the kind of thing they're probably hoping their young relatives will settle for this month: baby dolls, rocking horses, blocks, easels, and so on. These aren't, of course, newly revived items but the old familiar toys that most children ended up cherishing in the twenties after the celluloid Peaches Browning dolls fell apart—toys they will enjoy next spring after the ones based on television characters listed in the latest, most dismal Nielsen ratings have lost their wires and batteries and survive only as expensive hulks, about as huggable as an electric toaster. Indeed, before we go any further we'll steer you directly to a non-toasterlike friend for someone you know—a sixteen-inch soft-bodied blond baby doll named Pussy Cat, who wears a frilly romper dress, a hair ribbon, and booties, and would have been as welcome under a tree half

a century ago as she should be now. You'll find her at Lord & Taylor for \$16. A handsome rocking horse, a prize in any era, is \$13.95 at Childcraft, which has two local stores—one at 150 East 58th Street and one at 155 East 23rd Street. Made of hardwood and rather streamlined in style, he stands thirty inches high and is described as non-tippable. At the same place, a beginner's set of thirty-two hardwood blocks in different shapes and sizes (including arcs and cylinders) is \$14.95, and a more varied assortment of sixty-nine pieces comes to \$29.95. And at Altman's you'll find an adjustable dou-

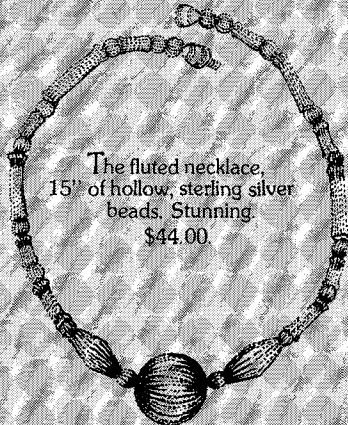
ble easel four feet high and two feet wide that includes a setup for painting on one side and a blackboard on the other. With six jars of tempera paint, two paintbrushes, a box of chalk, an eraser, and five sheets of paper, it's \$24.50. We have to admit that there were a few items out of the twenties which we haven't come across this year. In 1928, for example, Saks Fifth Avenue was selling a toy schoolhouse "with teacher, pupils, and dunce." It's been a good while since we've seen a toy dunce: the guidance counsellors would surely protest. Would you care to settle for a bear schoolroom that is \$34.95 at F.A.O. Schwarz? Eighteen inches long and nine inches wide, it's made of plywood, and it has a real blackboard, a wall map, a small globe, a bear teacher, and four bear pupils, each in a different cotton-print outfit and each sitting at his desk looking as bright and adjusted as can be. With the most popular Erector set of 1929 you could build a zeppelin, but if you mention that to today's children you would have to explain what a zeppelin is. A mammoth Erector set with which somebody can construct a space module (it comes with a three-speed motor and a remote-control power pack) is \$61 at

Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd). Lindbergh maps were popular decorations for children's rooms in 1928, and we haven't found a single one of them this year, nor have we run across cowboy outfits "complete to unborn-calf vests," which seem to have been all the rage among young Wild Westerners back then. High on the 1929 list was "the new renowned Yo-Yo top, if you can stand it." The yo-yo people were insisting in those days that the name be capitalized, but since then they have taken their case to court and lost. (Things are more complicated than you might expect if you are still thinking of gifts for children in terms of the little old toymaker down the road. A problem that the yo-yo company had was that the toy was found to be based on something that has been around for a very long time. According to "Folk Toys Around the World," it started out as a Far Eastern jungle weapon that an agile tree-climber could bounce off the skull of an unsuspecting enemy on the ground below and then reel back, ready for the next strike. Think about that the next time you hear one politician refer to another as a "yo-yo.") Quite often, in those early Christmas lists, no prices were

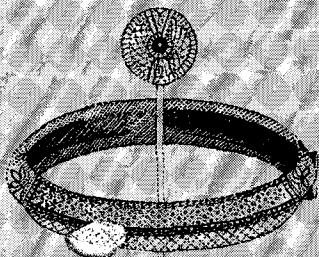


"Isn't it about time to take a hard line on Christmas?"

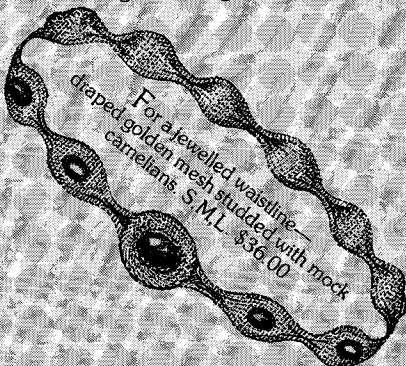
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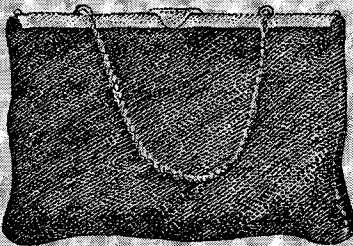


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provided: perhaps if you had to ask, you couldn't afford it. We'll come right out and tell you that a polished wooden yo-yo four inches in diameter is \$3.95 at Schwarz.

Among the specialty stores we won't be able to steer you to this year is the Happy Heart Shop, at 23 East 65th Street, which in 1925 was well known for "making up dolls' wardrobes complete to gloves and handkerchiefs." Which reminds us that the recommended doll-house family in 1929 consisted of "sister, brother, momma, poppa, maid, nursemaid." We have to admit that the section of the 1929 Christmas list that we were most taken with was the one labelled "Gifts for Servants," or, as they were also described, "faithful servitors." "To butlers and other men-servants you might give simple sets of studs and cuff-links... or smoking articles—if permitted." If ten-dollar "gold eagles" were the choice, it was recommended that the reader buy "fancy boxes" for them at the ten-cent store, which is now, of course, the dollar-ninety-eight store. The family maids would "really love some harmless frivolity in the shape of lingerie, silk stockings," and such. However, social conscience was not entirely absent. "Giving them something that suggests their calling—aprons, organdie cuffs, or the like—is fairly tactless." As for the folks whom the children of some 1929 readers may have known best, no sense in splurging on them: "Devoted nurses and governesses are apt to go into raptures over Christmas photographs of their little darlings." We don't know when the nursemaid left the Schwarz doll family, but as recently as ten years ago the maid was still on hand, wearing an organdie-style cap and apron. Father was formally fitted out for a trip to Wall Street, Mother looked as if she were about to pour tea for a meeting of the board of the Association for the Alleviation of the Condition of the Poor, and the two children were also dressed to the teeth. In those days, all members of a real family could get a pre-Christmas kick out of looking at the great big doll house in the Schwarz catalogue. It had a broad staircase, lights in every room, Duncan Phyfe-style furniture—all in all, it was really a classy place. This year, the hundred-and-fifty-dollar Schwarz doll house is called a Southern Plantation Doll House. It has a portico, four tall pillars, and four unfurnished rooms. We were somehow reminded of a Charles Addams cartoon in this magazine many years ago which showed two women driving up a broad circular

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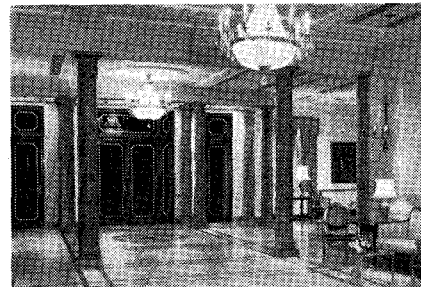


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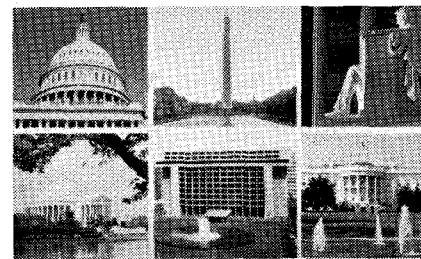
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driveway to a becolumned mansion. From the side it could be seen that all that elegance was only a few feet deep and behind the façade were only a lean-to and some other makeshift living arrangements. The caption was "I have the impression that they're not very substantial people." But then dolls are just dolls, aren't they? They aren't supposed to be very substantial people. The Schwarz doll family this year consists of two kids in playsuits, mother in a minidress, and father wearing a cotton pullover and what look suspiciously like jeans, but it's undoubtedly just as well, what with nobody being around to make dolls' gloves and handkerchiefs anymore. The members of this quartet (who cost \$17.95 *en famille*) look happy enough, and if they don't feel at home behind all those pillars, Altman's has a very nice doll house—also unfurnished—that looks as if it might be easy to take care of without any hired help. A Swedish-made fibreboard house, which costs \$35, it is twenty-six inches long, fifteen inches deep, and two stories high, and it has six rooms. There are even provisions for expansion, although the prospect doesn't seem likely, what with Z.P.G. and all. If the parents change their minds, an additional \$20 will provide a two-room floor that fits under the main house, and if the family grows beyond all bounds or decides to take in boarders, the whole thing can be jacked up to accommodate still another story, which includes a recreation room and a garage. For doll-house furniture, we recommend, as usual, a trip down to Federal Smallwares Corporation, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th). A deacon's bench of wood with Pennsylvania Dutch trim is \$4.25 there. It's five inches long and three and a half inches high. Or, for \$6, you may have a cloverleaf table two and one-eighth inches high, with three leaves that fold up or down. This place is full of doll-house miniatures that you probably shouldn't waste on the average six-year-old but that would enchant some older children. A tiny tea set of bone-white porcelain standing on a three-and-a-half-inch porcelain tray edged with gold is, for example, \$5, and, to show off the cloverleaf table, how about a snow globe three-quarters of an inch high, of hand-blown glass, for \$1.50? Shake it, and a just barely visible snowstorm blows up. For the same price, there is an inch-and-a-half-long Ouija board that works like the full-sized one, and, at \$1.25 (for specialized literary tastes), a set of five two-inch-high miniature magazines: twelve pages each from issues of *Harp-*

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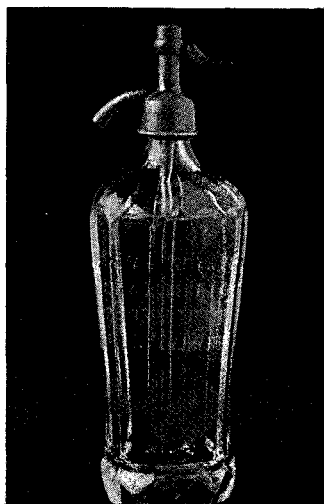
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er's Weekly, Leslie's Weekly, The Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey's, and Scientific American published between 1899 and 1902. They can be read with a magnifying glass: relations with China were a problem in those days, too. At Federal Smallwares, they even have something for the doll parents to pay the Christmas bills with—a hundred silver certificates, five-eighths of an inch long, which cost a dollar a bundle.

IN a bigger league, of course, are the Monopoly people, who turn out about two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of play money a day. Local citizens, eager to be helpful, have sent some of it down to New York's City Hall, which, as you know, has been preoccupied with practically nothing but money since last Christmas. Budget Director Melvin Lechner carried a few hundred thousand dollars' worth around City Hall's corridors in a Big Mac box one afternoon, making wry remarks, but it didn't turn the trick, and the city had to look for help from Albany and Washington after all. Money has also been much on the mind of the toy industry in general this year. It turns out that Americans spent only four billion eight hundred million dollars for toys in 1974, and the industry leaders think that's too little: though it's six per cent more than was spent the previous year, the increase doesn't make up for the twelve-per-cent inflation factor. As if the state of the economy weren't enough of a problem, there was also, of course, the reduced birthrate. (The Gerber people, whose slogan used to be "Babies are our business—our only business," are now also in the business of selling health insurance to senior citizens.) There is one cheerful note for the industry: the price of sugar is down. You'll understand why this is a cheerful note if you consider that the second-largest toy company in the world is General Mills (Snoopy Soaper, Gnip Gnop, the Six Million Dollar Man, and the like) and the third-largest is Quaker Oats (Rock 'em-Sock 'em Robots, Big Wheel, Creative Coaster, and so on). According to one story, the cereal and toy companies first got together when they were sharing the challenge of trying to influence the hearts and minds of impressionable little children during commercial breaks on the Saturday-morning cartoon shows, as they continue to do today. (Of course, being conglomerates, the cereal companies have non-cereal interests besides toys; a subsidiary product of

Quaker Oats, for example, is Ken-L Ration. Theirs is *not* the dog-food commercial that boasted that it had "not a speck of cereal"—a line that certainly would have confused the smaller kids.) The year's most distressing toy-industry story that had to do with money was the release of the six-hundred-page report of a special panel appointed by the Securities and Exchange Commission, which described the dubious past activities of some officials of the world's largest toy company, Mattel, makers of Hot Wheels, Big Jim, and Barbie, among others. (We should add quickly that Mattel is now under new management and seems to be doing well: dolls called Malibu Barbie and her boyfriend Malibu Ken are all over town, for about \$6.) According to the panel's report, former Mattel officials specialized in the preparation of fake invoices and imaginary orders in a successful effort to fool investors into thinking that company earnings were higher than they were. "Give me another million," a former vice-president once told an accountant working on the books. It appeared that the former Mattel officers might have been spending too much time looking over the numerous get-rich games, which continue to crowd the toy counters—although the manufacturers of those games would quickly point out that the preparation of phony earnings reports plays no part in their official instructions. The game called Billionaire, for example, which is not a Mattel product, includes no fake-invoice forms but only Profit and Power Play cards and plastic dollar tokens, which are moved around a board until a player corners enough oil, aerospace, and other investments to qualify as the name of the game. ("There's a bit

"What would you say
if I told you that,
in this inflated economy,
the price of the most
delicious, irresistible snack
was reduced by a dollar?"

"Poppycock!"



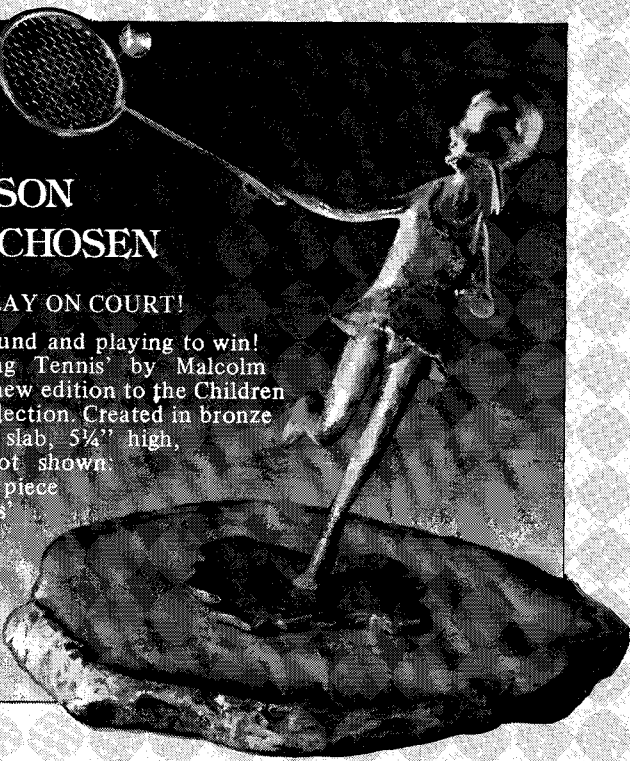
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of the empire builder lurking in all of us. Give it a try. After all, it's only a game," say the instructions.) If you still feel that shooting for a billion won't corrupt young players, Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), has Billionaire for \$10.95. Perhaps the former Mattel officials would have been better advised to try the Anti-Monopoly game, which, as you may recall, designates as the winner the player who accumulates the largest combination of money and social credits, the latter being awarded for making trouble for companies that violate federal financial laws. Macy's has Anti-Monopoly for \$8. Meanwhile, the game of Monopoly (which is not known as Pro-Monopoly) has just celebrated a significant birthday: Parker Brothers first put it on the market in 1935, another year when economic conditions were on everybody's mind. Four thousand University of Minnesota freshmen were recently invited to a birthday party in Minneapolis to help eat a cake, seven feet four inches square, that was decorated to resemble a giant Monopoly board. The cake didn't cost as much as you might think, because the hundred and forty-four boxes of cake mix that went into it were donated by General Mills, which makes not only Betty Crocker cake mixes but Monopoly games. Last month, the eighty-millionth game was produced, and the World Monopoly Championship, which had involved playoffs in fourteen European countries, a European championship match in Iceland, and regional playoffs in Canada and the United States, was won by a man from Dublin who credited his victory to "sheer skill, excellence, and genius." Of course, about the usual number of Monopoly-playing endurance records were broken during the year—the longest game played in a bathtub, for example—but we're going to let you wait and look it all up in the next edition of the "Guinness Book of World Records." For \$9.95, at Brentano's, you'll find the current issue, which is famous not only for settling many a family argument but for ruining many a family dinner. ("What would you bet is the record for the longest single unbroken apple peel? Come on, guess!")

ARE you ready for a toy that will get everybody out in the open air? Quite a few people are. The Frisbee was tops this summer on the toy best-seller list that is published from time to time by the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World*. When refugees from

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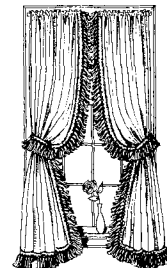
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Leonard Bernstein and the Vienna Philharmonic in a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 4.

December 17

Karl Böhm and the Vienna Philharmonic play Mozart's Symphonies Nos. 34 and 40.

December 24

André Previn and the London Symphony Orchestra, with Arthur Rubinstein, in Chopin's Concerto No. 2.

December 31

Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic perform Beethoven's Egmont Overture and Symphony No. 9.

January 7

Rossini's beloved opera, "The Barber of Seville."

This season the PBS series "Great Performances" includes: *Jennie*; *Music in America*; *Dance in America*; and *Theater in America*. Exxon also helps make possible the PBS science series, *NOVA*, and the *Exxon/New York Philharmonic Radio Broadcasts*.



**Wednesday at 9 PM
on your PBS channel**

South Vietnam arrived at the Army post at Fort Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, last spring, the officers in charge passed out Frisbees to the children to welcome them to America, and they could certainly have done worse. Imagine what the result could have been if they'd handed out yo-yos—knowing what we do about yo-yos. Anyhow, according to a book called, simply and elegantly, "Frisbee," it turns out that the Frisbee is a truly American toy—or not really a toy at all but the central object of a putatively major American sport, in the view of the author, Stancil E. D. Johnson, who is a practicing California psychiatrist and self-acknowledged Frisbee nut. The book is certainly definitive. Whether it fills what Dr. Johnson calls "a long-felt need" is another question. In any event, it gives a full rundown on Frisbee history: how Frisbees probably began as discarded pie tins of the Frisbie Pie Company of New Haven, which were used as Yalies' playthings; how they became of commercial interest with the beginning of the age of plastic ("plastic's finest form," says Johnson); how the manufacturers, the Wham-O company, for a time shamefully neglected the Frisbee in favor of the Wham-O Hula Hoop; how the United States Navy spent nearly four hundred thousand dollars in an unsuccessful effort to duplicate the Frisbee's soaring qualities in battle-field flares; and so on. Also included are chapters on the care, repair, and scientific significance of the Frisbee, the art of Frisbee throwing, and the various records set at national and international Frisbee tournaments, in many of which Dr. Johnson has been a participant. The author is anxious to dispel any notion that this is not a serious book on a serious subject, and the text is interlarded with what he regards as suitable quotations from such as Shakespeare, Homer, Keats, Plutarch, Pepys, Alexander Pope (from "Windsor Forest": "They fall, and leave their little lives in the air"), and Lewis Carroll (consider "Like a tea-tray in the sky"). He may be less serious in the case of a letter, reprinted in the book, that he once sent to Forest Lawn, asking that on his death he be cremated and his remains mixed with "finest grade raw industrial polyethylene," which would then be converted into "25 highest grade number-one mold, professional model Frisbees," and distributed among his friends. (Forest Lawn declined to play that game.) The book is \$4.95 at Macy's, and at Rappaport's a Master



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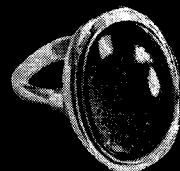


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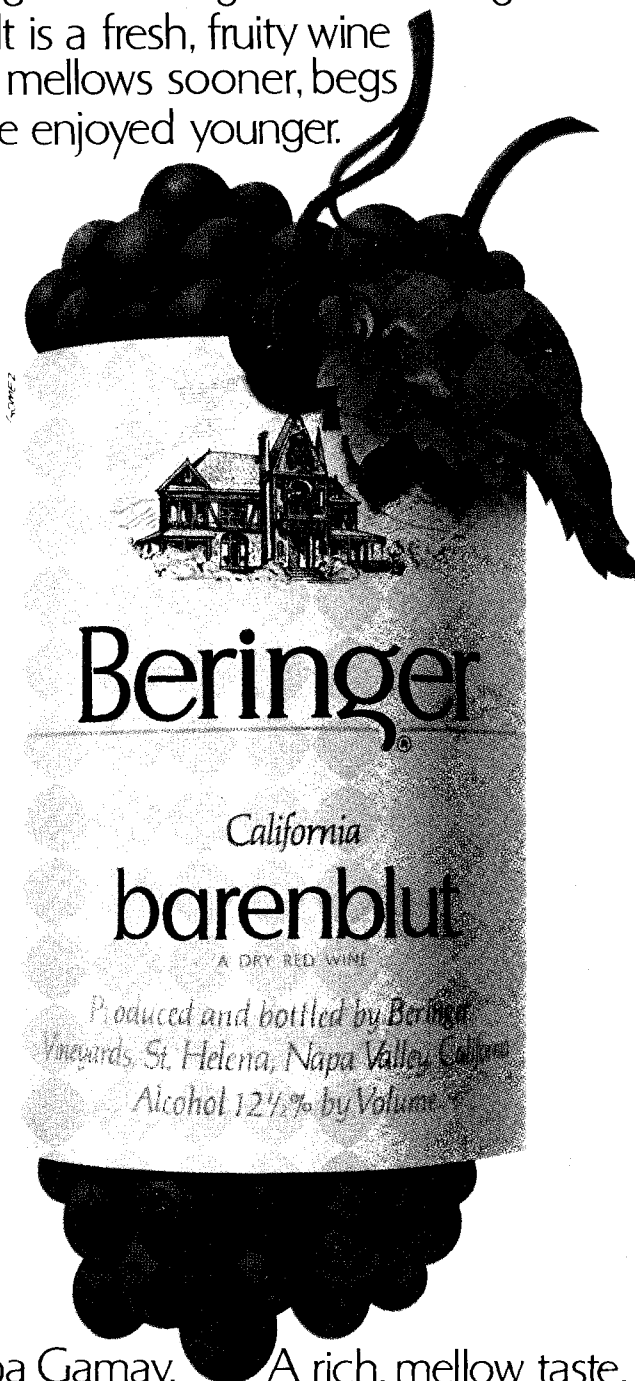
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THE largest toy (of sorts) we came upon this year was a double-deck bed that by day becomes a two-tier play area designed, loosely speaking, to resemble a bright-red double-deck No. 10 London Transport omnibus, with a sign that says it is headed for London Bridge by way of Fleet Street. There's a steering wheel inside, on the headboard, for the driver to wrestle with, but the wheels don't turn (they're only painted on), and, fortunately, there's also no working gas pedal. Built of wood with a shiny plastic finish, the bus-bed is decorated with various cautionary signs, like "Let's Keep Our City Clean" (tell the kids they can start with *this* city) and "Stop Fires." About six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high, it comes with a choice of two mattresses—youth-bed size, thirty-three by sixty-six inches, that is, or twin size, thirty-nine by seventy-five—and with the necessary ladder to reach the upper deck; the price is \$795, plus delivery charges, from F.A.O. Schwarz. "Unique slot-together assembly that requires no tools, save a screwdriver" is the way Schwarz breaks the news that it arrives in a knocked-down state. If the fare for this bus ride strikes you as a bit steep, Rapaport's will be glad to sell you a fully assembled bright-red No. 10 London Transport bus, made by the Corgi people, that is all of four inches long, and costs \$5. The largest doll we found was a forty-five-inch Raggedy Ann, for \$39.99, at Gimbels, and the store also has Raggedy Andy in the same size, at the same price. The smallest dog we found was a flock-cloth poodle (he comes in gray, black, or white) who stands an inch and a half high and costs \$2 at, appropriately, Federal Smallwares. The largest dog on our list was (also appropriately) a four-foot-long St. Bernard (five feet with his tail), at Bloomingdale's, for \$250, even though there is no brandy in his flask—and for that matter, no flask. However, he's a fine, soft black-and-brown-and-white plush animal, one of those floppy ones who spread out on the floor so that the children can loll on them to watch reruns of "The Monkees"—or, in some households, "Marcus Welby." Our nomination for the animal with the least likely name is the Cuddly Panther, twenty-six inches long, who costs \$19.95 at Schwarz and resembles a big black plush cat—which, of course, is also appropriate. He's soft enough to use as a pillow or to—all right—cuddle. And our prize

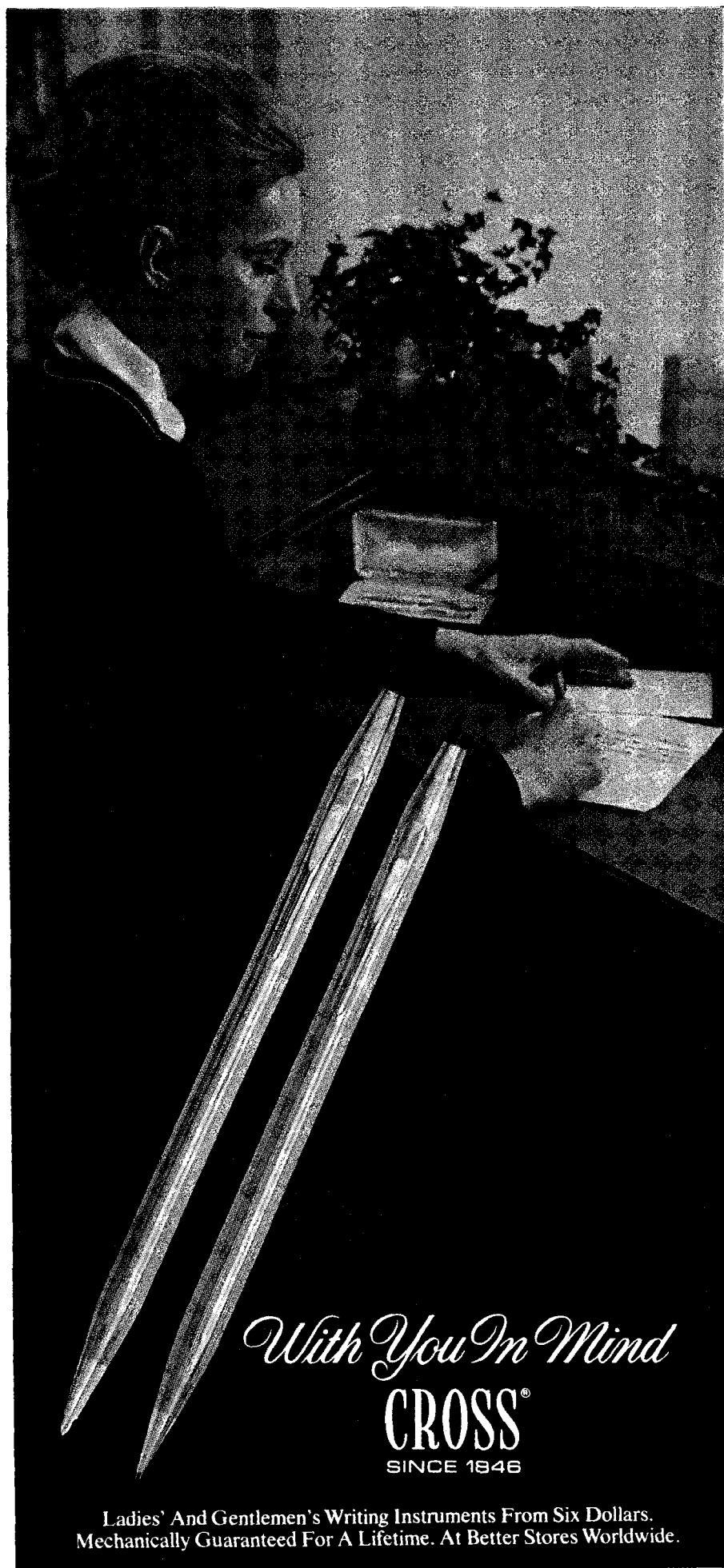
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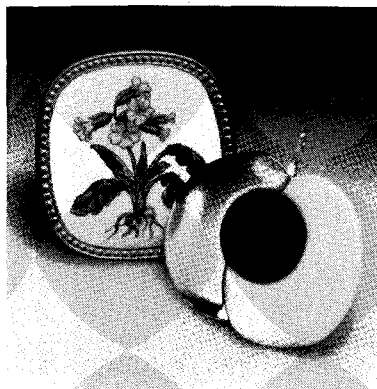
for the once ubiquitous animal that is now the hardest to find goes to the panda. Remember a few years back, just after the onset of the new American open-door policy toward China, when Chou En-lai sent Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing to the Washington zoo? There were so many pandas on the shelves the next Christmas that there were rumors they might be replacing Teddy bears in the national affection, and the toy trade papers referred to the phenomenon as "panda-mania." Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing are still receiving visitors, and, of course, Presidential visits to China are still making news, but toy pandas are scarce these days. We looked all over for the musical one that played Brahms' "Lullaby"—a duplicate of the panda that some children we know insisted on taking along to the Chinese Rathskeller on Mott Street—and finally had to settle for a two-and-a-half-inch Steiff panda, with movable arms and legs, which Saks sells for \$4.75. He looks very cheerful, though, for an almost extinct toy species, and would be perfect for somebody's stocking. (If somebody you know has outgrown the toy-panda generation but has happy memories of it, and is *very* responsible, Bergdorf's has an ebony panda with an overlay of sterling silver, on a twenty-six-inch silver chain, for \$90.) Finding toy bears is, of course, no problem. A store called dollsandreams, at 454 Third Avenue (31st), has, for \$44, a very furry twenty-two-inch animal known as a Hug-Me Bear, made by Kaethe Kruse, whose dolls were being recommended in these pages nearly fifty years ago. Saks has an unusual bear, two feet long, which is also a puppet and a pajama bag. That means that if you spread your thumb and fingers strategically inside this fellow's hollow head and paws, he can be made to snuggle up, wave, nod, and otherwise move like a puppet. However, unlike most puppets, he also has legs and looks like a full-fledged animal, especially when he is stuffed with someone's nightclothes; \$33.50 for this versatile character. And at Federal Smallwares, whose parent company, B. Shackman & Company, also appeared in our Christmas lists of the nineteen-twenties (who says New Yorkers are hopelessly fickle?), we found a five-and-a-half-inch yellow Teddy bear for \$3. He was made in Mainland China, which apparently knows a capitalist trend when it sees one.

UNTIL a few years ago, a large share of the toys made for children had to do with life on the farm,

even though (as some national leaders still seem unprepared to acknowledge) most Americans now live in cities and have children who may never have laid eyes on the rooster or moo-cow that in previous generations was used for testing a child's recognition quotient. ("Shall our children grow up to be delinquents without ever having seen a cow?" was plaintively asked a while back by the writer of a letter to the *Times* who was concerned about this situation.) The "Sesame Street" people know all about what city children are familiar with, of course, and now the Fisher-Price company has come out with a Sesame Street Play Family set—a small world of fire escapes, stained-glass transoms, piled-up garbage pails, crumbly-looking brick walls, and neighbors leaning out of windows to catch the latest sidewalk show. On arrival, this toy—a sturdy one, of wood and plastic—is a miniature two-story brownstone-style house (it's really a nice tawny yellow) measuring twelve and a half inches long, ten inches wide, and about twelve inches tall, with a carrying handle on top. When it's opened up, like a book, the whole "Sesame Street" layout is there, including Mr. Hooper's store, with his apartment upstairs, and there is a cast of figures painted in the likenesses of Susan, Gordon, Mr. Hooper, the Cookie Monster, Ernie, Bert, Big Bird, and Oscar the Grouch in his garbage can. There are also eight items of furniture, and the set is filled out with such well-known "Sesame Street" accoutrements as a mailbox, a fire hydrant, a lamppost, a two-story ladder, a Sanitation Department truck, and Mr. Hooper's newsstand and soda fountain. Also provided are chalk and an eraser, which come in handy, since the rear of one wall is a chalkboard for the graffiti-prone; \$20 for this at Polk's. Nowadays, when kids want to get away from the city streets, they're encouraged not to go off to some farm but to join a safari, and another new Fisher-Price toy has just what's needed for such an excursion.



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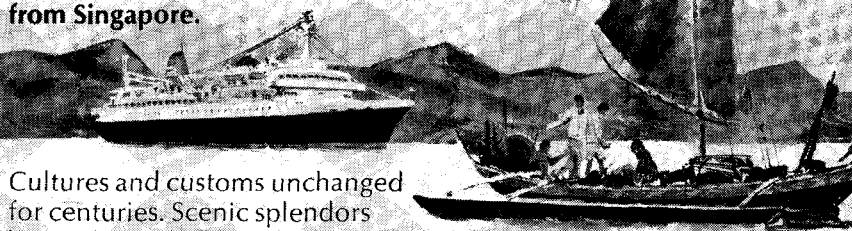


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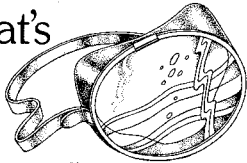
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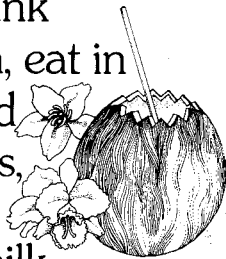
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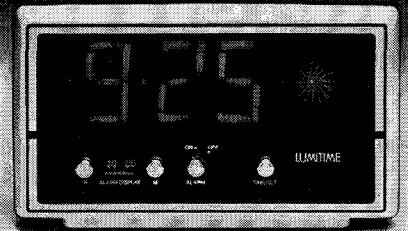
The Barbados Tourist Board

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sion. This safari set includes a jeep (the jeep is nine and a half inches long, to give you an idea), a trailer, two animal cages, which fit on the vehicles, a corral, and a cloth-covered tent. There are five jointed wild animals and four hunters—two males and two females. These aren't the familiar Fisher-Price cylindrical knobheads; they have movable heads, legs, and arms, and their hands can grasp a ladder or a camera (also provided), or, if they really want to live dangerously, take the tiger by the tail; \$21.95 at Rappaport's. Such safari sets, which are all over the place these days, are regarded in the toy world as alternatives not to farm layouts but to miniature plastic battlefields, complete with tanks and flamethrowers, which many parents object to. The rationale of these miniature safaris is that the hunters are there not to shoot down the animals but just to take their pictures or to haul them back intact to some zoo. The Corgi Daktari set (\$4.50 at Rappaport's), which is about three inches long and consists of one male and one female hunter, three animals, and a truck to transport them in, doesn't even include a net. The hope of many parents—and, no doubt, some toy manufacturers—is that the users of these toys won't grow up to share the philosophy of the president of Safari Outfitters, who, after the recent showing of the CBS anti-gun documentary "The Guns of Autumn," wrote to cancel his advertising in *Field & Stream*, a CBS subsidiary. "We feel that you grossly underrated the psychic and economic benefits of hunting, which is one of America's finest traditions," he wrote. "We find your deliberate attempt to discredit the sportsman both reprehensible and amazing." And one last corrective item: Dusty, the Fashion-Action Doll, who's considered a big help in the move to get America's girl dolls out of the kitchen, the beauty parlor, and, in some cases, the boudoir. Dusty, a blonde, is the standard fashion-doll size—eleven and a half inches tall—but she has a tan and freckles and looks to be a much more wholesome character than, for example, Barbie. Her manufacturers describe her as "fully-articulated with a spring-loaded arm and torso, so she can hit a baseball, volleyball, tennis ball, and golf ball." (A stand comes with her to keep her steady during these activities.) Dusty herself, wearing a bathing suit, is \$7.50 at Macy's and Gimbels; a set that includes equipment for one sport (ball and tennis racquet, or baseball and bat), a suitable outfit, and the stand is \$4; and both stores also carry

I love it!

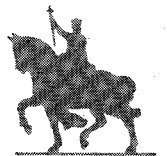
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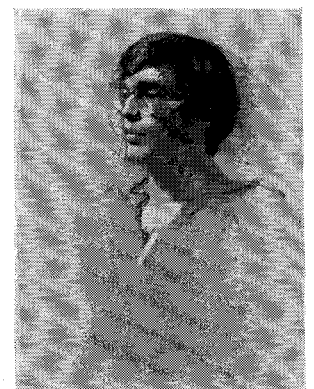
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Dusty's black girl friend, named Skye, who can wear the same clothes and is an equally athletic sort.

IF it was a children's record you had in mind, most of the educational study plans coming out of "Sesame Street" are sneakily arranged, as usual, to give children the impression that they've just had a lot of fun at recess. (All the "Sesame Street" records in this section are on the Children's Records of America label and cost \$3.98 each.) "The Sesame Street Monsters!" (CTW 22071) features such numbers as "Be Kind to Your Neighborhood Monsters" and such lines as "We are monsters but we're sweet." "The Count Counts" (CTW 22069) makes casual fun of local radio shows while painlessly imparting numerical information by way of news bulletins and commercials ("Friends, has your counting been a little dull lately?") and songs on the Top Ten ("Next on the old Count von Count's count-down, from the hit musical 'Two Plus Two'... 'I Just Adore 4'"). Some of the numbers on "Pete Seeger & Brother Kirk Visit Sesame Street" (CTW 22062) are more serious. There is "The Ballad of Martin Luther King," and a song entitled "Garbage," with a chorus of "Garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage!" in which Mr. Seeger's inevitable collaborator is Oscar the Grouch, chiming in from his trash can. This musical morality tale deplores not only air pollution ("We're fillin' up the skies with garbage") but the garbage "we're fillin' up our minds with." It takes quite a severe tone against a society in which "The kids do homework with the TV in one ear / While Superman for the thousandth time / Sells talkin' dolls and conquers crime," and their father (who caused some of the air pollution by driving home in a Cadillac) reads "A piece about the Mayor's middle name" and "gets it read in time to watch the All-Star Bingo Game." Fortunately, it isn't sociology all the way during the folksingers' visit. The frivolity includes "Skip to My Lou," "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain," and a song about the antics of Patty Cake, the baby gorilla in the Central Park zoo. (A book about this star attraction of the zoo, "Patty Cake," by Elizabeth Moody, is \$5.95 in hardback and \$2.95 in paperback at most bookstores.)

For the slightly older kids in the family, there's a new "Electric Company" record (CTW 22052). "All the silliness on this record was designed

The artichokes are great this year.



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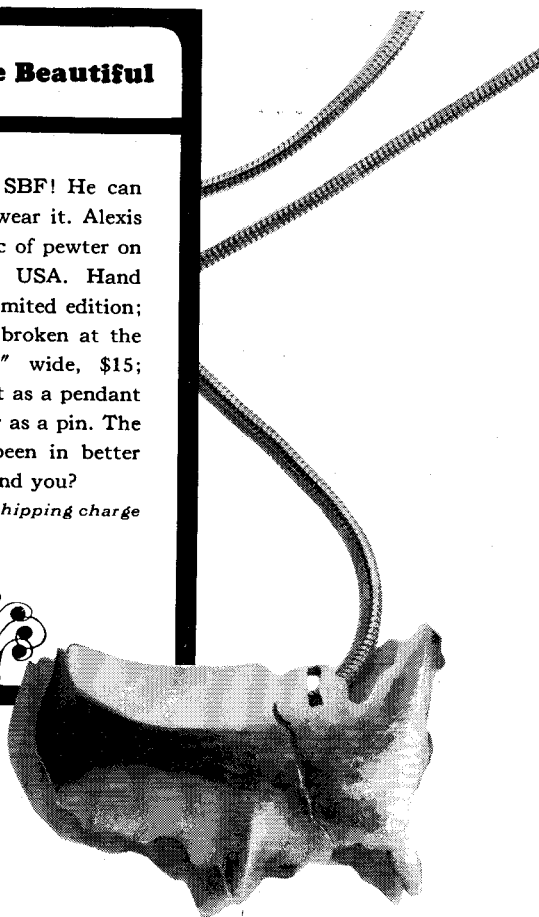
Another first for SBF! He can wear it, she can wear it. Alexis Kirk puts the chic of pewter on the map of the USA. Hand sculptured and a limited edition; the mold will be broken at the end of '76. 1 3/4" wide, \$15; 2 1/4," \$24. Wear it as a pendant on snake chain, or as a pin. The country's never been in better shape! May we send you?

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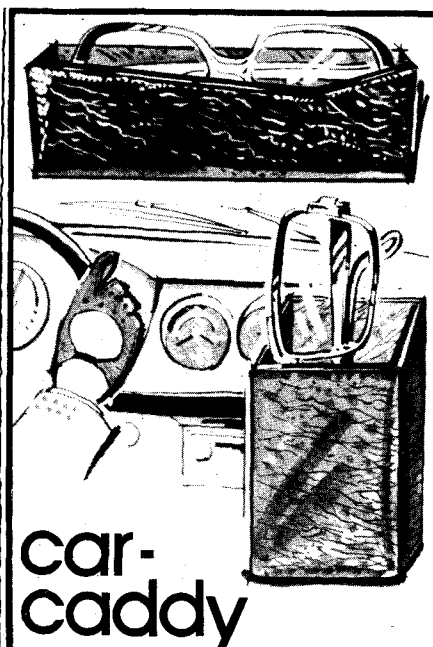
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to help teach reading skills," it says on the jacket, but again the kids will probably be too busy laughing and prancing around to a wide variety of beats, from hard rock to calypso, to notice. There are numbers in celebration of punctuation ("Now, an exclamation point is saying POW, yes siree, I don't mean maybe, boy, and how!") and of various particularly useful letters—in the song "Silent E," "a little glob becomes a globe instantly." "Hard, Hard, Hard" gives the children a mild pragmatic nudge: "If it's good, then you can bet it isn't free." In a number called "Jennifer of the Jungle," there's a sturdy (though perhaps hopeless) attempt to straighten the kids out on the use of the word "hopefully." ("We're hopelessly lost." "Listen, kid, never give up hope." "O.K., we're hopefully lost.") The "Electric Company" regulars are joined on this record by special-guest irregulars Victor Borge, Mel Brooks, and Tom Lehrer.

Caedmon has made a number of fine recent additions to its collection of records that give children of different ages a chance to listen to famous stories or abridgments of famous books as they are read by carefully chosen actors or, on occasion, by those who wrote the words originally. In the latter category, for the very biggest kids on your list, are two records of J. R. R. Tolkien himself reading (and, here and there, singing) from "The Lord of the Rings" (TC 1478) and "The Hobbit" (TC 1477). (Like all the single Caedmon records in this list, these are \$6.98.) The author, who recorded the passages in 1952, sounds entirely at ease; it turns out that he first told "The Hobbit" over and over to his children before he actually wrote it down. "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" (TC 1476), the story of a boy who is rewarded with great riches, chocolate-covered and otherwise, just for being "a good, sensible, loving child," is told in a brisk, no-nonsense voice by its author, Roald Dahl. The authors being unavailable, "The Swiss Family Robinson" is read by Anthony Quayle (TC 1485), and "The Story of Babar" and "The Travels of Babar" (TC 1486) are read by Louis Jourdan, whose tone is a little different from that in his only other contribution to the Caedmon collection of readings, "Les Fleurs du Mal." There are some pleasant musical interludes on the Babar record during which the children, Caedmon suggests, may want to look at the pictures in their Babar books. Meanwhile, in some distant corner of



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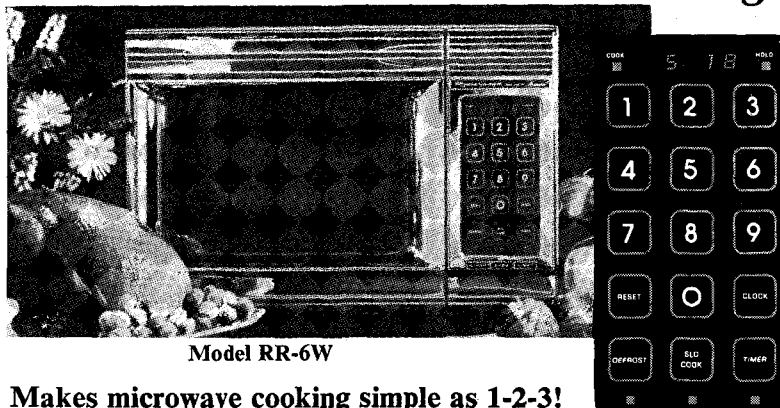
Priced at approximately \$90, the supply of decanters is limited. The supply of Irish Mist at about \$12, however, is not.

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the apartment, out of earshot, one would hope, the older kids could be shivering happily as they listen to "Tales of Witches, Ghosts and Goblins" told by the smooth-voiced old villain Vincent Price (TC 1393). But perhaps the most improving ghost story for New Yorkers this season is the one about that apostle of fiscal prudence Ebenezer Scrooge. The Caedmon version of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" (TC 1135) is narrated by Paul Scofield, with Sir Ralph Richardson as the old crab. There's even a Walt Disney musical version of "A Christmas Carol" this year, with Mickey Mouse as Bob Cratchit and Minnie Mouse as his wife and Donald Duck as Scrooge's sassy nephew (Disneyland 3811; \$4.98). Scrooge sings about the all-importance of cash ("As a miser, I'm a smash") and recommends "boiling slackers in their own pudding," resisting to the last possible moment the musical advice of the ghost of Marley that "Being Tight Is Not All Right." We ordinarily wouldn't look twice at a Disneyland version of the Dickens classic, but this year in this place perhaps as many members of the family as possible should be cheered up with the reminder that in the end Scrooge left off his lecturing on prodigality, and turned into a forgiving and generous fellow—or so the old story went.

ARE you ready for the last, miscellaneous roundup? Master Mind is a new game in town, although it was voted the Game of the Year at the Brighton International Toy Fair a year ago and is said to have been outselling Monopoly in Europe. The instruction folder is printed in English, Français, Deutsch, Español, Português, Svenska, Nederlands, Norsk, and Dansk—a small language game in itself. A deceptively simple affair, Master Mind is for two players, of seven years or more, who sit on either side of a plastic pegboard. One player, the codemaker, sets up an arrangement of four different-colored pegs in holes behind a small screen, and the other, the code-breaker, has only ten tries to figure out the colors and exact positions of the hidden pegs. This is \$4 at, among other places, Brentano's. At Schwarz, you'll find the somewhat older game of chess in a set designed in honor of the Bicentennial. (As you know, there's a lot of that kind of thing around.) The board is sixteen inches by sixteen, and the chess figures are of molded plastic. George and Martha Washington replace the king and queen, for instance, Paul Re-

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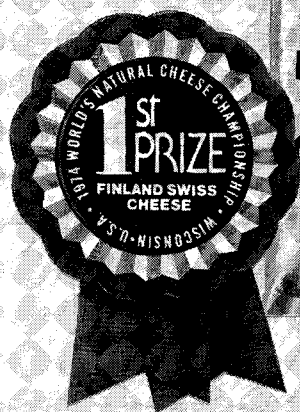
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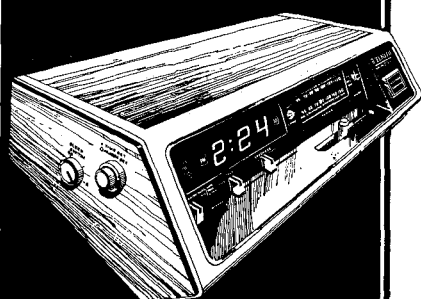
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vere serves as the knight, and the Liberty Bell is the rook; \$49.95. A Tyco HO-gauge train at Altman's is called the Spirit of '76. Of course, there may be some children who think of the railroad as being such a superannuated form of travel that they will be surprised to learn that there weren't even any steam engines two hundred years ago. This Spirit of '76 is a modern diesel freight train. The locomotive lights up, and the cars include a caboose, a boxcar, an auto-loader with six small automobiles, a gondola car loaded with three lengths of pipe, and a flatcar carrying three tractors. Twenty-six sections of track provide a forty-by-eighty-seven-inch figure-eight layout, and there is also a thirty-three-piece bridge-and-trestle set and an assortment of twenty-four road signs, telegraph poles, and other train-landscape necessities. Together with the power pack, it all comes to \$36. For more elaborate train layouts and the model buildings to go with them, Polk's is the place. When we say model buildings, we don't mean just the standard post office-firehouse kind of thing. A budding young novelist might move right to his typewriter after he's finished assembling a \$2.98 kit at Polk's that they describe as "a model of a typical house from the wrong side of the tracks which has been converted into a grocery store." Over the old porch it now says "Ma's Place." Ask for Ma's Place and say we sent you. A rather different novel could be the result of giving someone a model kit for the 1906 Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce. It has real rubber tires and more than a hundred and fifty plastic parts, and it costs \$8.95 at Childcraft. Also at Childcraft, you'll find what they call a kaleidoscope puzzle: thirty-six lacquered-wood pieces to fit together into an eight-and-a-quarter-inch square that looks like a cluster of Portuguese tiles. On the underside is another design, of similar tiles, and the price is \$2.95. At dollsandreams, seven-piece puzzles for three- or four-year-olds are \$2.50 each and include a fish, a truck, and so on, all of brightly painted wood. The same store has some especially nice coloring books for \$1.50, including one called "Christmas Stained Glass" and one called "The Victorian Parlor" (just the thing after reading that miniature *Munsey's*). A wooden zither with twelve steel strings covering two octaves is \$11.50 at Altman's. Six song sheets come with it, and so do a pick, a tuning key, and an extra string. Also at Altman's, for little kids who pine for their summertime heroes,



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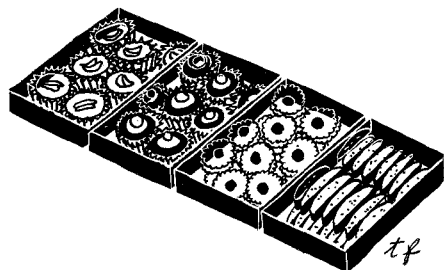
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there's a low-slung kiddie car (the seat is less than eleven inches off the floor) whose front end is fitted out as an ice-cream vender's cart. In fact, it says "Good Humor Ice Cream" right on its side. The top of the cart flips open, so the vender of your choice can reach in and hand out three plastic ice-cream bars, which are included, or some more edible specialty of the house. Seven pretend coins are provided as a medium of exchange, and there is a Good Humor man's hat, and, of course, a bell to summon the gang around. It's \$18, and Altman's describes it as "easily assembled."

This reminds us of some good news we forgot to mention. A bill sponsored by State Senators Roy Goodman and Frank Padavan, which passed the Legislature this summer, provides that beginning January 1, 1976, manufacturers of all new products of more than six pieces which are to be delivered unassembled must state this dismal condition in at least twelve-point boldface type on the side of the package and must also list all the tools required to put the thing together. Not only that, but no product can be displayed in an assembled state unless there is a sign nearby explaining that it will have to be glued, screwed, or slotted together, perhaps in the cold early hours of Christmas morning. The bill, in fact, was popularly known around Albany as the Exasperated Fathers' Christmas Day Protective Bill, until some exasperated mothers complained. After that, it was called Senate Bill No. 2914-A. A fully assembled deck of oversized playing cards, each three and a half by five inches and each showing a different Currier & Ives print on its face, is \$4 at Federal Smallwares. Speaking of adoring nannies, as we were a while ago, a "Winnie-the-Pooh" game in which plastic figures of Pooh, Piglet, Rabbit, and Christopher Robin move around a board depicting scenes based on the Milne books is \$3.50 at Macy's. And for children who protest about the exclusion of Kanga and Roo, the United Nations Gift Center has a sixteen-inch brown plush kangaroo with a seven-inch baby in her pouch for



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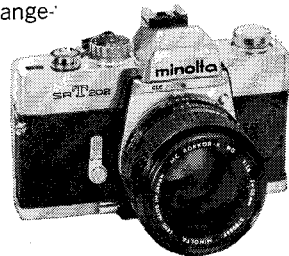


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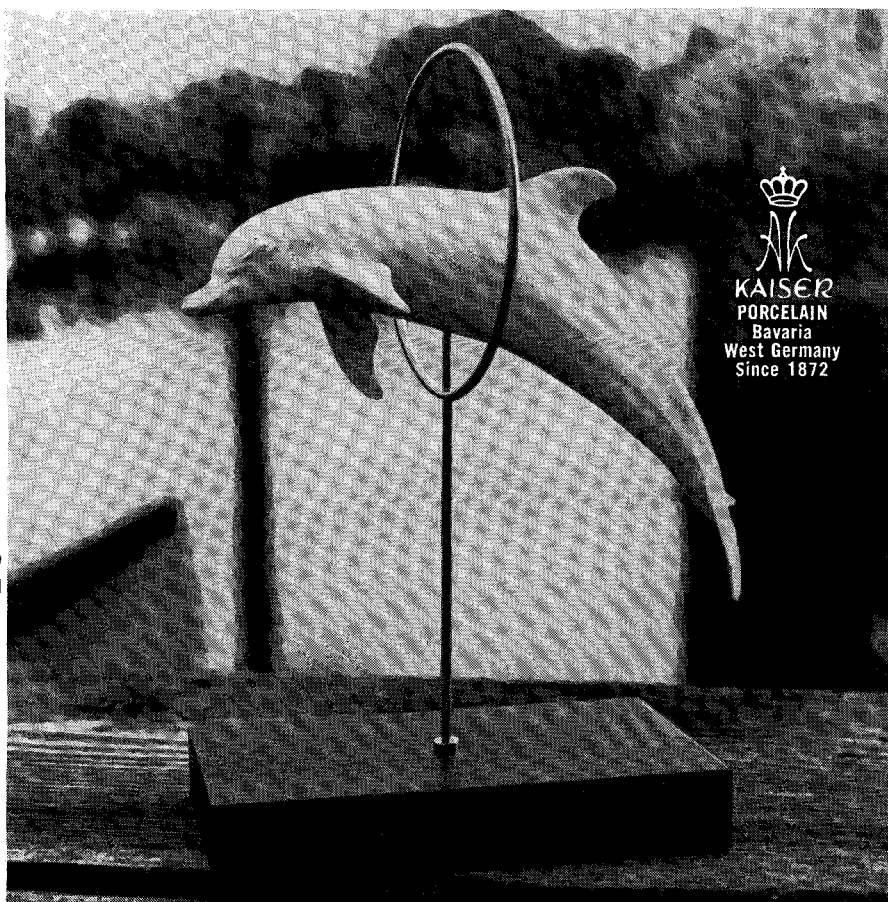
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\$32. "The most exciting kite you will ever fly" is the way Childcraft describes a four-sail kite said to have been designed by Alexander Graham Bell; \$5.

It's getting closer and closer to that great day, isn't it? Perfect for hanging on the family tree that counts this time of year, six two-inch wooden angels with golden wings, wearing red-and-white painted outfits, and each carrying a tiny musical instrument, are a dollar apiece at Altman's. And at Bergdorf's, besides a fine large Snoopy, twenty inches tall, for \$14, you'll find, for a dollar less, a seventeen-inch-long Christmas stocking of red-and-white plush, decorated with a drawing of Snoopy in a Santa Claus outfit. Inside are two Snoopy tree ornaments, a stick-on Snoopy patch, and an eight-inch Snoopy doll for the big Snoopy or someone else you know to play with. Oh, yes, and there's a thirty-four-inch felt pennant that says "There are times when life is pure joy." Do you hear music? It's the "Merry Christmas" record by the "Sesame Street" crowd (CTW 25516; \$5.98), bringing you many of the more jubilant songs and stories of the season. Some are done straight and some with variations that you might expect from those who hang out at that well-known address: six rubber duckies instead of six geese a-laying are on their "Twelve Days of Christmas" list, for instance. Bah, humbug! to any of you whose favorite is Oscar, who grows "I Hate Christmas" ("I can't think of anything that's dumber/To a grouch, Christmas is a bummer"). Hasn't there been enough gloom around here? Turn the record over and listen to Susan and Gordon sing "Silver Bells"—"City sidewalks, busy sidewalks, dressed in holiday style.... It's Christmas time in the city...." Merry Christmas!

An undetermined amount of money was found missing from a dollar bill changer at the Mrs. Wash Laundry at Washington Plaza, police said. A rear door was forced open to gain access to the premises.

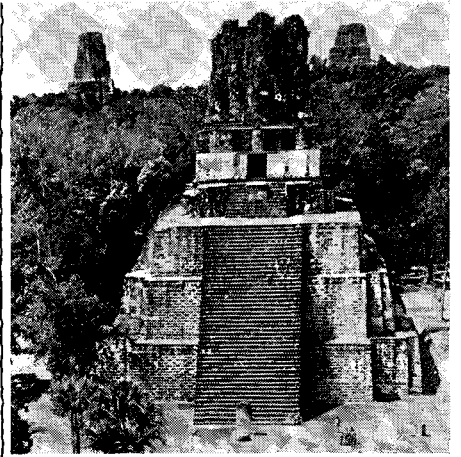
The incident, which was reported Sunday morning at 6:50, led police to believe the breaking and entry occurred sometime earlier that morning.—*Middletown (Conn.) Press.*

Straight thinkers, the cops.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the Wall Street Journal]

"This campaign is like a Shakespearean tragedy," complains Hamilton Putnam, a Concord, N.H., public-relations man. "It combines trash and mishmash."



Tikal

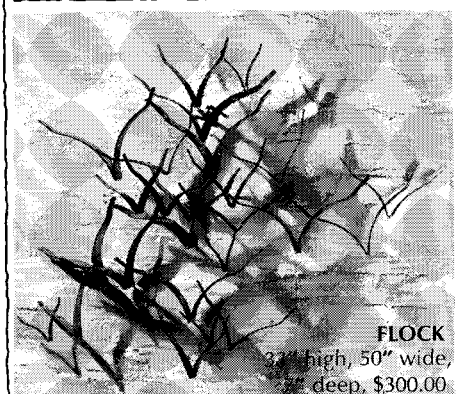
Voyage to Mayaluum

January 17 to January 31

Fly to Jamaica, join fewer than 150 passengers aboard a vessel built as the world's largest private yacht. Sail on the 23rd voyage of her still exclusive course to Grand Cayman, Cozumel, Yucatan, then inside Central America's great barrier reef to Belize, Guatemala, Honduras and The Bay Islands. Visit magnificent and remote Mayan sites, unsurpassed in the Americas, and enjoy untracked beaches and islands still unknown to tourism. New York inclusive rates are from \$1340 to \$1790 per person, double.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB Co.

400 Madison Avenue
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"First in Travel Since 1879"



FLOCK

22" high, 50" wide,
22" deep, \$300.00

William Bowie Write for
color catalog
202 E. 77th St.
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO NEW YORK 10021



Elegantly simple. Simply elegant.

Windermere is a certain kind of resort. Elegant but simple. Friendly but exclusive. Relaxed but sophisticated.

In a setting that is almost perfection. If you wish to have further information on Windermere, call or write to: Jane Baker, 711 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, (212) 573-8958

**"Let's see
what the week of the 15th
looks like."**

52 weekly spreads,
each with spaces for
daily appointments.

**"Next Thursday
is really jammed."**

Plenty of room for
all your appointments
in this 8-by-10,
128-page diary,
covered in
light-brown
leatherette.

**"It's a nice place
to visit..."**

A selective list
of mid-town hotels
plus many places of
interest such as
the Planetarium,
Botanical Garden,
Aquarium, etc.

**"It's at Cinema II?
Is that at
58th or 57th?"**

A listing of selected
movie houses,
theatres,
museums,
galleries,
sports arenas.

THE NEW YORKER
DIARY



1976

DECEMBER
ALREADY?

Don't you think you'd better order today?

**"And then,
after
theatre..."**

Some notes on
New York night life —
where to go,
what to do.

**"The fourth Tuesday
of next month is..."**

Three-month calendar on each two-page spread,
plus reference calendars for 1975, 1976, 1977.

"Heh, heh"

Many cartoons
from the pages of
The New Yorker.

**For Appointments
For Reference or just
For Laughs**

The New Yorker 1976 Diary. \$10.

Use the coupon to order by mail. Please add \$1. per diary for shipping and handling.

New York residents please add sales tax. Or reserve your copy now at a fine store near you.

The New Yorker
Suite 1102
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Yes, please send me _____ copies of The New Yorker Diary. I've enclosed my check for \$_____.

THE AIR

Three Views of Women

I. "RING AROUND THE COLLAR!"

THIS half-minute commercial for a laundry detergent called Wisk appears fairly frequently on daytime and evening television. In a recent version, a young woman and a young man are shown being led down the corridor of a hotel by a bellman who is carrying suitcases. The hotel seems to be an attractive one—not very elegant but definitely not an ordinary motel. Similarly, the young man and woman are attractive, but with nothing either glamorous or working-class about their appearance. Perhaps he is a junior executive. And she is probably his wife, though there is nothing so far that says that the two people are married. Since the framework of the drama is a commercial, the assumption is that they *are* married. On the other hand, against the familiar framework of similar modern movie scenes, there is no such assumption; possibly it is the beginning of an adventure. Then, suddenly, the bellman drops one of the suitcases in the corridor; some of the contents of the suitcase spill out; the bellman crouches down on the corridor carpet to put the items back in. He notices one of the man's shirts and holds it up. "Ring around the collar!" he says

accusingly; these words are then taken up in the kind of singsong chant that has become a feature of these ads. The man looks puzzled and let down. The woman examines the offending shirt and looks mortified and aghast. By now, whatever slight elegance or intimations of adventure may have existed at the beginning of the scene have totally disintegrated, and, indeed, have quickly re-formed themselves into the classic hubby-and-housewife focus of most television commercials. The wife admits her mistake—to the bellman and her husband—of having used an inadequate detergent, and the scene changes to what is apparently the laundry area of her house, where the wife (now back in her regular "wifely" clothes) discusses the merits of using Wisk when doing the family wash.

In a number of ways, this is the most noticeably irritating of the housewife commercials. There is a nagging, whiny quality to the "Ring around the collar!" chant which is almost a caricature of the nagging, whiny voices of earlier Hollywood and TV-commercial housewives but which deliberately stops before the point of caricature is reached. In the manner of certain other ads—especially those for aspirin and "cold remedies"—it is a commercial

that expressly announces its own irritatingness. We are going to repeat and repeat and repeat, these commercials say, and we are going to grate on your nerves—and you are going to remember us. At times, this sales approach has been given various fine-sounding methodological names by advertisers, but essentially it is the voice of the small boy who wants something: I want, I want, I want, I want—and finally you give it to him. In this case, the small boy wants you to buy his detergent, and who is to tell him no?

On the level of anti-female condescension, the "Ring around the collar!" ad seems to go even beyond irritation. In most housewife commercials, the housewife is portrayed as little more than a simpering, brainless jelly, almost pathologically obsessed with the world of kitchen floors or laundry, or of the celebrated "bathroom bowl." But in the Wisk commercials the standard trivializing portrait is accompanied by quite unusual brutality. As if in a reverse Cinderella process, the young prince and his companion not only are stopped in their tracks by the hazard of the Dirty Shirt (and the curse cry of "Ring around the collar!") but, instantly, as if under a magic spell, are snatched from the hotel-palace and returned to their previous existence—she to profess folk-happiness among the laundry tubs, and he, presumably, to his northern New England sales route. Sex is back to what it used to be: the identityless woman in the travelling suit is replaced by the beaming housewife in housewifely attire. And it is all the result of *her* failure in not having properly attended to her husband's needs—in having exposed him to the scorn of the bellman who guarded the erotic corridor. The fable does not end in tragedy—for though Cinderella is back among the laundry tubs, she now has good magic on her side. But it has been a sobering experience.

II. PHYLLIS DOESN'T QUITE SAVE ALCATRAZ

TWO recent comedy series, "Phyllis" and "Rhoda," make much of their portrayals of "new women." Rhoda, who originated as an independent working-girl type on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," began her existence as a modern heroine by moving to New York, where she eventually formed a partnership with another woman as a professional window decorator. Phyllis was also a character part on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show;" after the death of her husband, she moved to San Francisco, where she



"A word to the wise, Bodner. In this morning's meeting, you were referred to as 'a certain party who shall remain nameless.'"

If you prefer accommodations with exceptional style, the Preferred Hotels can accommodate you.

American Express has found that the Preferred Hotels Association is unique. Each of the 24 hotels is individually owned and each is dedicated to fine service and gracious surroundings.

If you are familiar with the reputation of any one of the hotels, you already know a lot about the rest. In addition to sharing standards of excellence, Preferred Hotels also share a

central reservation number, to make travel planning easier and more convenient.

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- The Drake Chicago
- The Brown Palace Hotel Denver
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- The Warwick Houston
- The Hotel Atkinson Indianapolis
- Alameda Plaza Kansas City
- The Pfister Hotel & Tower Milwaukee
- The Marquette Inn—The Northstar Inn Minneapolis
- The Pontchartrain Hotel New Orleans
- The Pierre New York City
- The Adams Phoenix
- Hotel Roanoke Roanoke, Virginia
- The Hotel Utah Salt Lake City
- The Clayton Inn St. Louis
- The Watergate Hotel Washington, D.C.
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The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

SM

antartex sheepskin coats from Scotland



No.53: \$210 white fleece

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond model William Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—31 styles, 9 skin colours, 8 sheepskin types—from \$110.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs, mitts, handmade knitwear. Suppliers Antarctic Expeditions; 1975 British Everest Expedition.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS

New York City: 903 Madison Avenue (at E.72) 10021, 212 535-9079.
14 West 55th St. (at 5th) 10019.
212-765-1455

Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich Ave. 06830.
203-661-5788

Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston St., Harvard Sq., 02138. 617-868-6083

Minneapolis, Minn: 928 Nicollet Mall, 55402.
612-339-1276

Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E-W Tollway to 31) 60134. 312-232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertsons 240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312-CE 4-9100

Philadelphia: 80 E. Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood, Phila. 19096. 215-MI 9-5722

Pittsfield, Mass: 15 North St., 01201.
413-442-2171

Washington, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St. North, 20007. 202-338-8078

Detroit, Birmingham, Mich: 141 E. Maple Road, 48011. 313-642-8011

San Francisco, Calif: 1869 Union Street, 94123. 415-346-1869

Montreal, Quebec: 1522 West Sherbrooke St., 514-935-4142

Toronto, Ontario: 79 Yorkeville Ave., M5R-1C1. 416-922-2566

For catalogue and real sheepskin samples, send \$1 (credited to your order) with name and address to:

ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP AT1

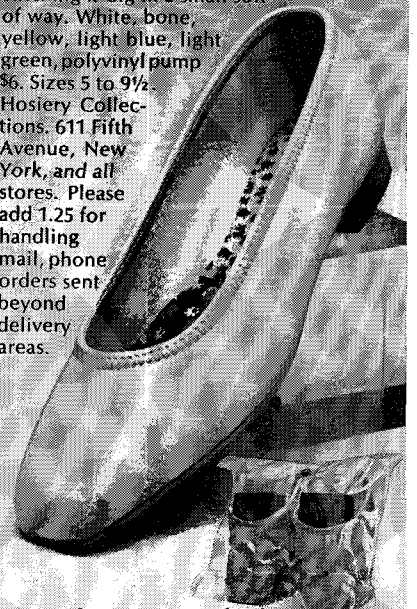
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich Conn: 06830.

lives with her late husband's parents and works as an assistant in a photography studio. Both heroines are played by capable comic actresses, though Valerie Harper, who plays Rhoda, has a more limited range than Cloris Leachman, who plays Phyllis. The tone of both shows is decidedly "modern," being focussed on the sprightly independence of their heroines. In each show, for example, before the week's episode begins, there is a kind of film-montage of the woman, accompanied by a song, which attempts to reinforce the imagery of her stage character. Rhoda, on the whole, is portrayed as the more urban of the two. In the film-montage, she is shown, week after week, braving the hazards of New York life and mastering them. She is the career girl who works hard and manages to have a good time. Phyllis is shown as someone who is less urban than Rhoda but is perhaps more active. Older than Rhoda, she is not merely the warm-hearted widow—she is the warm-hearted, modern, *engagée* widow, the other-directed woman alone.

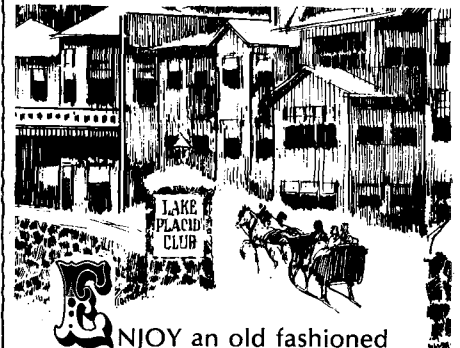
This, at any rate, is what the two programs say they are showing. What they do show, for the most part, is something much more familiar: the standard entertainment-comedy heroine. In Rhoda's story, for example, shortly after coming to New York she took up with a man and soon married him. Aside from the film-montage at the beginning, virtually every episode of "Rhoda" reveals a fairly routine, husband-and-wife domestic comedy, which should probably be retitled "Rhoda and Joe," and which takes place in a singularly uncitlylike city. Rhoda's career still exists in a remote, technical sense, but it rarely exists on camera, where most of the comedy and the plot action consist of Rhoda playing off on the genial and masculine Joe—whose masculinity extends to his profession, which is owning a small demolition company. Rhoda's feminism, in fact, is almost entirely limited to verbal repartee and wisecracks. The content of the jokes, of course, is "modern"—that is, it is based on the supposed tensions and mishaps that might result from the pairing of good-natured, semi-hardhat Joe and sassy, career-girl Rhoda—but the actuality of the humor is standard husband-and-wife byplay. A recent episode, for instance, had Rhoda trying to cajole Joe into hiring a good-for-nothing boyfriend of her sister's. In folklore language, Joe is patient and "strong," Rhoda is sharp-tongued and "smart." Rhoda's principal career consists of manipulating Joe.

I love it!

The lightest stepper afoot tucks into a small niche in my suitcase, gives me total comfort in every port. Folds up to half its size—the foam and tricot lined pump with top stitching is big in a small sort of way. White, bone, yellow, light blue, light green, polyvinyl pump \$6. Sizes 5 to 9½. Hosiery Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail, phone orders sent beyond delivery areas.



The new soft shoe—
and it's from *Saks Fifth Avenue*



ENJOY an old fashioned Christmas with the family at the Lake Placid Club where traditional events such as Yule Log Hunt, Wassail Bowl and Nativity Pageant are a part of the holidays.

Winter Sports include skiing, ski-touring, snowmobiling, ice skating, paddle tennis and tobogganing.

Lake Placid Club

Lake Placid, New York 12946
M. Eugene Wilson
President and General Manager
Telephone: 518/523-3361

BROADWAY JOE

"NEW YORK'S TOP
STEAK HOUSE"

315 W.46 St. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9272

In the other "new-woman" comedy, "Phyllis," the heroine's role has been blandly subverted in another familiar show-business way. Where Rhoda has been gradually transformed into a retooled version of the sassy, oh-so-vaguely sexually knowing side of Lucy, in "I Love Lucy," Cloris Leachman's Phyllis has become the madcap, muddled, meddlesome aspect of the same old vaudeville prototype. In a recent episode—which was, naturally, preceded by the enhancing weekly film-montage of the heroine—the slight story was set in motion by the device of Phyllis, the *engagée* woman, trying to get signatures for a petition to restore the prison on Alcatraz Island and turn it into a museum. Not only was this device so meretricious and half-hearted that it was never referred to again but even when Phyllis was shown trying to get the signatures, the whole idea of her working on the petition was turned into a joke—another madcap antic. Thus having touched base on Phyllis's social involvement, and also having scored a couple of laughs off this same involvement, the program could pursue its accustomed course, which on this occasion had to do with madcap Phyllis meddling in the romantic affairs of her boss. True to the up-to-date spirit of these "new-woman" comedies, the boss was predictably a woman—and the photographer whom Phyllis here and there "assists" has decided overtones of gayness. But none of this matters. It is all fuel for show-business comedy routines that existed long before most of the participants were born. "Jerry was *supposed* to be *going* with Julie, but now *he* turns up *here* with *that*!" says Phyllis at one point, getting the harebrained, breathless scansion of the line just right. Thus speaks TV comedy's "new woman."

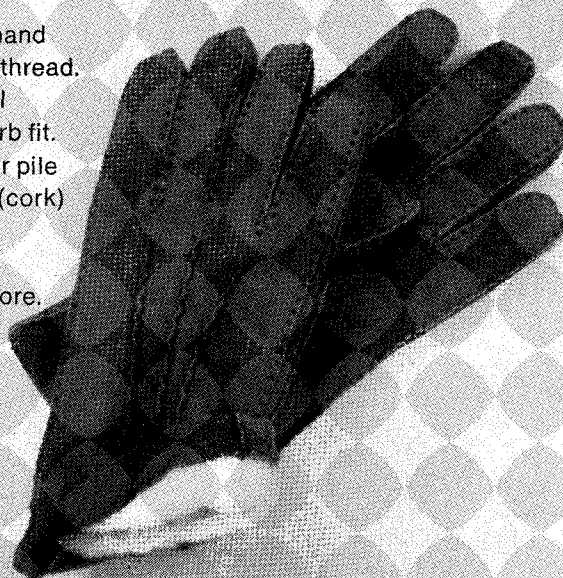
III. GEORGE SAND SETS AN EXAMPLE

PUBLIC television has imported from England a number of series programs that deal either historically or obliquely (or both) with the women's movement. "Shoulder to Shoulder" has offered an examination of the woman-suffrage movement in England. "Jennie" has provided a historical and reasonably accurate portrait of a remarkable and ambitious Edwardian figure—Jennie Jerome, who became Lady Randolph Churchill. Recently, "Notorious Woman" has been giving the American public-television audience a glimpse of an even more historically distant woman of unusual qualities—George Sand. These programs are his-

Male Chauvinist Pigskin

gloves designed by *John Weitz*
expressly
for male chauvinists

Sueded pigskin leather
with every desirable male trait:
smooth, supple, bold,
handsome. Sewn by hand
with rugged baseball thread.
Reinforced side panel
construction for superb fit.
Super-warm polyester pile
lining. Colors: pecan (cork)
& tobacco (brown).
Sizes S, M, L, XL.
\$12 at your favorite store.



Elmer Little & Sons, Inc. Since 1893. Johnstown, New York



Experience what history's greatest tourists experienced.

The Romans gazed in amazement. The British marvelled. And now it's your turn. Come bargain in ancient bazaars, ride camelback to the pyramids, glide down the Nile to Karnak and Luxor. PIA's tours to Egypt start at \$834.50, and the magic begins as you step aboard our luxurious DC-10s. See your travel agent, or mail the coupon.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES PIA NY-3
Great people to fly with.

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545 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen: Please tell me more about
PIA'S "ETERNAL EGYPT" TOURS.

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Street _____

City _____

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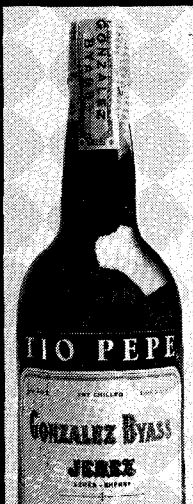
The drink that mixes well with business.

When you break for lunch and take the meeting with you, chances are you won't have time to concentrate on what you're eating. So to start the conversation off light, order the driest of sherries. Tio Pepe.

Tio Pepe is dry like a martini. It even looks like one. But it's the sociable drink, when you'd rather not have a martini.

So when you go out for lunch, you can still mix business with pleasure.

Tio Pepe


IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

torical in that they refer to historical moments, and thus afford the British stage designers an opportunity to provide the kind of ample, expensive effects that the American public rarely finds in domestic programs save through the budgets of commercial TV; but their main dramatic purpose seems to consist in tuning in to the relatively advanced feminist sympathies (and fantasies) of the more educated, and often more well-to-do, audience.

In "Notorious Woman," for example, a tacit bond is assumed to exist between the sensibility of the audience and the intent of the program. Antifeminist dialogue here is spoken with a certain relish and without apparent irony, because there is an assumption that the minority audience will not only perceive the implicit irony of the position but find some satisfaction in feeling superior to it. "A woman is equal to a man in all ways," says George Sand's grandmother, "and superior in many. But never say so—to a man." And "Child, you have very few physical attributes, but thank God you have a good figure." And "A woman needs stability: a home, children." And "When love ceases in a marriage, all that is left is sacrifice." And so on. Much of the point of "Notorious Woman" lies in the inherent satire of such remarks—and in its being played to a modern audience that can automatically detect the correct weight of a line such as "A woman needs stability . . ."

In the second episode of the series, when George Sand has come to Paris, leaving behind her children and a strangely understanding provincial husband, the separation between the drama of events and the drama of the program's sexual politics becomes even sharper. For George Sand was clearly intelligent, ambitious, and one of the great pains in the neck of nineteenth-century Europe. But as she is played by Rosemary Harris and defined by the dialogue she is to be glimpsed mainly as an embattled feminist. The import of the drama, in fact, is virtually confined to what the producers think might be attractive to a modern feminist sensibility. Men are rascally or brutish or weak—except, of course, for Honoré de Balzac, who is a good fellow. And George Sand is a kind of latter-day Joan of Arc, decked out in stylish gowns (except when she now and then wears men's clothes as a stunt) and trampling resolutely over the various people she has somehow hauled into her path, on her way to "live her own life." It is a handsomely

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The Ritz is for them.



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Sea Fare of the Aegean

25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.
THE FINEST IN SEA FOOD
AM. EX. Accepted

mounted production that begs as many questions as it disposes of.

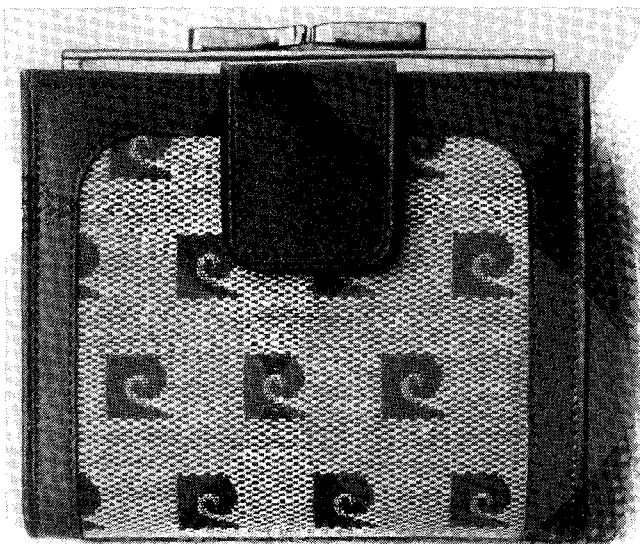
ON the surface, these different views of women seem to have little in common—except, possibly, that they each to some degree represent the general ambiguity toward the shifting of male-female relations.

The least ambiguous approach is that of the “Ring around the collar!” commercial, which seems to speak with relatively little self-doubt to the sizable audience of American women whose lives are still confined to the house and whose anxieties (though unquestionably changing) are still determined largely by feelings of home-oriented inadequacy. Also fairly free of self-doubt are the British-made, public-television productions, such as “Notorious Woman,” which speak to the smaller, growing audience of men and women (though, one imagines, mostly women) who are attempting to rethink and refashion society along more feminist lines. And somewhere between the two, as might perhaps be expected—displaying the least conviction, and the most evasion, confusion, and fast footwork—are “Rhoda” and “Phyllis,” the products of the West Coast entertainment factories.

What the housewife commercials as a whole appear to say, in fact, is not only that the majority of women are still in the kitchen but that they are desperately unsure of where they want to be instead. *Business Week*, for example, displays a woman executive on its cover, accompanied by the headline “THE CORPORATE WOMAN: UP THE LADDER, FINALLY,” and *Newsweek* publishes a story about the special difficulties of a modern marriage in which both husband and wife are not merely employed but successfully and ambitiously employed—two corporate lawyers, say, or Carla and Roderick Hills. But, at the same time, one of the best-selling paperback books in the nation is a strange little tract called “The Total Woman” (“How to Make Your Marriage Come Alive!”), by Marabel Morgan. The one subject that Mrs. Morgan doesn’t address in her book is the total woman, whoever she may be, for the treatise is a curiously chaste (though there is some rather giggly advice for “comforting” your man) self-help manual for those seemingly myriad women who find the actuality of work difficult and unpleasant, and who find the anxieties of their husbands sometimes even more difficult and unpleasant, and who are thereby advised to duck both sets of difficulties

The most elegant touch you can add to any fashion look.

Pierre Cardin’s “Signature” Accessories.



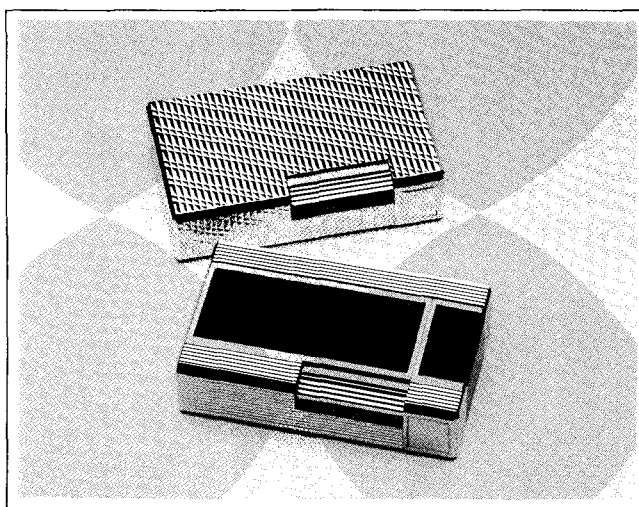
Princess Gardner proudly presents Pierre Cardin’s “Signature” Collection of fine, matching leather accessories. Above, the Continental French Purse. In rich Espresso Brown. Leather-lined. \$20.00.

Prince Gardner, A Division of SWANK, INC., is the sole distributor of Pierre Cardin Personal Leather Goods for women in the U.S.A. You’ll find them at the finest stores.

**Pierre
CARDIN**

Give the gift
that’s worth its weight
in gold.

(The S. T. Dupont Lighter. \$3000 and down.)



One of the world’s sublime gifts, the S. T. Dupont Lighter is priced from \$90 to \$3000, according to the market price of gold. Available in gold or silver finish, hand applied Chinese lacquer, and solid gold.

S.T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES À PARIS

The soft elegance
of fine jewelry.
The rock-hard
logic of economics.
Solid gold from
The Colonial
Gold Forge.



The everlasting
Christmas gift
... gold bracelets
pendants and
napkin holders.
Combine a gold
investment with
the grace and deli-
cacy of beautiful
jewelry.
Call or write
today for our free
color brochure.

The Colonial Gold Forge

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201/239-7112

L.L.Bean, Inc.



Bean's Touring Cap

Attractive and sturdy sports cap of brushed pigskin leather. Pigskin "breathes", is flexible and retains shape. Impregnated with Scotchgard®, highly rain resistant, with snapped down visor. Fully rayon lined. Easily cleaned by brushing.

Color, Taupe.

Men's sizes: Small (6¾-7), Medium (7-7½), Large (7½-8), Extra Large (8-8½).

Price, \$7.50 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship _____ Touring Caps @ \$7.50 ppd.

Size _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Outdoor Sporting Specialties

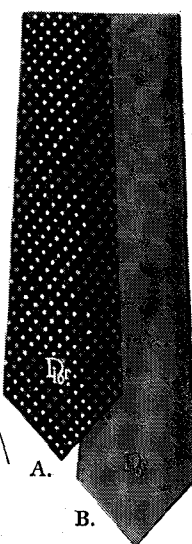
L. L. Bean, Inc.

375 Main Street, Freeport, ME 04032

and stay in the kitchen, wearing frilly lingerie under the apron and cooing like a partridge. It is a mighty silly book on most levels, and in some ways it is worse than that, because it exploits modern women's new fears by claiming either that they don't exist or that they can be giggled away. On the evidence of the past several years, modern women are basically embarked upon an irreversible adventure, with important consequences of gain and loss for all parties, though lately some of the surface consequences (such as loneliness, sexual isolation, and fears of financial independence) have jarred progress toward further equality and a more concrete independence. Mrs. Morgan has apparently stepped in to say, "Let your anxieties be your guide; Daddy was right all along." And thousands of women, for the time being, seem willing to agree.

I mention Mrs. Morgan at this point because the success that her book appears to be enjoying across the nation indicates that in some ways the voice of the Wisk commercial—for all its charmless idiocy—speaks more honestly and directly to the mass of viewers than do the supposedly women-enhancing dramatic programs such as "Rhoda" and "Phyllis." In both these shows, the heroines play at being "new women": independent and involved in the real world. Not only that but the game is alleged to be a cheery one played out in pleasant surroundings, with no problems between the sexes so tangled or murky that they cannot be resolved by good humor or a wisecrack. In the real world, though, where the women who buy Wisk and "The Total Woman" reside, there seems to be relatively little playing at independence, and such modest role-changing as now exists amid the general populace seems to be often a source of deep new anxieties. The housewife commercial, in short, catches the mass of women at the point where many of them have stopped short—afraid or simply unable to leap over the wall. It is not, perhaps, a noble or romantic position, but it is a human one, and it appears to be a true one. High-minded programs such as "Notorious Woman," on the other hand, show an elite of remarkable, historic female personages in the act of making the leap (always a romantic, historic leap) and landing safely on the other side. In these programs, sentiments of the kind propounded by Marabel Morgan in the present ("Admire your husband every day. . . . Say something nice about his body today. . . . Be touchable and kissable. . . . God planned for

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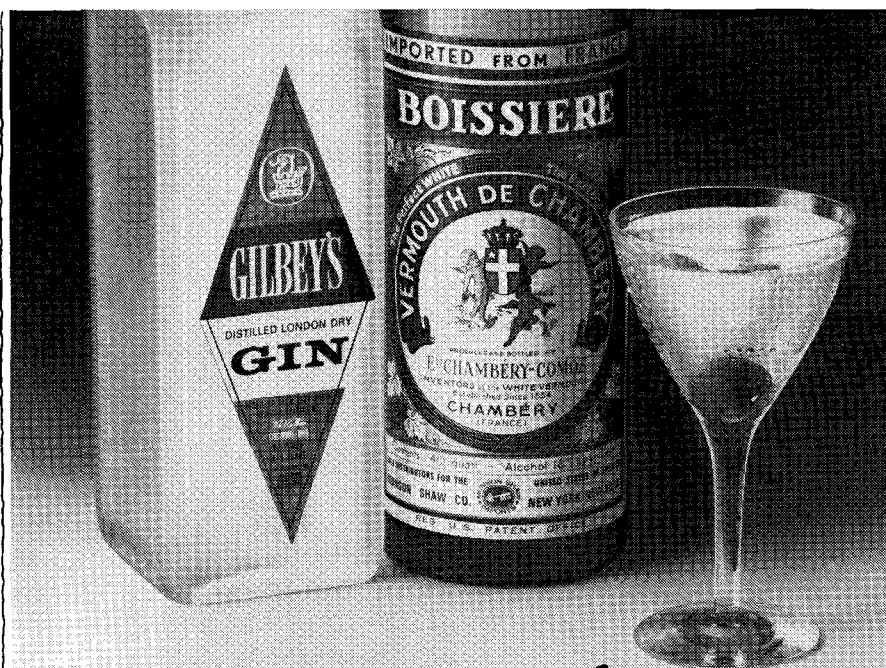
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Yousuf Karsh

woman to be under her husband's rule") are set back in time a century or so and played for comic or satiric effect. "Surely there are greater accomplishments for a woman than merely being the object of a man's lust?" asks young George Sand. Replies her grandmother, "My dear, I shouldn't ridicule an ambition you may never achieve." And so on. The emancipation of George Sand is real in that it is shown to have taken place, but at the same time it is a dream-world of costume and fine-sounding rhetoric. Also, in as many of these programs as I have seen, there remains a notable absence of sex and of the actuality of sexual problems—an absence that surely plays to one of the crucial fantasies of men and women alike in their imaginings of a new society. George Sand makes much of her wish to have the same sexual freedom as men—or, at least, as gentlemen—but what the reality of her sexual life and disposition was is largely hidden behind the mask of pageant and curiously recycled speech: "Am I nothing more than a sexual receptacle?" this nineteenth-century lady says at one point. Sex is presumed to exist as an important human activity, but what it is or means—a subject that men and women are now ceaselessly exploring in their private and semi-private lives—apparently must never be explored on television. Public television's "new woman" may not be the addleheaded Kewpie doll of "The Total Woman," but, for all the rhetoric of emancipation, she is still fairly squeaky-clean: a romantic figure, untouched by sexual nightmares—another fantasy.

In fact, what a cursory examination of the portrayal of women on television reveals is only incidentally the trivialization of women's roles and the ambiguities inherent in most of the portraits. What mainly stands out is the absence of anything resembling true sexual feeling or relationships—except, strangely, in some of the commercials. The Wisk commercial, after all, is chiefly about sex—as was the folklore from which it derives. The inadequacies are sexual inadequacies. The fears are sexual fears. The "drama" of the ad is a sexual drama: a search for erotic fulfillment gone awry through an act of infidelity—with the young couple sent back to acquire sufficient virtue for another attempt. Nothing like such a story seems to exist in television's supposed storytelling sector, where (unlike the world of the poor, simpering housewife) erotic fulfillment never seems to greatly interest any of the fictional characters. Sex for Rhoda,



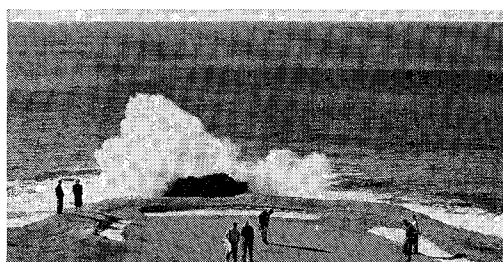
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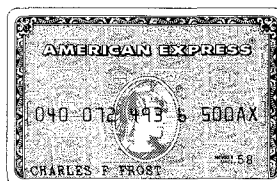
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or Phyllis, or Mary Tyler Moore, or Archie Bunker, or Kojak, or Columbo, etc., either doesn't exist or is a joke or a "plot development" out of pulp fiction. Sometimes a tough-guy TV detective, such as Matt Helm, will engage in "sexy" byplay with a "sexy" woman, but this is hardly ever more than childishly unconvincing posturing—a different kind of joke. Perhaps, in a nation that, in its genial madness, insists (at least linguistically) on lumping together physical love and murder in a social concept called "sex and violence," one can't really expect much greater sanity of its popular culture. And, given the remarkable absence of sex from television entertainment (in contrast to its increased presence in virtually every other aspect of American life), there is probably bound to be a certain heightened desire for depictions of violence, even of violent sport: the boarding-school or prison effect. Still, it is a strangely sexless electronic desert that Americans stare into every evening, and much of the day; and one where, as a consequence, it is virtually impossible (even if anyone should wish to try) to portray women with any truth and depth in their present changing situation. Giving sex its human place in television entertainment would not automatically create a roster of brilliant female (or male) characters, but it would be a help, and, at least, it would make it difficult to produce so many false ones.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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The falling snow
is a white shroud
and all
our bodies fit.
Who can remember
when the clocks
turned their faces
inside out and Bethlehem
so far away like the next town?

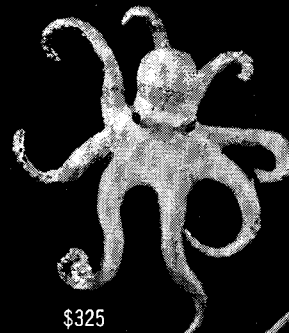
On the floor of the prison yard
some fallen Angel has written
GOD
in the snow.

In a dark chapel
3 of us intone
World without end.
Today and every day we are His.
Father, I have come not to ask
but to be forgotten
like the snow that covers us.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Poses

RANCHO DELUXE," from a jaunty, picaresque original script by the novelist Thomas McGuane, played around the country last spring and summer, but it is just now opening in New York. Shot against the regal Montana Big Sky country by the elegiac cinematographer William A. Fraker, it is a flip, absurdist modern Western. Jack (Jeff Bridges), a dropout from the upper middle class, and Cecil (Sam Waterston), a wryly bemused Indian, are rip-off artists—cattle rustlers. They rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them. They do it, Jack says, "to keep from falling asleep." McGuane's specialty is the comedy in the disparateness of American life, and he provides idiosyncratic dialogue and laconic juxtapositions. Jack and Cecil dismember steers with a chain saw and shoot up a shiny Continental Mark IV with a buffalo gun; the cow-country girls they date work in a factory tying flies for fishermen and chatter about the "I Ching." Brown (Clifton James), the cattle baron that Jack and Cecil rustle from, calls a press conference to announce that he's declaring war on the rustlers; and his twitchy wife (Elizabeth Ashley) isn't getting the action she hoped for when they sold their beauty-parlor business in Schenectady and headed West. The only charge Brown is getting is from the tingles that the rustlers are giving him; as the movie sees it, they're doing him a favor. "Rancho Deluxe" is far from stupid, but it isn't very likable. In its view, the world is divided between the Browns—clowns who get piggishly worked up about their distractions—and the bored, lost-generation heroes for whom the West is a carnival wasteland and rustling is a trip.

McGuane updates the star-novelist romanticism of earlier eras. Hemingway appeals to the little boy in readers, that little boy who feels he must be tough and win the fight and prove himself a man; Fitzgerald appeals to the adolescent in readers, that adolescent who believes in the ideal girl and moonlit romance. McGuane seems to see himself as the inheritor of both attitudes—with a difference. Jack and Cecil kill animals cleanly and perfectly but with a wanton casualness; they don't feel more manly for it. And they're mock-courtlly with their girls, Betty Fargo (Patti d'Arbanville) and her sister Mary (Maggie Wellman),

because they don't feel connected to them. Jack and Cecil do what they do as a joke; that's what makes them McGuane heroes. McGuane's pose is romantic absurdism, and disconnectedness—maybe of necessity, since he's miserably lost when he tries to establish ordinary human relations (as in a scene where Jack goes home and has dinner with his parents and his estranged wife). Jack and Cecil—stoned aristocrats—consider themselves "the last of the plainsmen," and they have their own, existential noblesse oblige. "Rancho Deluxe" is rooted in Nick Carraway's naïve, snobbish "A sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth," but for McGuane hipness is included among the decencies. Fitzgerald, like his Gatsby, was defenselessly, blindly romantic. McGuane may be just as much of a victim, but his writing here is all jumpy defenses and elliptical throwaway jokes to smarten up the attractiveness of the doomed. (His Gatsby would have had a million frizzy retorts.)

The movie medium has a way of exposing snobbery right down to its puerile roots. One of the most offensive films I've ever seen—"The Sporting Club," directed by Larry Peerce—was based on a small, trim McGuane novel. It dealt with a similar situation: a private deer park in northern Michigan where the grotesque affluent frolicked. When I saw it, the audience

booed. "Rancho Deluxe" isn't as antipathetic as that was; it's sputteringly enjoyable. But I gather that it has had a negative response in some theatres, and I can see why. It isn't just because of Frank Perry's lustreless direction and unvarying pace. It's because when McGuane is stripped of the prose style of his novels, what's left is self-conscious, self-protective cleverness. As in "The Sporting Club," the hero is a rich boy contemptuous of his own class and playing tricks on it. McGuane uses American self-mockery to glamorize the young who dig the crazy incongruities and turn alienation into sport. Jack's and Cecil's sly asides are too kicky, too pleased. Sitting in the audience, we're not as charmed as we're meant to be. If the Big Sky area has been defiled by being turned into a backdrop for the macho posturings of nouveau-riche yokels, McGuane's romanticized macho posturings aren't much of a step up. The film is too dandyish to be satirical about the desecration of the West which the pickup-truck-and-gun-rack culture represents; McGuane and Perry are busy showing off their world-weary distaste for the vulgarity of the pink-shirted slobs, though it's not the slobs who do the killing in this movie—it's the heroes. Cecil shoots a grazing steer just to try out a gun, and we're supposed to admire his grace, because he perceives the comedy in his own *acte gratuit*. We're supposed to believe that there's no alternative between joining the pompous, paunchy middle class and trashing yourself mad. I think that at





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least some of the people in the audience reject this film because of its spoiled-schoolboy bravura. Like *Gatsby*, the greatest arrested adolescent in our literature, the heroes of "Rancho Deluxe" have no possibility of growing up. Pranksters forever, they have no past and no future—just a stoned limbo. McGuane is saying that he finds the world boring, and that it's the world's fault.

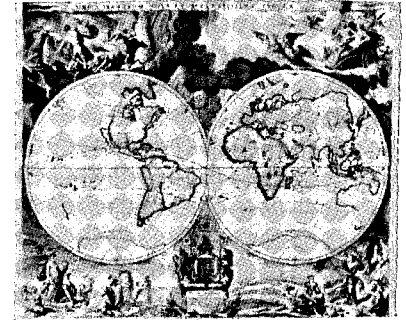
If the picture had had a roller-coaster drive to it, it might have been a hit with young audiences, who could enjoy the parent-baiting. If it had had even a few big, combustible comic scenes, Perry might have got by with it, because McGuane sets up some funny situations—his situations are much wittier than his near-beer epigrams. But the deadpan distancing makes everything seem anti-climactic, and the stunt of leaving the audience off-balance—not knowing what's going on in some of the vignettes until they're almost over—backfires; the moviemakers appear to be staying ahead of us for their own amusement, and we feel left out. The whole movie happens too far away for us to react. It's an undramatic, literary conception, with emblematic heroes, and Jeff Bridges, the most "natural" of young actors, couldn't be more wrong for it. Except in the scene of Jack and Cecil bowing to their ladies, Bridges looks physically uncomfortable; he's pudgy—his chin flows softly into his neck—and you can see him glumly struggling to find a face for a character that is no more than an attitude. As the author's mouthpiece, Bridges has to demonstrate that some ways of keeping from being bored have more style than others, and this fakery isn't in his range. He's also trapped in a hateful scene: when the Fargo girls' father breaks in on the four of them in bed and denounces the girls, Jack, the virile cavalier, forces the father to kneel and beg his daughters' forgiveness. (McGuane and Perry ought to be the ones kneeling in penance—for tainting the picture with this ugly self-righteousness.) Sam Waterston, who gave such a fossilized, unresonant performance as Nick Carraway, is surprisingly appealing as the smily pothead Cecil. Waterston is generally detached and recessive when he shouldn't be; here everything he is fits. He's got the McGuane cool—Cecil seems to be the apple of his own eye—and this relaxed, flyblown performance gives the film a hum.

In an ideal world, Frank Perry would probably be a producer rather than a producer-director; he has the



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taste to go after real writers, but he doesn't know how to shape the material they give him, or what to discard. This film has no emotional center; it wakes up when the minor characters are on the screen—particularly Slim Pickens as a detective specializing in livestock thefts, a tough old bird who pretends to be a folksy fool, and Harry Dean Stanton and Richard Bright as the Browns' clumsily companionable ranch hands. They don't have the theme-carrying burden that the heroes and the villains do; McGuane wrote woozily inventive scenes for them, and Perry's directing is more conventional but also warmer and livelier in this material—he seems on more secure comic ground. Stanton, who is one of the best character actors in American movies right now, gives the film its high spots—a conversation with Bridges in which they test each other while playing a game on a TV Ping-Pong machine, and some spaced-out-on-love routines with a smooth floozy (Charlene Dallas, who signals the audience too energetically).

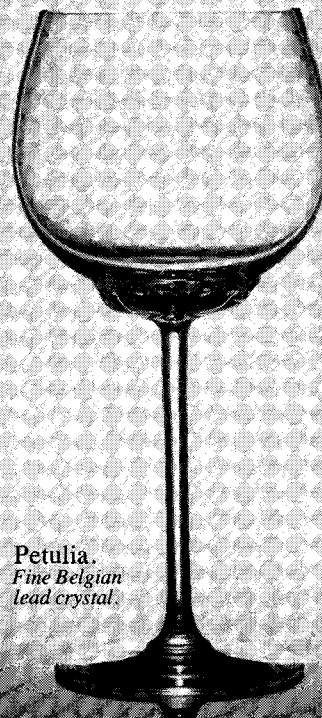
"Rancho Deluxe" wouldn't be worth talking about if McGuane weren't so talented and so elegantly controlled, even here. The picture is an oddity, because he has turned in on himself, diddling his talent, and when you play games with yourself in a movie script it shows up on the screen on an enormous scale. The film is a genuine curiosity, which is the only genuine thing about it.

JOSEPH LOSEY directed "The Romantic Englishwoman," so it naturally has very long pauses, time in which to ask yourself why Michael Caine, a pulp writer who is successful enough to live in high-swank style—a glass gazebo-greenhouse, a swimming pool, couches and chairs that crush down just right, a French au-pair (Beatrice Romand) for his little boy, and black chiffon trailing around his sexy, restive wife (Glenda Jackson)—has such awful, sticky hair. Is it because he's a self-made bourgeois, or is it to indicate that he hasn't settled into the bourgeoisie and never will, quite? Or is it something else altogether, such as the actor's negligence? This may not be a big issue, but it's as big (and as clearly motivated) as anything else that you run up against in "The Romantic Englishwoman," another flaccid essay on infidelity with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Caine, who's writing a film script about a discontented wife, pushes Glenda and Helmut together,

and whammo! They take off for the Continent, leaving him to suffer the consequences of his blockheadedness. Losey persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. The movie is a twist on life imitating art and vice versa; here it's life imitating pulp and vice versa—which might be an entertaining premise for a light comedy. In Losey's brand of mystification melodrama with leftish overtones, it's a very parched conceit. There may be some giggly amusement in the Pinteresque, cerebral chic, but the floundering scenes aren't improved by pinning them on Caine's infertile imagination; besides, we recognize these screwed-up, smoldering connotations as Losey's. As usual, he empties everything definite out of the characters, as if that would make them richly suggestive. Themes such as women's liberation are tossed in as part of the décor. Losey is deep on the surface.

Glenda Jackson is a warped choice for the conventionally acquisitive wife, but that warping is the only distinction the attenuated movie has. With her slitted eyes showing malice and her teeth on edge for grating, she's certainly not a woman that a man need feel he has to be gentle with. That could be quite a come-on, and so you can almost believe her stodgy husband's jealous obsessiveness about her—or is it meant to be just rotten bourgeois possessiveness? She flashes a handsome rump when she strolls nude away from the camera. You watch Glenda Jackson, all right, though she and the role—which provides no excuse for her affectations—never mesh. Glenda Jackson is a coiled-tight actress, who articulates each shade of emotion with such exactness that she has no fluidity and no ease. She carries no-nonsense precision to the point of brutality; she doesn't just speak her lines—she flicks them out, disgustingly. And Joseph Losey casts her as a housewife who has nothing to do except complain about the rigors of shopping, a woman who's unaware of her own emotions and has never had a clear thought in her life. Glenda Jackson is a limited screen actress, because she doesn't transcend her own conscious technique—she doesn't let go and allow us to see into her character; she's so actively in control that her performances are choppy. Yet Losey uses her as a wife who drifts with the tides, like Jeanne Moreau in the wet of "The Lovers." The casting is so de-

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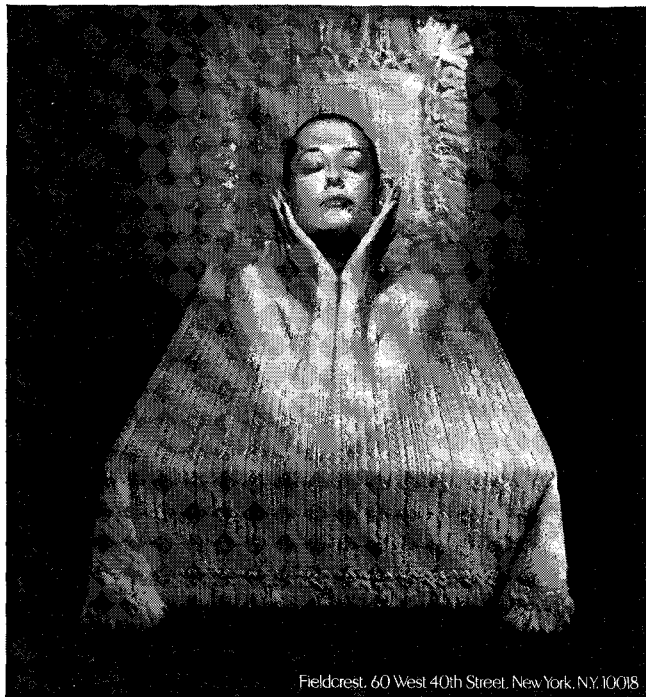
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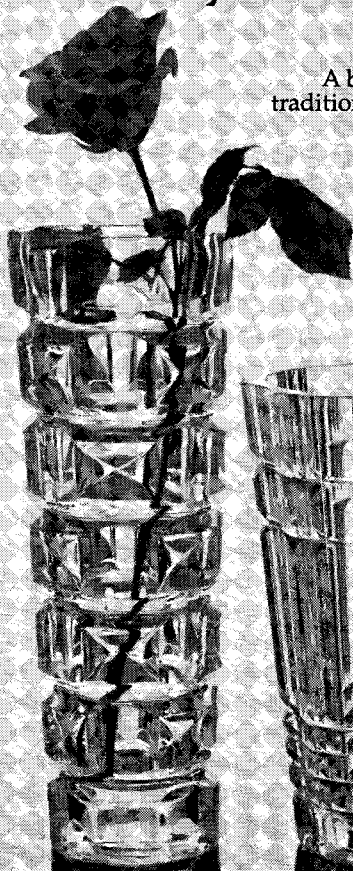


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ceptive that it takes a while before one realizes that Jackson's cold, macabre quality expresses Losey's inchoate hostility to the character she's playing. He has no sympathy at all for the wife (after all, she's bourgeois); he tries to score against both the clod novelist (who yells when angry) and his wife by romanticizing the sponging Berger with tender suggestions that he's a free man and a generous-hearted poet. Can Losey really be the man who directed "Modesty Blaise"? What's happened to his camp sense of humor? The key passages of Berger's winning Jackson's flinty heart take place offscreen, for which one duly records one's gratitude. But what is Losey thinking of when he uses Helmut Berger, in his Yves Saint Laurent ensembles, to denounce bourgeois possessions? The title "The Romantic Englishwoman" is ironic; the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything—even her lover. (But Berger is hard for the audience to swallow.) Losey's admirers interpret the nebulous politics, congealed nastiness, and languorous visual style of his movies as artistic intellectuality. I guess we don't need to ask why the sex couplings in "The Romantic Englishwoman" are always interrupted, but those who wonder why almost every sequence in the house and grounds of the bourgeois couple involves mirror reflections may be interested in Losey's explanation: "I wanted to convey that their reality was totally unreal." And if you can go for that, you're ready for a Joseph Losey retrospective, to include "Boom!," "Secret Ceremony," "Figures in a Landscape," "The Go-Between," and "The Assassination of Trotsky."

Both "Rancho Deluxe" and "The Romantic Englishwoman" are gilded with dialogue about boredom and dialogue about movies. When Helmut asks Glenda "Why have you come to Baden-Baden?" she answers "I came for the waters." When Sam Waterston asks Jeff Bridges "Did you ever see 'Cheyenne Autumn'?" Bridges mutters that he did, and Waterston says "Well, in a few years they're going to make 'Aluminum Autumn.'" Did Tom Stoppard and Tom McGuane—the peacocks of English and American letters—actually write these spuddy exchanges? They've turned boredom and movies into the same subject—if God is good, for this week only.

—PAULINE Kael

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DANCING

Momentous

A MASTERPIECE by definition transcends its time, but even masterpieces are created in response to some need of the moment. Perhaps it would be more true to say that a masterpiece doesn't so much transcend its time as perpetuate it; it keeps its moment alive. In "The Four Temperaments," revived at the New York City Ballet after some years out of repertory, the moment is luminously there. In "Danses Concertantes," the moment eludes me. Although Eugene Berman's frontcloth says 1944, the program says "New choreography by George Balanchine," and what Balanchine in part created and in part reconstructed for his revival in 1972 doesn't add up to a major work either of the forties or of the seventies. To read about the original

"Danses Concertantes," which starred Alexandra Danilova and Frederic Franklin with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, is to anticipate a joyous tease of a ballet—modest, light, and playful. The new "Danses Concertantes" is clearly modest, but it's also remote and sourish, and the Berman décor, much praised in its day, is something of a shock. (At the last performance of the ballet's run this season, the unaccountably gloomy backdrop had been removed.) Of the pas de deux for the two stars, I can only assume that it has been entirely rechoreographed, and indifferent casting from 1972 onward hasn't helped me see what Edwin Denby in 1944 described as a "happy flirtation." The much improved Robert Weiss and the highly promising Daniel Duell both danced the man's role this season, but neither as yet has the impact of a star or the quality that Denby said Franklin projected in the part—"the fatuousness of a happy male." Even if they'd had those things, that's still only one half of a flirtation.

Yet if there is a time capsule embedded in this remade "Danses Concertantes," I would guess it to be the third pas de trois (which Berman dressed in lavender). With one man supporting two stork-legged women in doubled arabesques penchées, it has the robust chic and the rippling erotic tension we associate with high-style Balanchine, and it has also a kind of systematic visual punning, an intertwining of echoes

and cross-references, that distinguishes his greatest work of the forties. What a monumental decade it was! Balanchine by then was established in America, but not solidly established; from "Concerto Barocco" and "Ballet Imperial" on through "The Four Temperaments" to "Theme and Variations" and "Symphony in C" he is on the attack. His objective: to make plain to American audiences the dynamics of classical style.



In each of these ballets, the dancing grows from simple to complex structures, and every stage of growth is consequentially related to every other. It is partly because of their structural logic that his ballets make such great sense—or such vivid nonsense—to us years after they were completed, but it's also because such logic isn't the featured attraction; it's only the means

by which a particular kind of entertainment is elucidated. What is featured is human variety.

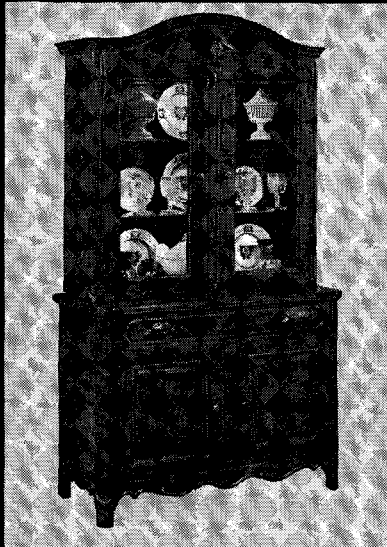
This is true even of "The Four Temperaments," one of the earliest works in which the elements of logic are arrayed in a form so brilliantly consequential that they nearly become the whole show. The relation between the continuity of the piece and its subject, which is the four varieties of human temperament (melancholic, sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric), is truly a magical one, consisting of a dance logic Balanchine has made look uniquely ritualistic. It isn't ritualistic in an exotic sense, it is ritual achieved by the most radical exposure of classical style Balanchine had provided to date. "The Four Temperaments," created in 1946, marks one of Balanchine's several "beginnings," and, like "Apollo," his first collaboration with Stravinsky, and "Serenade," his first ballet for American dancers, it is a messianic work, which conveys to this day the sense of a brilliant and bold new undertaking. Hindemith's score, subtitled "Theme with Four Variations (According to the Four Temperaments)" for String Orchestra and Piano, was written to Balanchine's commission in 1940, but it was not until the formation of Ballet Society, following the Second World War, that Balanchine composed his choreography. After years of working on Broadway, in Hollywood, and for ballet organizations not his own, he

was again in charge of a company, and in his first ballet for Ballet Society (the direct predecessor of the New York City Ballet) he made a fresh start, re-establishing the bases and the direction of American dance. Nowadays, "The Four Temperaments" (carelessly billed without the "The," as if there could be more than four) doesn't appear novel in the way it did to observers of that time; its "distortions" and "angularities" have been absorbed into one important stream of Balanchine ballet and have been imitated the world over. But its style, in both root and blossom, is so consistent and so consistently keen to the eye, and the scale on which it flowers is so active in its leaps from tiny to enormous and back again, that one follows the progress of the ballet in wonder; it never fails to surprise and to refresh. And so it is new every time.

Going back to basics in 1946, Balanchine concentrated his attention equally on the smallest details and the largest resources of classical dance and on making transitions from one to the other clearer, perhaps, than they'd ever been before. When, in the opening statement of the ballet—the first part of the Theme—we see a girl, supported on her points, turning from side to side and transferring her weight from one foot to the other as she turns, we see her do it with a finicky grace: she lifts and lowers the free foot, curls it around the standing leg, and carefully flexes it before arching to full point. We see, in short, a foot becoming a point—nature being touched to artificial life. The detail looms for an instant, then quickly takes its place in the grand scheme of the ballet. The Theme is full of elementary particles, jostling, caroming, crisscrossing space in strokes that define the boundaries of the territory Balanchine will invade. In the Theme's second statement (there are three such statements, each a pas de deux), the side-to-side turns have become full revolutions, rapid finger-turns marked off by the girl's point as it taps the floor. In the third statement, the finger-turns are taken in deep plié with one foot held off the ground in passé position. The weight on that one supporting point looks crushing, but, as we have seen, there is something about a woman's point that makes it not a foot—that makes it a sign. The image created by the third girl as she is spun is blithe, even comical; could Balanchine have been thinking of the bass fiddle the forties jazz player spins after a chorus of hot licks?

The developing sense of the pas-

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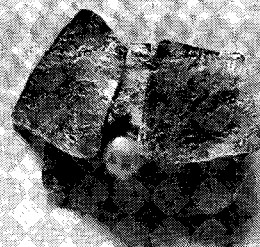
sages I've cited is analogous to the process that takes place in the molding of a classical dancer's body. The "story" of "The Four Temperaments" is precisely that story—the subjection of persons to a process and their re-emergence as human archetypes—but these citations may make it seem as if that process happened all in closeup, and if that were true we would be in a crazy man's world. The world of "The Four Temperaments" is wide and swarming with possibilities, yet if we could pass the choreography through a computer to see how many core gestures there actually are, there would probably not be more than six—maybe eight. Balanchine has built a large and dense composition on a handful of cellular motifs, and it's this economy that allows us to perceive the ballet and survive it, too. There are gestures that seem to cluster in family relationships and that recur subtly transformed. How many elaborations are there on grand battement en balangoire? How many derivations from, adaptations of, combinations with? Some of these we see clearly, others hang just at the edge of vision. There are gestures that do not change at all—they're like stabilizing props that keep back the tide. One of these is the "Egyptian profile" with squared elbows; another is women's splits across the men's thighs (but this, too, is an evolution—from the first pas de deux: the girl dropped in a split to the floor and slid into the wings). Balanchine's control of the action's subliminal force allows us the most marvelous play in our minds; we're split in an agony of delight between what we see and what we think we see. Metaphoric implications flash by, achieve their bright dazzle of suggestion, and subside into simple bodily acts. The way the women stab the floor with their points or hook their legs around men's waists or grip their partners' wrists in lifts—images of insatiable hunger, or functional necessities? Balanchine gives us a sharp pair of spectacles to see with, but he occasionally fogs one of the lenses. If he didn't, we'd perish from the glare.

And that lens we see with—isn't it a moving lens, a camera eye? Darting in for details, withdrawing to lofty heights, it views the dance from as many perspectives as the body can indicate in its manifold placements within space. Space itself is liquefied, and planes on which we observe the dance rise, tilt, descend. Sometimes we are launched and roving in this liquid space; sometimes we are pressed, riv-

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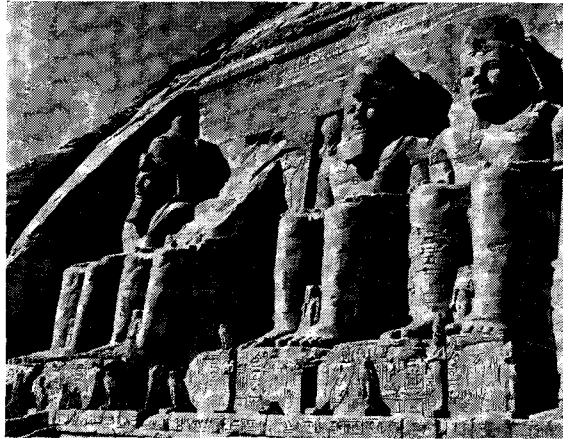
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eted, to the floor. Out of these volatile perspectives drama is made. In the first variation (Melancholic), we have an expansive field of vision, but the solo dancer does not seem to know how much room he has. His space is penetrated by menacing diagonals for the entries of the corps. The corps is a few small girls, a small menace. But they are enough to block and frustrate his every attempt to leap free. He leaps and crumples to earth. We recognize this man: his personal weather is always ceiling zero. (It's a nineteenth-rather than a seventeenth-century conception of melancholy—Young Werther rather than Robert Burton.) In the Sanguinic variation, for a virtuoso ballerina and her partner, the vista is wide, the ozone pure and stinging. The ballerina is an allegro technician; she is also a character. She enters and pauses. Her partner is expectant. But she pauses and turns her gaze back toward the wings. For a moment she seems to wear a demure black velvet neck ribbon, and then she is bounding like a hare in the chase, an extrovert after all. The Sanguinic variation takes us to the top of the world, and twice we ride around its crest, its polar summit (a circuit of lifts at half height). In these two thrilling flights, the camera eye pivots on the pinpoint of a spiral, once to end the trajectory, once to start it. We see, as in some optical effect of old cinema, a scene spread from the center of its compass, then re-spread in reverse. The topography of the ballet shrinks in the Phlegmatic variation to the smallest it has been since the Theme. Phlegmatic is indolent, tropical, given to detached contemplation, to pretentious vices. The male soloist languishes, and loves it. Slowly he picks up invisible burdens, lifts them, and clothes himself in their splendor. Slowly, self-crowned, he picks up his right foot and studies it. His little dance with the corps includes cabalistic gestures toward "his" floor, and he hovers close to the ground, repeating his mumbo-jumbo (a syncopated time step) as if he expected the ground to answer him. The confined, floor-conscious world of Phlegmatic and Melancholic returns redeemed in the next section, when Choleric, that angry goddess, executes her climactic ronds de jambe par terre. Here we have the traditional dénouement of an eighteenth-century ballet (or such a nineteenth-century one as "Sylvia"), in which Mt. Olympus hands down a judgment on the mess mortals have made. Choleric enters in a burst of fanfares and flourishes, kicking the

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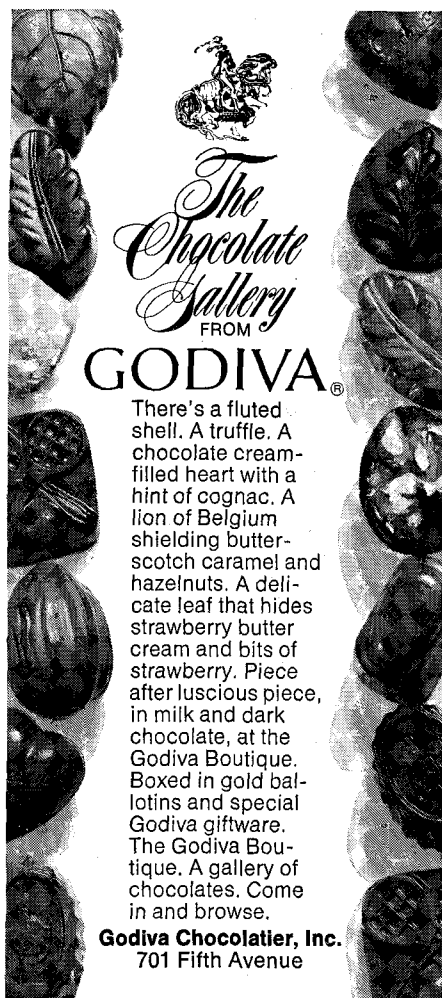
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air. Her fury must be appeased, assimilated by the ballet's bloodstream. The entire cast collaborates in the process. Key motifs are recapitulated in tempi that charge them with new vitality. We are racing toward the finality of a decision, and then it comes. Those ronds de jambe are a space- and air-clearing gesture. Three circles traced on the ground: it is the most wonderful of the ballet's magic signs; the vastness of it incorporates all bodies into one body, all worlds into one planet. After a silence in which nobody moves, the great fugue of the finale begins its inexorable massed attack. All the parts the ballet is made of are now seen at once in a spectacle of grand-scale assimilation. Apotheosis. We see a succession of sky-sweeping lifts; we see a runway lined by a chorus of grands battements turned to the four points of the compass. The lifts travel down the runway and out as the curtain falls.

As a conception for a ballet, the four temperaments, or humors of the blood, have been realized with a profundity that doesn't depend on the intellectual powers of either the audience or the dancers. Balanchine has interpreted the subject in the form of a dance fantasy, but never so literally or so schematically that we need fear, if we miss one element, having missed all. We can trust the ballet in performance because it is built of the things that dancers as a race know about. No small part of its moral beauty comes directly from the dancers, from their fastidious concentration, their ghetto pride. Yet in "The Four Temperaments," as in every ballet, casting does make a difference. This season, the perfect cast was Bart Cook in Melancholic, Merrill Ashley in Sanguinic, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous in Phlegmatic, and Colleen Neary in Choleric—all of them new to their roles, and all hitting new highs in their careers. For dancers and audience alike, the ballet represents the cleansing and healing that Robert Frost speaks of in "Directive" when he says "Here are your waters and your watering place. Drink and be whole again beyond confusion."

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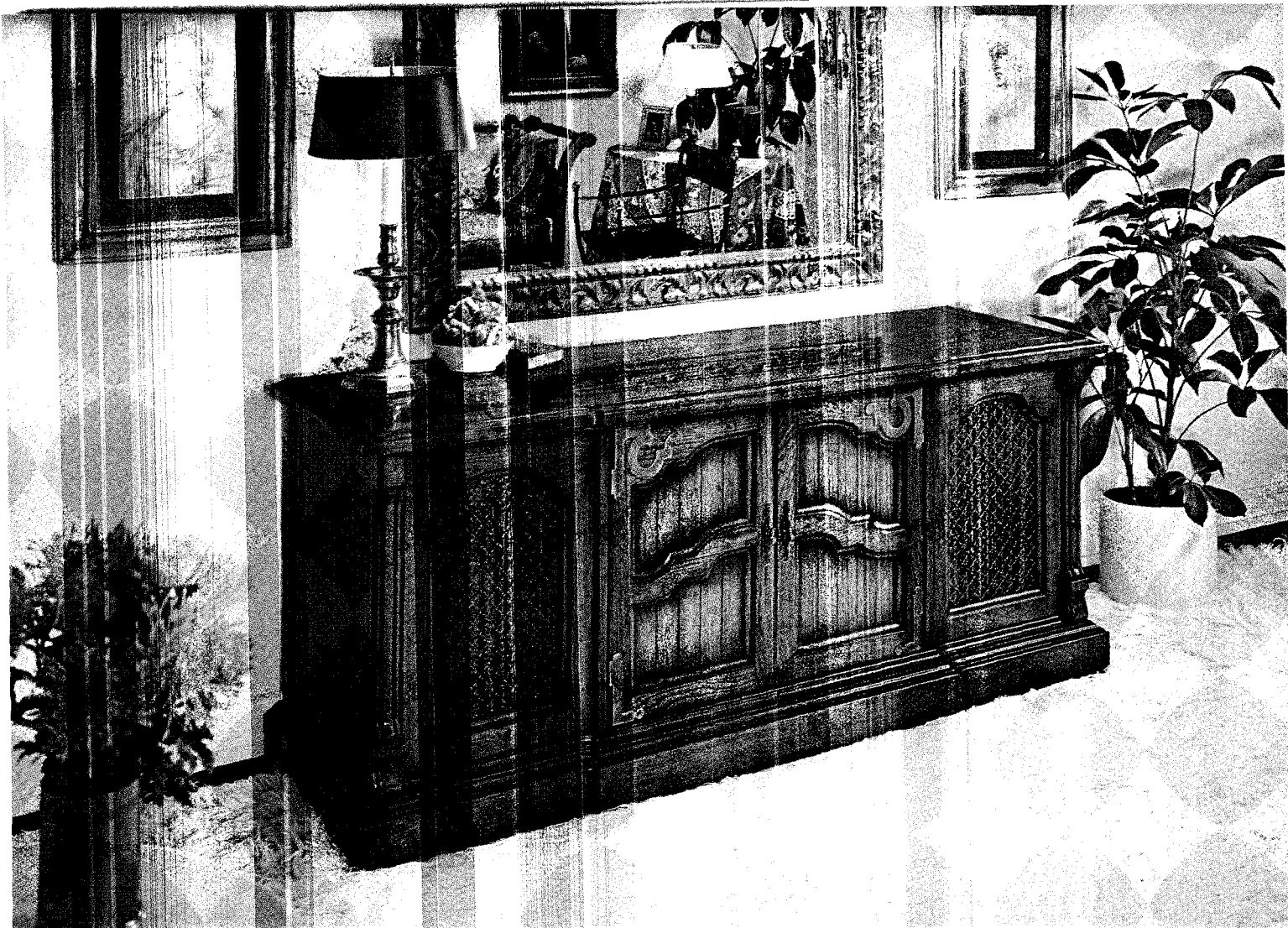
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THE RACE TRACK

Some Two-Year-Olds



FOR years, the Remsen Stakes, which is the last important race for two-year-olds on Long Island, has been looked upon as an index to the following season. And not without reason, for among its winners have been such runners as Grey Lag, whom some of us remember; Johnstown, who Jim Fitzsimmons said was as fast a horse as he ever trained; and Northern Dancer and Damascus. It will be interesting now to follow the career of Hang Ten, from Nick Brady's Mill House, who led from beginning to end of the mile and a furlong in the sixty-second running of the Remsen at Aqueduct last Saturday, winning by half a length from Dance Spell, with Play the Red a couple of lengths away. It was only the third score in eleven tries for the roan colt, who is by The Axe II out of Good Queen Bess, but he is trained by Woody Stephens, who thinks well of him, so you never can tell.

TELLY's POP may be something special among the two-year-olds in the West. At any rate, he won the California Juvenile Stakes by a length and a half at San Francisco's Bay Meadows track last weekend. It was his fifth victory in six starts, including the Norfolk Stakes and the Del Mar Futurity. Now he goes to Santa Anita, which opens later this month and where he will no doubt meet, among others, Bold Forbes, the runner from Puerto Rico, winner of all seven of his starts, who is back in training after having been out with bucked shins since he galloped off with the Saratoga Special last August.

THE Queens County Handicap, long an attraction at the old Aqueduct, had its seventieth running on Thanksgiving Day, and made amends for the miserable weather by producing a two-horse race, which is always something to watch. Though ten ran, Festive Mood and Hail the Pirates led every step of the mile and three-sixteenths over the sloppy track, at the end of which Hail the Pirates dropped his nose in front at the winning post. Within seconds, the stewards flashed the "Inquiry" sign, and later they disqualified Festive Mood for crowding on the first turn, which moved up two of those crowded—Sharp Gary and Herculean—into second and third money. It was the fourth

start in this country for Hail the Pirates (he has been racing abroad in the colors of Dan Galbreath, who named him for his and his father's baseball club), and it was a good effort, since he was under pressure all the way. Incidentally, he paid a \$35.60 mutuel.

IT would be fine if Susan's Girl could have won her last race. Still, it hardly came as a surprise to hear, after she'd finished third to Costly Dream and Land Girl in the Berlo Handicap at the Big A last week, that Fred Hooper had retired her to the broodmare paddocks of his farm in Florida. In the five seasons she carried his colors, she won twenty-nine of her sixty-three starts, finished out of the money only nine times, and earned \$1,251,667. No other member of her sex has ever amassed as much in this country. She also received an Eclipse Award twice, and has a good chance to win one again this year.

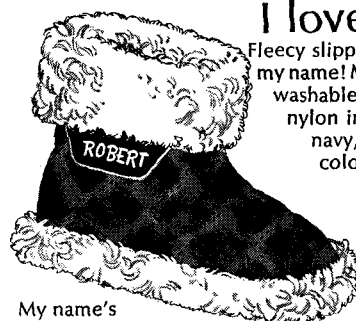
They say that there are a thousand and one ways to lose a race. Artfully, a two-year-old filly who has run well against the likes of Dearly Precious and Optimistic Gal, turned up with a new one in the Demoiselle Stakes at Aqueduct two days before the Berlo. The favorite, at even money, she turned into the stretch well in the lead and then began zigzagging in front of her field. About a furlong out, she swerved sharply from the rails and bolted across the track. For an instant, it looked as though she would go through the outer fence, but she turned just before she reached it. At that, she was beaten by only a neck, by Free Journey.

THE best news last week was that Forego is coming back to the races. The big fellow is wintering on a farm in Lexington, Kentucky, and doing so well that Mrs. Edward Gerry has decided to race him again next season. Frank Whiteley, Jr., who developed Ruffian, will train him, succeeding Sherrill Ward, who retired because of ill health. Ward had Forego for three seasons, during which he won twenty-three of his forty starts, not to mention \$1,163,520 in purses and Horse of the Year honors in 1974. This year, he won six races, all of them stakes and the last one that memorable set-to with Wajima in the Woodward, which he took by nearly two lengths. Good luck to him.

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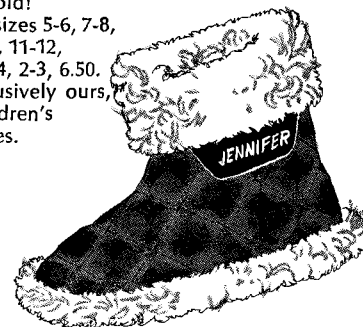
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Orestes in Oregon

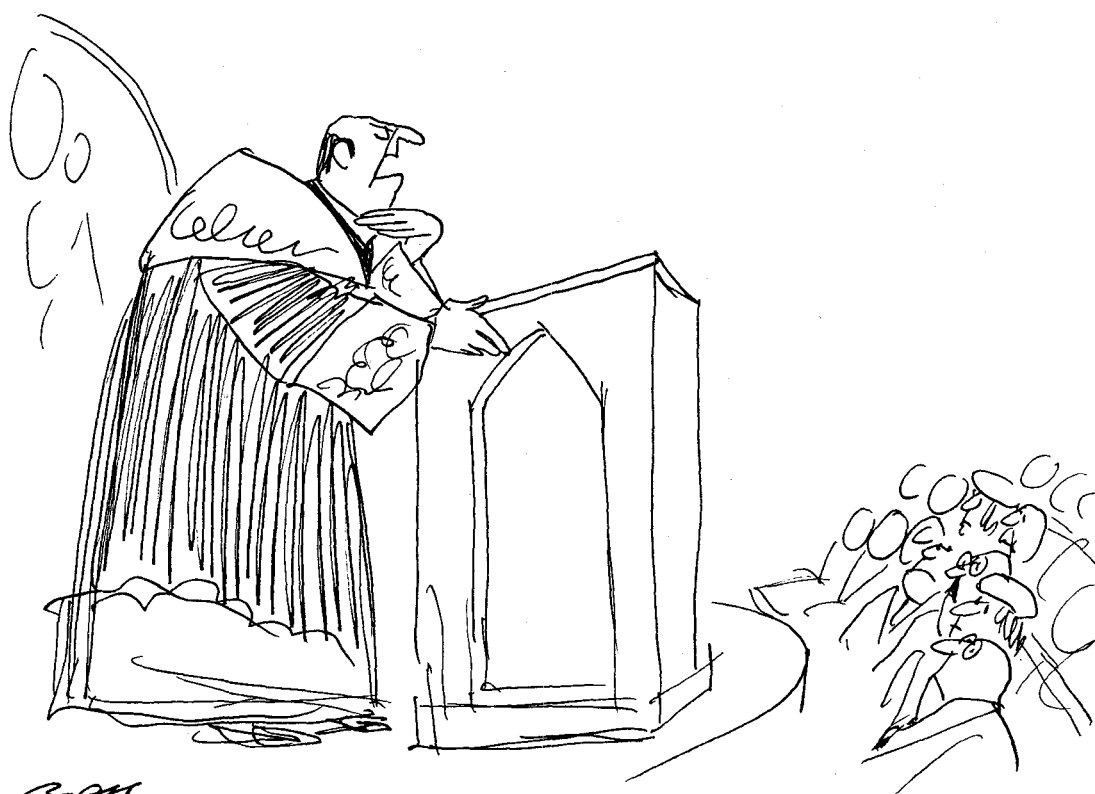
IN the prospectus of the 1975-76 season published by *Opera News* in September, two major events caught the eye: the American première of Ernst Krenek's "Leben des Orest" (first performed in Leipzig, in 1930) and of Roger Sessions' "Montezuma" (first performed in Berlin—by all accounts not well—in 1964). "Montezuma" is due in March, from the Opera Company of Boston. "Leben des Orest" has now happened; it was done, very successfully, by the Portland Opera on November 20th, 22nd, and 24th. This large, dashing, brilliant grand opera raises so many issues that one hardly knows where to begin discussing it. Perhaps on the simple level of acclaim: for an arresting, entertaining, frankly and fluently melodious, very theatrical, and powerful opera; and for the lively, dexterous Portland performance, given, as "Life of Orestes," in the composer's own English translation.

Krenek, who attended the show, is seventy-five this year. He has always been a composer so prolific, so versatile, so adept in a variety of idioms—first atonal, then neoclassical, neo-Romantic, jazzy, Frenchified, Schoenbergian, post-Webernian, then electronic—that, as he himself has said, "it is quite possible that the unusual variety of my output has baffled observers accustomed to more homogeneous phenomena. It is my impression that this confusion has surrounded my work with an unusual obscurity—almost anonymity." But, he adds, "It may well be that at some future time its seemingly erratic aspects, which now hide whatever values it may contain, will be revealed as the very carriers of these values." In the Library of Congress, but inaccessible until fifteen years after his death, there piles up volume after volume of his autobiography. Meanwhile, there are the scores—and but scattered performances. His hit opera of the late twenties, "Jonny Spielt Auf,"

brought him money and fame but is now seldom heard. Frankfurt revived "Leben des Orest" for his fiftieth birthday; Darmstadt and Wiesbaden revived it for his sixtieth; Munich revived "Karl V." for his sixty-fifth. Hamburg premièred "Pallas Athene Weint" in its new house in 1955, and in 1964 "Der Goldene Bock." But the operas tend to be done and then dropped. In two decades of pretty heavy operagoing I encountered only "Karl V." in the theatre and "Jonny" in a radio performance. In America, where Krenek has lived for thirty-seven years, there has been, until now, no major production since the Met staged "Jonny" in 1929 (with Michael Bohnen, Rudolf Laubenthal, Friedrich Schorr, and Florence Easton in the leading roles). Krenek is admired, respected, and not much played. The reasons are complex now, but once they were simple: from 1933 until after the war his music was not performed in Germany, where he had won his greatest successes; in 1934 an appeasing Austria withdrew from rehearsal and cancelled the "Karl V." he had composed for the Vienna State Opera. In 1938 he moved to America.

The dispersal of German and Aus-

trian composers brought about by Hitler's accession and then the Anschluss closed two brilliant, concurrent, and in part overlapping chapters of musical history. Some pages were literally consigned to the flames (Kurt Weill's publishers recalled his music and burned it); the war blurred and blotted others. One of these chapters, concerned with Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern (the Second Viennese School), has since been reconstructed; the music it produced is played and known. But the second, dealing with the music of the Weimar Republic, written largely by Franz Schreker's and Ferruccio Busoni's pupils at the Berlin Hochschule, is still unfamiliar. Although some of its achievements, notably Weill's "Dreigroschenoper" and "Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny," are put on from time to time, they tend to be revived—and listened to—in a spirit of "nostalgia" for twenties Berlin, without much understanding of their composers' aims or of the context in which they were created. (The staging of Weill's "Der Jasager" in St. Luke's Chapel last month was on just about every count a wretched misrepresentation of the opera that from 1930 to 1933 was in effect a set piece in the schools of the Weimar Republic and had over a hundred productions.) The Republic was an experiment in democracy. The chief medium of its composers was musical



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theatre. Large among their aims was the establishment of lyric drama as a moral force. But contemporary opera of all kinds flourished. In 1930 alone, Leipzig introduced "Leben des Orest" in January, "Mahagonny" in March. Frankfurt introduced Schoenberg's "Von Heute auf Morgen" in February and George Antheil's "Transatlantic" in May. That month, Berlin staged Milhaud's "Christophe Colomb," and, in June, "Der Jasager," Hindemith's "Wir Bauen eine Stadt," and other school operas. Together with earlier pieces such as Berg's "Wozzeck," "Jonny," and Schreker's "Die Gezeichneten," the new works made their way from city to city. Klemperer was conducting "Leben des Orest" in Berlin within weeks of its Leipzig premiere; then Darmstadt mounted a production in which Agamemnon the Great Leader was played as Mussolini. And soon a dozen companies had given the opera.

Krenek's role during this most active time for the development of modern opera was characteristically protean. He came to the theatre almost by chance, "prompted . . . by sheer curiosity, for I felt no real urge to express myself in opera. But I had written something for nearly every other medium." Two operas, "Die Zwingburg" and "Der Sprung über den Schatten," were completed in 1923 and staged the following year. In 1926 there was "Orpheus und Eurydike," a setting of the Kokoschka play. (All the Krenek operas mentioned here, except "Die Zwingburg" and "Orpheus," are to his own librettos.) The critic Paul Bekker recognized a born theatre composer, and when he became director of the Cassel and then of the Wiesbaden Operas he engaged Krenek as his assistant. The resultant practical knowledge of the theatre, and of its audiences, produced "Jonny," tailored for success—no longer in a difficult, advanced idiom but tonal, tuneful, and spiced with jazz. And then, after three little one-acters (two satires and a fairy tale) put on in Wiesbaden, there was the grand opera "Leben des Orest."

In Krenek's "Self-Analysis" (published in the *New Mexico Quarterly* for Spring, 1953), he detects two contradictory pulls in his nature: a concern for "everlasting values," whether they are fashionable or no, and a temptation to aim for quick success in terms of "this world." In "Jonny," the conflict is dramatized: Jonny, the black jazz player, and Daniello, the slick virtuoso, affirmative and satirical mirror images

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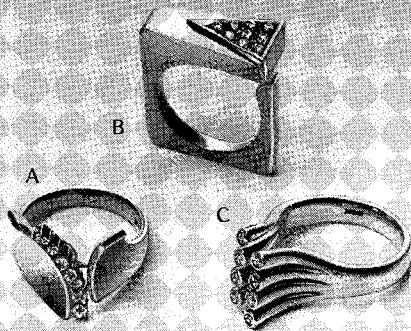
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of a success figure, are pop and classical princes of the "this world" with which Max, the spiritual, dreamy, intellectual composer, cannot come to terms. One might say that "Jonny" was composed by Krenek-Jonny, and "Karl V." (which in twelve-note music proclaims a vision of a Europe united, as Charles V sought to unite it, in one supernatural Catholic Empire) by Krenek-Max. Between them comes "Leben des Orest," in whose composition Jonny and Max conspire, and whose hero, now existentialist, now dreamer, is finally at peace. The jangle of musical styles reflects the theme.

Krenek's first idea was for a drama in which Orestes, pursued by the Furies, wanders through time and the world until, in contemporary America, he finds Iphigenia, "and all comes right." This developed into a full-scale "Oresteia," set not in white-marbled antiquity but partly in a polychrome South under hard, clear, violent light and partly in a tenebrous Northland (Krenek's transformation of Tauris), a country of speculation, indecision, and philosophical dreams that need to be tested by the Southern sun. Act I is (roughly) "Iphigenia in Aulis." Act II introduces Thoas and a newly invented character, his daughter Thamar, in a scene recalling both Prospero with Miranda and Klingsor with Kundry; Iphigenia materializes as if in answer to Thoas' yearning incantations. And then there is a bustling, merry Athenian fair (kin to the genre scenes of Meyerbeer's operas) at which the lad Orestes, on his way to Phocis, escapes from his nurse Anastasia and is carried off by a circus troupe. Act III is (roughly) an "Agamemnon" and an "Electra," separated by a very beautiful long scena for the maturing Orestes on his wanderings. Act IV is (roughly) "Iphigenia in Tauris"—Krenek's Teutonic Tauris, where Thoas loves Iphigenia, Thamar falls in love with Orestes, and after the recognition scene North and South are united; all four set out together for Athens. Act V is (roughly) "The Eumenides."

I repeat that "roughly" because Krenek has altered familiar events and added touches of his own. Some are decorative. (At the Athenian fair, a white ball from a cockshy—its target, to young Orestes' fury, a cardboard Troy and the prize a kiss from the floozy who impersonates his Aunt Helen—falls into Anastasia's lap. This, her only possession, she offers to Athena, with a prayer that the goddess keep watch over Orestes. In the final scene, this ball reappears as the casting vote at his trial.) Others affect psychological

motivation. Father-son parallels are stressed, and there is a suggestion, as we watch Orestes' progress, that there, but for lessons learned in adversity and then the grace of the goddess, would go a second Agamemnon, brutal, ambitious, and uncontrolled. Not that Agamemnon himself remains unchanged: in this version he returns from Troy disillusioned and weary, and willingly embraces death (here proffered in a cup, not by net and axe). Yet another change emphasizes the father-son pattern: In Tauris the



Euripidean roles of victim and executioner are reversed, and Orestes, like his father before him, is about to sacrifice Iphigenia. The finale, like that of

the real "Oresteia," is a reconciliation, and a recognition that tyranny is well replaced by corporate reason, even though some cases prove too hard for men alone to decide. By this ingenious libretto, Krenek insured plenty of action: two near-sacrifices, three murders, and two tremendous recognition scenes. The deft, cunning planner who wanted a theatre success could be satisfied. But the visionary had a further object in mind. In an essay written for the magazine *Anbruch* at the time of the première, Krenek said:

A man in all his various aspects and embodiments, living, suffering, loving, impelled by passions, restrained by reason, now falling to the depths without hope of rescue, then raised by incomprehensible grace—that man is the theme of my piece.... The belief in mystery and in grace, today scorned and feeble, needs to be revived.

From this conception, he continued, the verbal and musical idiom arose of its own accord. There would be no evocation of period, whether prehistoric, classical, or Hellenic, and no specific local color, only the generalized South-North antithesis. He cited as a parallel Bruegel's "Massacre of the Innocents," taking place in a snowy Flemish village, and the Old German Masters who painted Jerusalem as another Nuremberg. The musical idiom is Krenek's own bright compound of theatre vernaculars of his day, and nineteen-thirties ears must have heard it differently from ours. Then, the jazzy syncopations of some episodes must have had a piquantly shocking effect when applied to Attic tragedy. Now, late-twenties jazz is just another historic style, inherently no more anachronistic than the heated Expressionism of Strauss's "Elektra" (1909) or the cool, lapidary precision of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" (1927). (There are traces of both these works, too, in the eclectic score of "Orest"—even an

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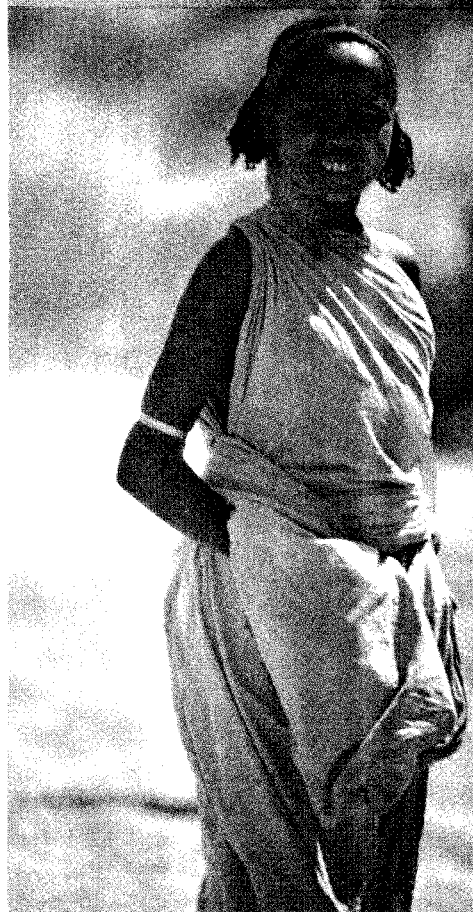
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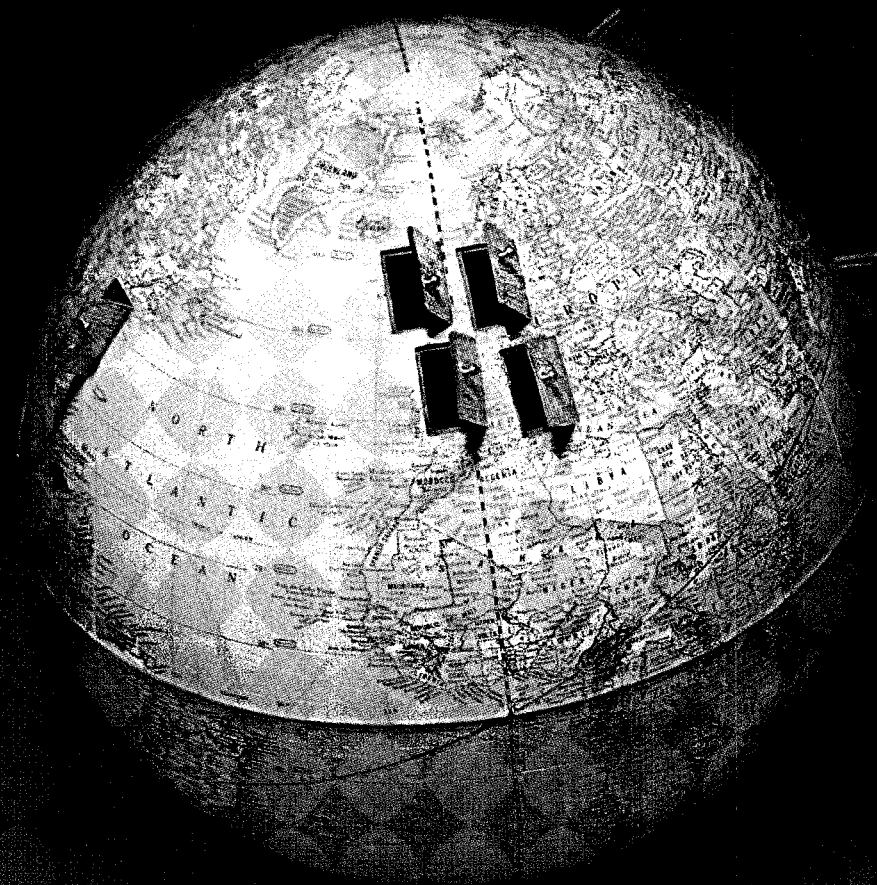
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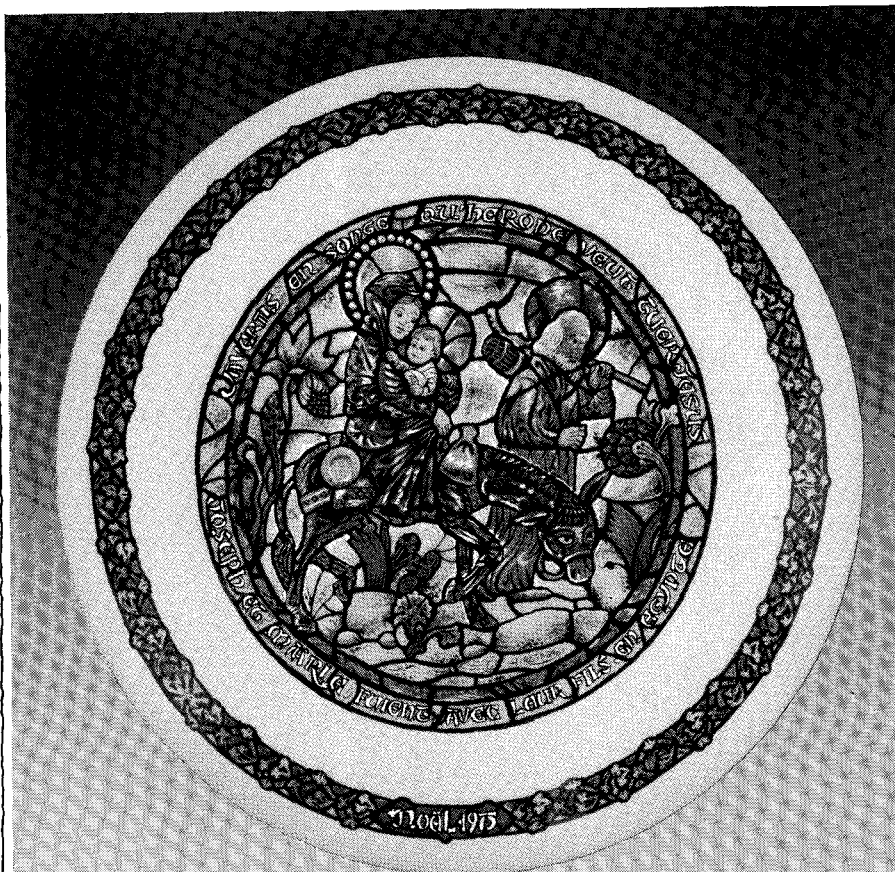


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echo of Strauss's famous Agamemnon motif.) But not all styles are suited to all subjects. The year before "Orest," and doubtless with works like "Jonny" in mind, Weill had written, also in *Anbruch*, that "for the serious European musician it was out of the question to wish to imitate, let alone 'ennoble,' American dance music." The implication must be that Krenek is not serious. "Jonny" was the exemplary *Zeitoper*, cashing in on the "here and now." In "Von Heute auf Morgen," Schoenberg satirized the genre. Weill himself imitated jazz very seldom, and always with specific critical intent. "Jonny" must be defended by someone who has seen it on the stage (vocal scores of such pieces are more than usually misleading; reading that of "Orest" left me quite unprepared for the effect it made in the theatre), if it is defensible. But there are four points worth making about the "jazz" in "Orest." First, it is very precisely placed, and always in association with vivid characters as yet untouched by grace. Second, in the perspective of the years much of it has drawn surprisingly close to the ostinatos and simple figurations of neoclassicism. Third, Krenek, like Weill, knew exactly how to use the timbre of the banjo "seriously," with poignant expressive effect. Fourth, he himself would probably own that there *was* a calculated element of naughty, titillating irreverence and modishness in his employment of foxtrots and "Tiger Rag" rhythms during the course of an "Oresteia."

But too much can be made of the jazz. If I had to name two dominant "influences" on "Orest," they would be Schubert and Offenbach, the latter for the verve of invention and sheer mastery of putting music together, and the former, less demonstrably, for a kind of lyric emotion given musical form. "Die Winterreise" underlies more than one of Krenek's song cycles, and the thoughts of a traveller have always been a source of inspiration to him, from the early "Reisebuch aus den Österreichischen Alpen" to "The Ballad of the Railroads" and the a-cappella setting of the Santa Fe timetable. At the center of "Orest" is the hero's soliloquy in the mountains at sunset, Schubertian in spirit and also in some of its musical details. No one who hears it can doubt that Krenek has a heart as well as a formidable mind.

"Leben des Orest" was intended to be a very long opera. In the vocal score, the composer indicated, and recommended the observance of, several



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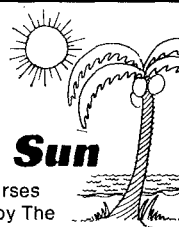
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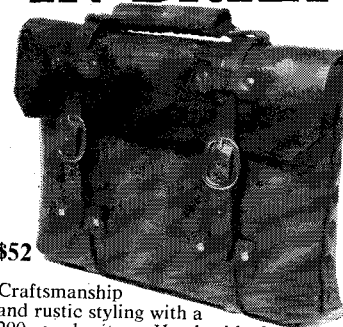
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cuts "prompted by the experience of the premiere." (But it is perhaps significant that he has now provided an English translation even for these "vi-...-de" episodes.) The cutting in Portland was even more extensive. The Meyerbeerian scale of the work was drastically reduced, and to some extent its five-act structure was obscured by collapsing it into three acts. In Act I, entrances and exits became a rather jerky sequence, more comic-strip in effect than was intended; and Act IV, in Tauris/Northland, was not set off from the rest as it should be. But the abridgment did not dim the Portland achievement. Carey Gordon Wong's strong, elegant, very practicable scenery, his inventive and colorful costumes, and Ghita Hager's crisp, stylish, and often powerfully affecting production were marked by an imaginative grasp of both the opera's glittering surface and its emotional inner themes. Stefan Minde, the general director of the Portland company, had been wanting to do "Orest" there for years (he conducted the 1961 production in Wiesbaden), and he had evidently inspired the cast, the chorus, and the orchestra with his passionate belief in the work. His handling of the score was masterly—dynamic but not driven, emotional but not sentimental. The principals were mainly American artists with German experience—good actors, accomplished singers, and accustomed to communicating. In the exceptionally demanding title role, Victor Braun was versatile, romantic, and eloquent—a notable performance. There was no weakness, and a great deal of dramatic and beautiful singing, to be heard from a cast so large and, in vocal types, so various that a roll call must here suffice: Sylvia Anderson (Clytemnestra), Barrie Smith (Iphigenia), Anita Salta (Electra), Linda Cook (Thamar), Glade Peterson (Agamemnon), Kenneth Riegel (Aegisthus), William Wildermann (Thoas), and Donald Miller (Aristobulus, president of the Athenian court). Now that so excellent a production exists, and a fine cast knows the work in English, it would be a great pity if after three performances this "Life of Orestes" were to disappear.

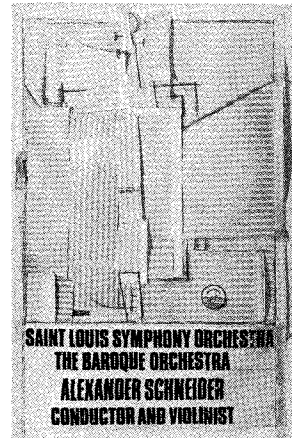
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quite a number of years ago in the City Center at the hands of the New York City Opera. The atonal composers' Mafia was present en masse, and the work was greeted with catcalls, hoots, and titters. After all, the composer had broken every rule of the Establishment. He had written something to please rather than antagonize an audience, and had produced a melodious composition of striking originality, with melodies that were both singable and unforgettable; the age of twelve-tone cacophony couldn't stand for it. Now Philips has issued a superb recording (6700.083; four sides), and we can make up our own minds. I find the work absolutely enchanting. The album was done by the Leipzig Radio Symphony and Chorus, along with Eberhard Büchner, Fred Teschler, Helmut Klotz, Armin Terzibaschian, Hans-Joachim Hegewald, Reiner Süss (as St. Peter), and many others, Herbert Kegel conducting. "Der Mond" was written early in Orff's career, practically alongside his popular "Carmina Burana," which it resembles because of the typical Orff touches of orchestration and rhythm, and those fragmented diatonic melodies that made "Carmina" so appealing. The story, from Grimm, is about four young men who steal the moon, which is hanging from an oak tree, demand that it be cut into pieces and buried with them when they die, then illuminate the underworld with it, and are finally intercepted by St. Peter, who disapprovingly reclaims the moon, takes it up to Heaven, and sets it in its proper place. The opera is full of humor, is satirical about the Bavarian peasantry, and is wonderfully made. I long ago decided that Orff is the most original composer of the twentieth century, and I see no need to modify this opinion, in spite of some rather boring works that he wrote later on. And, by the way, when will some record company issue his "Die Bernauerin," an opera regarded by those who know it as his masterpiece? I have heard it said that you have to be a Bavarian to understand it. But not long ago they were saying that you had to be an Austrian to understand Bruckner.

Employing most of the same forces and adding a soprano, Ute Mai, Philips has also issued a new, and excellent, recording of Orff's "Catulli Carmina," a more boisterous work, composed considerably later (6500.815; single disc), and well known to concert audiences. I do not like it as much as I do "Der Mond" and "Carmina

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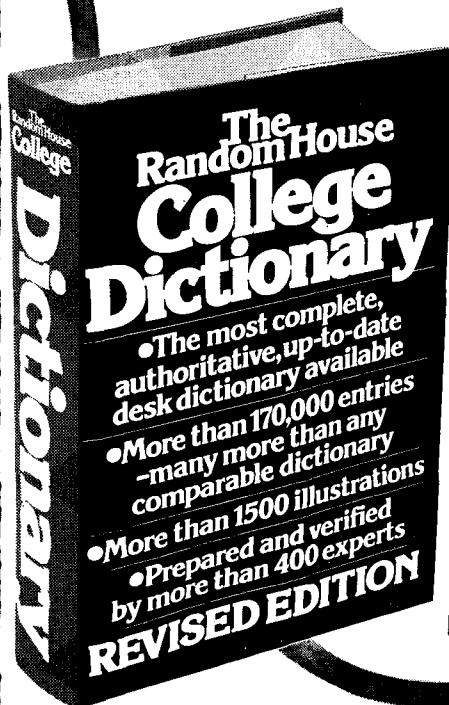
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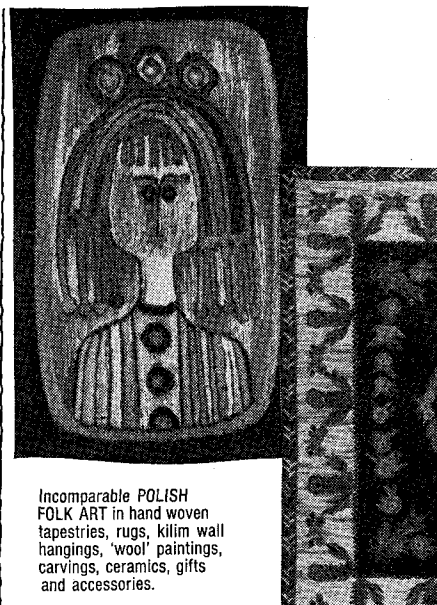
Burana," but the performance by the Leipzigers is magnificent.

Thanks to a tip from a Swedish correspondent, I have become acquainted with the music of a contemporary Swedish composer heretofore unknown to me. He is Allan Pettersson, and, on the strength of his *Seventh Symphony*, recorded by the Stockholm Philharmonic under Antal Dorati (London CS 6740; single disc), I would proclaim him one of the finest symphonists of today. He is a tonal composer and a man of a deep sincerity, which is evident in his music. It is difficult to describe his musical idiom, since it is entirely original; Mahler's expressionism comes closest. This symphony, with its implications of pessimism, is nevertheless often lyric and is totally effective.

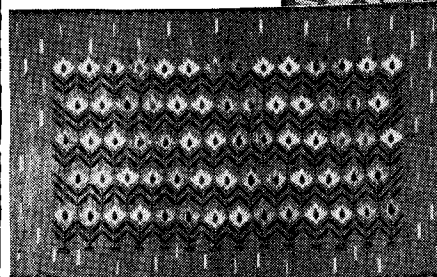
Deutsche Grammophon has released a splendid performance of Arnold Schoenberg's "*Pelleas und Melisande*," by the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan (2530 485; single disc). This early work, conceived at almost the same time as Debussy's great opera of that name, is, I feel, his best composition, written long before he drifted off into atonality. It has obviously been influenced by Richard Strauss, who, in fact, suggested the subject to Schoenberg, and for those who, as I do, intensely dislike the composer's twelve-tone style, it is proof that at one time Schoenberg was a composer of power and poetic feeling.

Charles Ives' two String Quartets, played by the Concord String Quartet (Nonesuch H-71306; single disc), offer as big a contrast as could be found in the work of any composer. No. 1 is a pleasing composition in conventional style, and, like his *Second Symphony*, contains nothing that would surprise Brahms. No. 2 is basically satirical, though its final movement, despite the direction "*Andante con scratchy* (as tuning up)," seems a serious one; it resembles the idiom of his *Fourth Symphony*. In later life, Ives equated machismo with cacophony, and the two earlier movements contain a lot of it, interspersed with exaggerated "academic" music that is obviously being kidded. Here Ives is being very self-conscious, and his second movement is a commentary on the old versus the new music; the old he labels "*Andante emasculata*," "*Largo sweetota*," and "*Alla rubato Elman* (pretty tone, ladies)." The movement will please those who regard Ives as a pioneer of the twelve-tone system and of other varieties of dissonant contemporary music.

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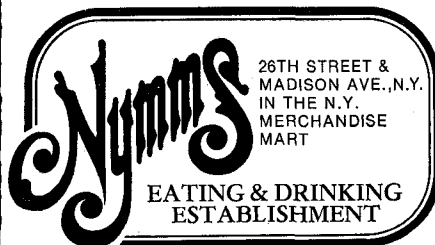
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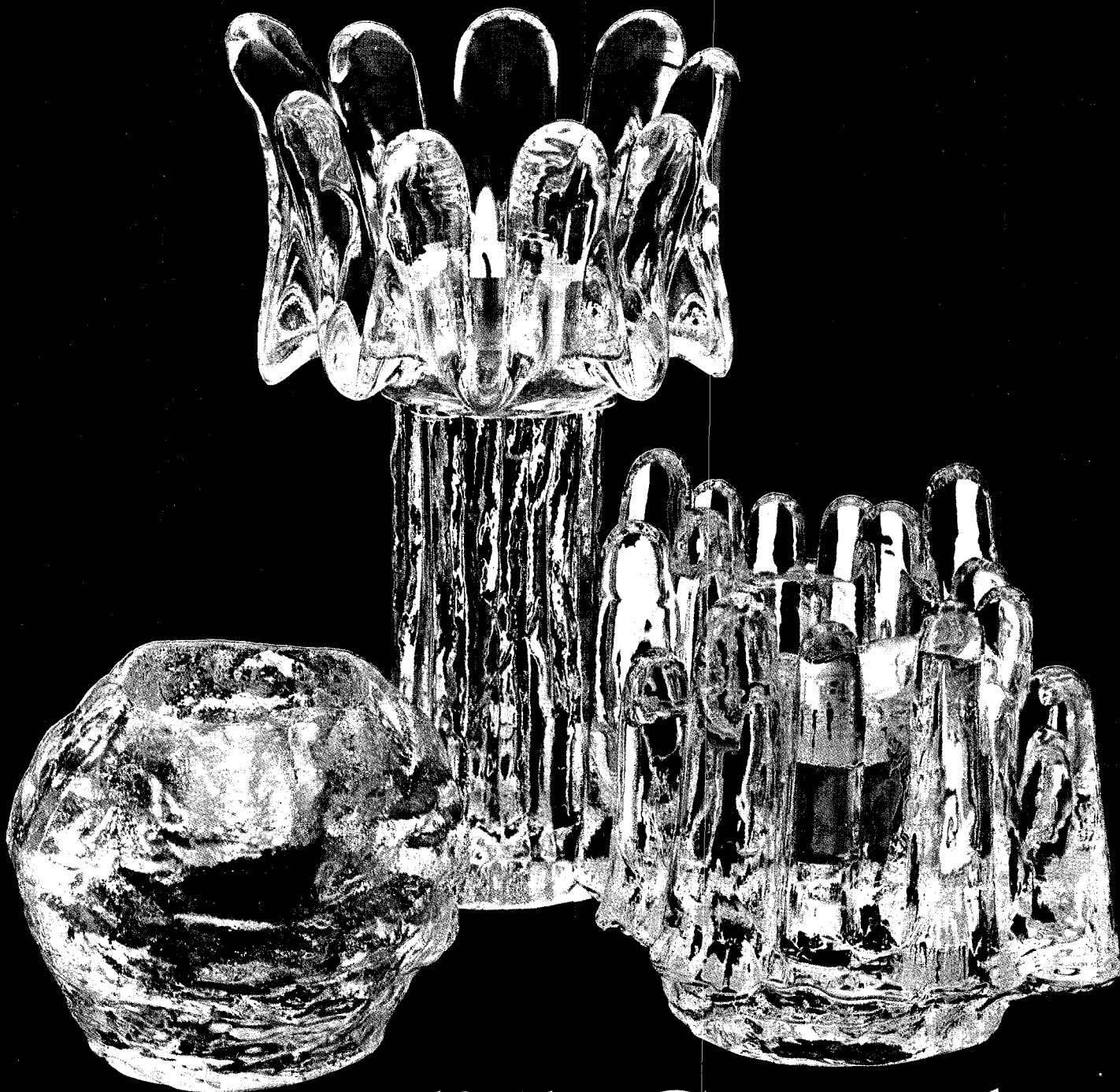
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Chamber Orchestra have provided a true bouquet of music by modern English composers (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 505; single disc). The first side contains Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on 'Greensleeves,'" adapted from his opera "Sir John in Love," and his familiar "The Lark Ascending," along with William Walton's Two Pieces for Strings, and part of his music for the film of Shakespeare's "Henry V." "Greensleeves" is a noble folk melody, but Vaughan Williams has not done much with it. "The Lark Ascending" is a long, rhapsodic virtuoso piece for violin (played sensitively by Pinchas Zukerman) accompanied by a small orchestra. It is pleasant everywhere, but in the long run (and it runs long) it becomes a little tiresome. The first of the Walton pieces is a superb pas-sacaglia in conventional style; the second, entitled "Touch Her Soft Lips and Part," is a sort of neoclassical pavane, and quite moving. It is the other side of this disc, however, that interests me more. It contains short works by Frederick Delius, whom I consider the best of modern British composers (the liner notes make quite a thing of the fact that he spent practically his whole life in America, Germany, and France, which may or may not be significant). Anyhow, here are the well-known "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," "Summer Night on the River," the Intermezzo from the opera "Fennimore and Gerda," and two "Aquarelles" (these are wordless songs for male chorus) arranged by Eric Fenby for string orchestra. Delius was a highly original composer, and he wrote from the heart, usually in a contemplative and slightly melancholy manner. Everything included is a small work of art—particularly the Intermezzo. I wish that I could hear the whole opera.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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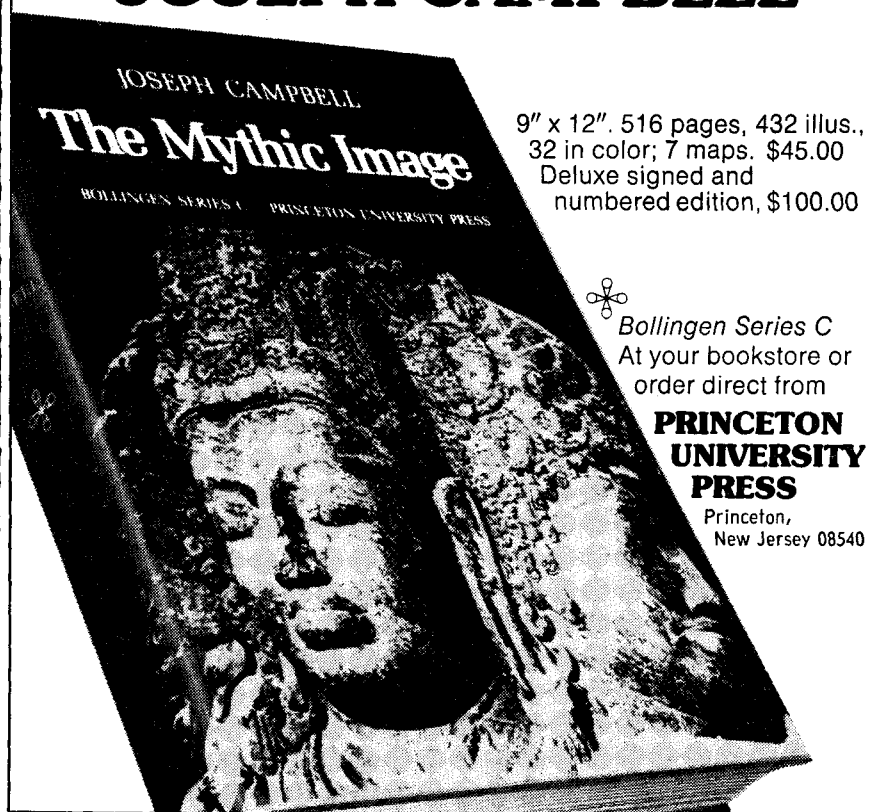
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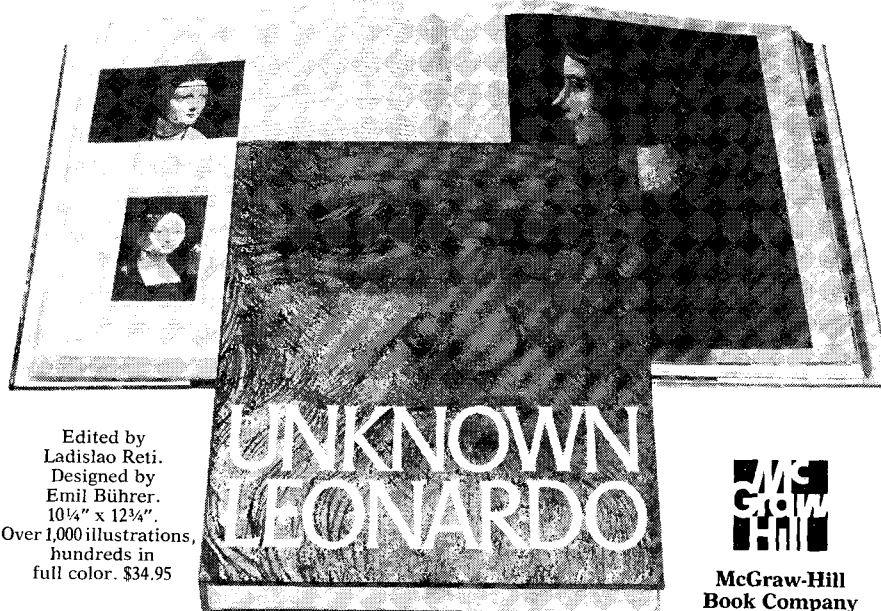
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End Game

BILL EMPER will be captain of the Harvard team next year, and why not? The celebrity that attaches to the doers should attach to the undoers, and Emper is an undoer, his trade the undoing of enemy pass patterns. As a thwarter he is under-sized—just a hundred and seventy-five pounds, which seems hardly enough ounces of prevention for the assignment. Some citations along the course of the season: Against Dartmouth, he floated with the greatest of ease across his end zone and, in midair, batted down the pass that would have given the opposition a go-ahead touchdown. Against Brown, he was assigned Farnham, whose prowess as a catcher of Brown passes is known to all, and Farnham gathered in far less than his accustomed harvest. Against Yale, Emper was assigned Fencik, a catcher even more famous than Farnham, and Fencik, in his very last match, made but a single catch. It was that sort of afternoon at New Haven. The characteristics of the great performers and of their styles of play were on the public record, and they suffered accordingly—Kubacki, for one. This classic Harvard quarterback was so hurried by the Yale ends (Keller in especial) that not until the second half did he function at an approximation of his normal fashion. The Yale line contained most of Harvard's picturesque veil-of-illusion running game; and the Yale secondary had Kubacki's favorite catcher, Curry, nearly invisible in a sea of harassers. And Lynch's field goal, which took the match and the Ivy League championship in the last few seconds, wobbled so fitfully on its way because two Yale defensive backs—Rooth and Jennings—had rushed him almost into oblivion.

Brown, which came in second on the League ladder, had a simpler task on the last day of its season, though Columbia, which went down, at 48-13, before it, did not surrender quietly. Bateman, Slaterry, Farnham, and Violante, who were, as they had been all fall, the basic factors of the Brown squad, had much more of a romp than they had had against an implacable Harvard the weekend before. Columbia's difficulty, and its principal one all season, was its imbalance—a good running game (the stalwart Jackson was

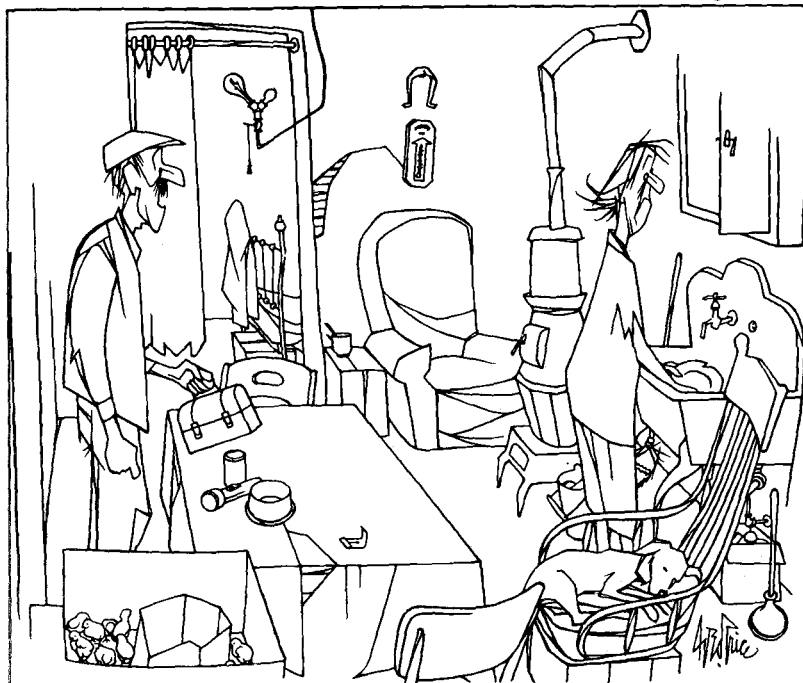
the main reason) but a sparse throwing game (no catcher in the realm of the departed Telep).

Imbalance bothered another Ivy Leaguer this year—one that had started off at a handsomer pace than Columbia. This was Princeton, which ended its season in a match with Dartmouth, another League mate that had also rather lost its sense of direction. Princeton, armed with the most efficacious quarterback it had fielded in quite a few years (Beible), was increasingly unable to arm him with a running game to equal his throwing game, and by the time Dartmouth came to Palmer Stadium everyone knew it. Dartmouth, which uses a four-man forward wall on defense, had seven men free to surround Beible's putative receivers and take the ball away from them. The count was almost instantly Dartmouth 14, Princeton 0, and though Princeton played good catch-up ball for a while, the final count was Dartmouth 21, Princeton 16. A grievous shortage of sterling cornerbacks in the Princeton squad was likewise in evidence this fall: the longest Yale touchdown pass ever (ninety-seven yards) and the second-longest Dartmouth touchdown pass ever (eighty-five yards) were inflicted upon Princeton cornerbacks just a week apart.

Imbalance upset Army in its season's end, against—naturally—Navy. Army, limping along for most of the year without three of its most reliable runners, had gained ground overland with the greatest difficulty; against a Navy defensive line that was ranked No. 6 nationally it had no chance at all. Wherefore Navy could flood its backfield with defenders against Hall's throwing for Army. On offense, Navy could have come out on top (which it did anyway, at 30-6) without throwing any passes at all. Its running game, which has acquired considerable slam of late, was already in good order, and its skill at trapping Staerkel, Army's most formidable defenseman, and sealing him off from the play made things go even more smoothly. The attack mounted by Welsh, the Navy coach, looks quite orthodox, but the calibre of the players who have followed his flag to Annapolis has measurably improved matters there. —J. W. L.



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BOOKS

Kipling

IN the last ten years, Kipling's reputation has been on the mend. He has been forgiven much in Great Britain since the Empire went. There has been an excellent examination of his stories by J. M. S. Tompkins, and now we have a long, sympathetic critique in Philip Mason's "Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow, and the Fire" (Harper & Row). Mr. Mason is well known for his colonial studies, and he is especially well equipped to understand Kipling's position in societies that suffered from a double dose of caste feeling—the Indian and the late Victorian. Mr. Mason misses nothing in Kipling's prose and is firm in his tastes and his objections. He follows T. S. Eliot on the verse, and he knows that a vast amount of it was simply compulsive light journalism: it has close connections with Music Hall and the sardonic spoofing of the "Bab Ballads." He notes one important anomaly in the firm rejection of Kipling's imperialism by British liberals—the Fabians, Bloomsburys, and other enlightened "rotters"—from the Boer War

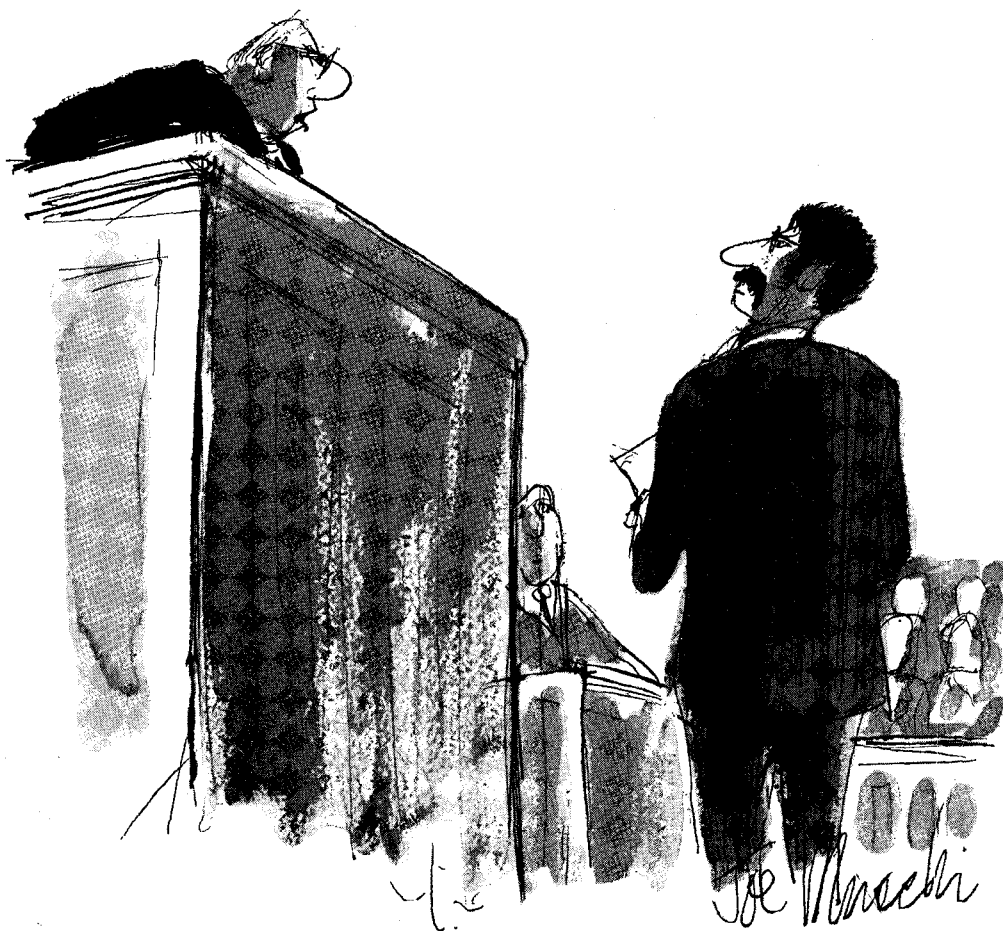
onward: the more they rejected, the more affirmative seems to have been the worldwide response to Kipling as an artist. Americans, French, Russians, and Indians accepted him as they had accepted Dickens; the French in particular saw his closeness to Maupassant, and some of them, like André Maurois, found rich extensions of primitive consciousness in his work. They responded to Kipling's feeling for the animism of childhood. Not having an Empire on their consciences, the foreign readers were free to enjoy Kipling's mystical sense of Law, Hierarchy, and Necessity. And there is something else to add: although Kipling had bouts of hating America—in a general way—he now appears to the English reader very nomadic-American in his short stories, in both instant toughness and a love of haunting fable. He is certainly the initiator of a vernacular style that the English had lacked. The fact is that, owing to his close contacts with the common soldier in India, Kipling was the first English writer to have any notion of a

working-class culture and language. The snobbish and ludicrous phonetic spellings that were fashionable in his time concealed this from us.

One of Mr. Mason's principal points is that Kipling was an acute listener to *every* kind of language and that he masked himself in it. He was brought up in Bombay by Indian nurses and servants, and with their children. He spoke Hindi before he spoke English, and this introduced him to language as being everything from game to ritual. (Also, as Mr. Mason says, he had two Methodist grandfathers behind him who could thunder out the Biblical anapaest on demand.) He looked at language with the craftsman's eye—he was not for nothing the child of a father who was an artist and a mother connected with the Pre-Raphaelites—and he conjured with it. He was a salvationist, a music-hall performer, and a William Morriser all in one. If we look at the change of note and intention in the voice, line by line, in the opening passages of "Love-o'-Women," we see how fast he can announce a drama and intensify it line by line:

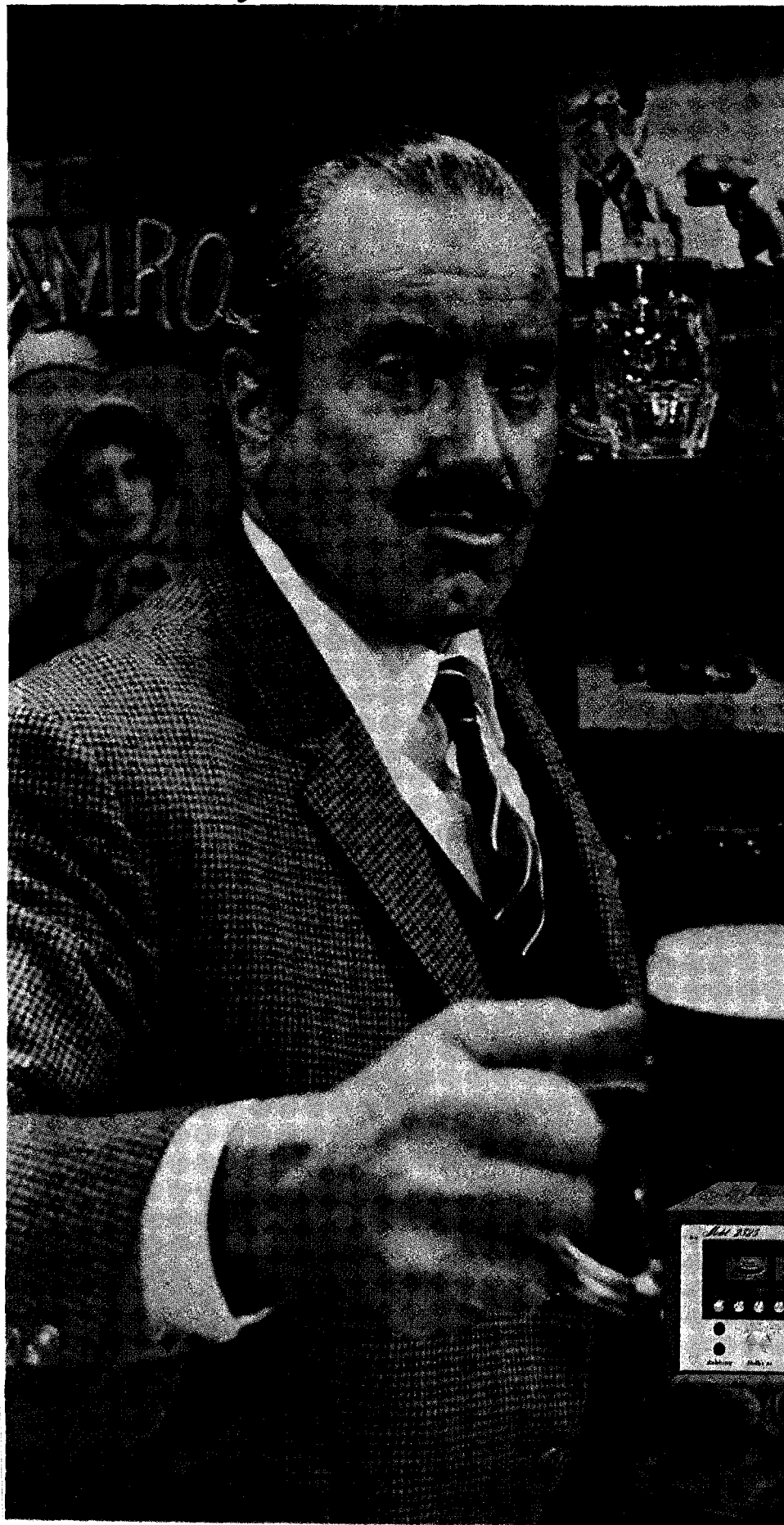
The horror, the confusion, and the separation of the murderer from his comrades were all over before I came. There remained only on the barrack-square the blood of man calling from the ground. The hot sun had dried it to a dusky gold-beater-skin film, cracked lozenge-wise by the heat; and as the wind rose each lozenge, rising a little, curled up at the edges as if it were a dumb tongue. Then a heavier gust blew all away down wind in grains of dark coloured dust. It was too hot to stand in the sunshine before breakfast. The men were all in barracks talking the matter over. A knot of soldiers' wives stood by one of the entrances to the married quarters, while inside a woman shrieked and raved with wicked filthy words.

There you have the classic desire to be as spare and drastic as a ballad, the temptation to sail off into what one imagines Henry Irving was like when he declaimed "The Bells." There is that unbearably exact photograph of drying blood—the lozenge. And then the aesthete's glance at the ancient craft of goldbeating, which—if one has ever watched goldbeating—precisely conveys the Biblical message that all flesh enters the process of becoming dust. In the last sentences, Kipling achieves his decisive and characteristic effect; he roots the story not in the "I" or "me" of the narrator but in



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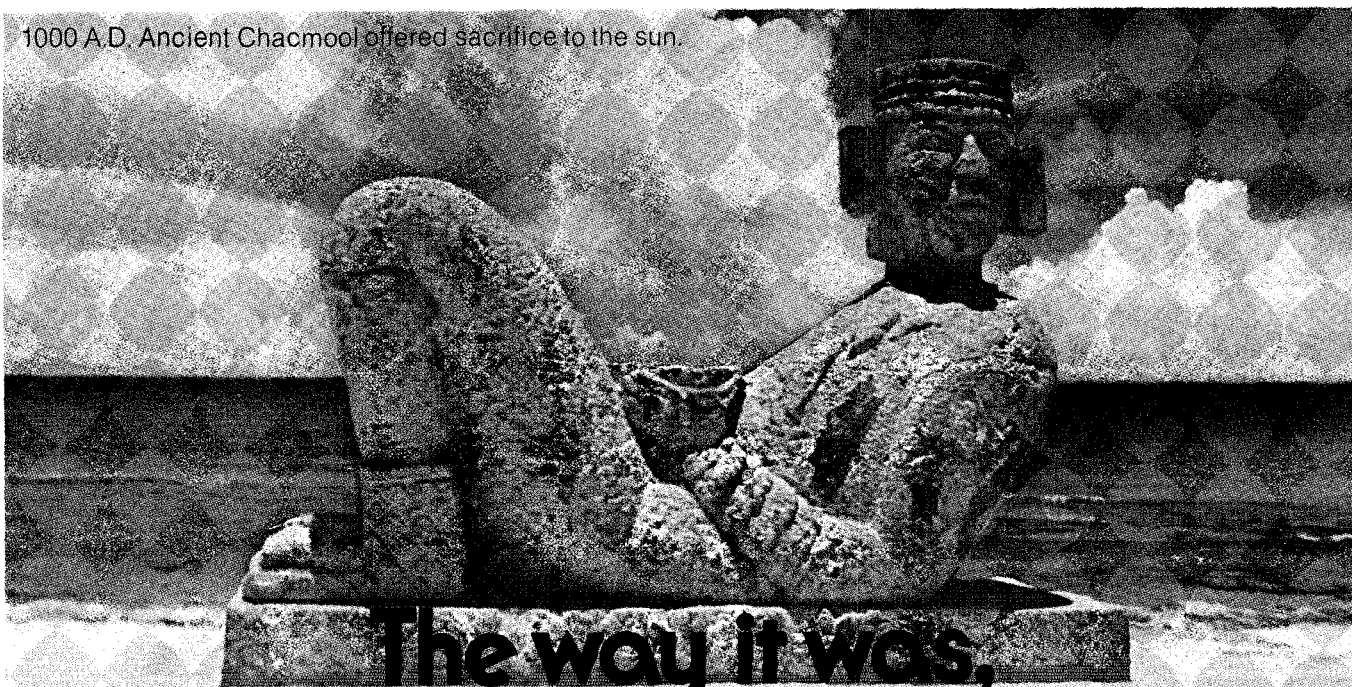
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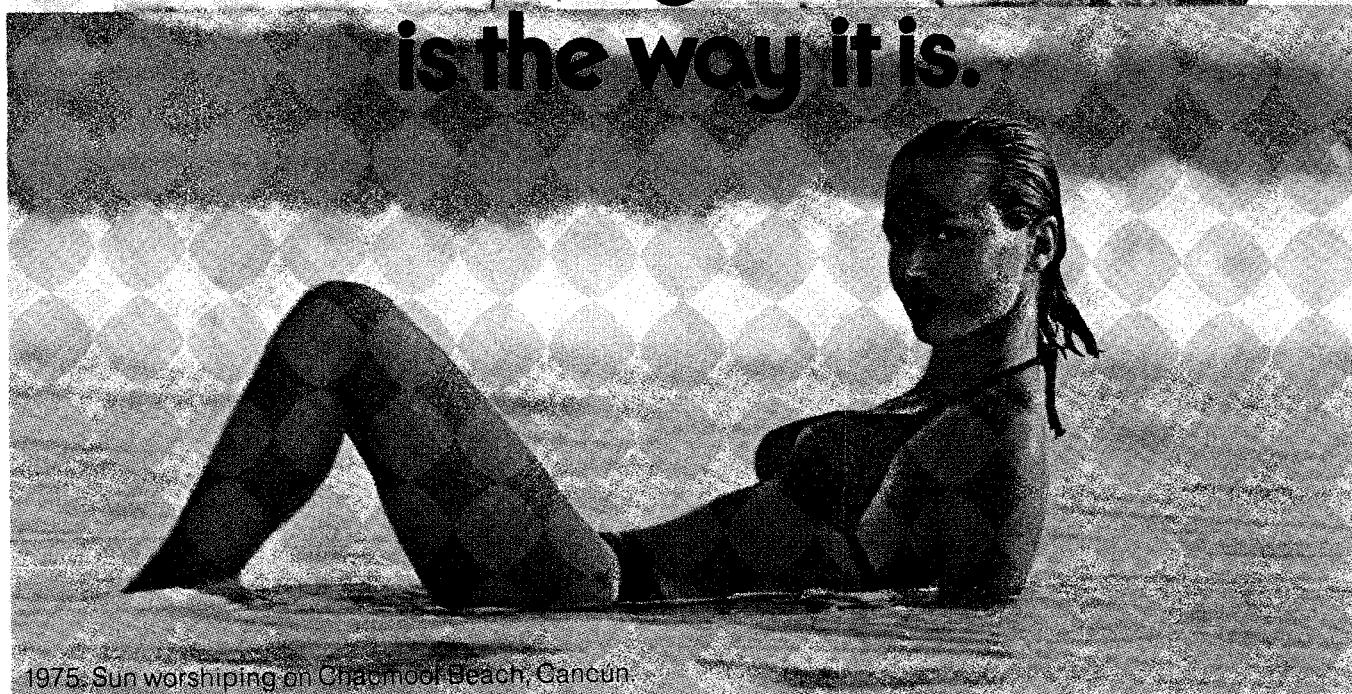


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"our" common experience. Kipling's characters are always thickly neighbored: the story exists in the minds of all who were there.

Kipling's own rather theatrical view of creative work was that it was "inspired" or "passed through" the writer from some consciousness outside his own. In "The Bull That Thought," Kipling delightfully suggests that the young bull has "the detachment of the true artist who knows he is but the vessel of an emotion whence others, not he, must drink," and is being driven by a daemon. Mr. Mason agrees (with André Maurois) that Kipling had a "permanent natural contact with the oldest and deepest layers of human consciousness." I think this primitive animistic sensibility may have been learned from Indian children when he was a boy; it had certainly been developed by Biblical reading. There is this passage about Kaa, the python:

The light seemed to go out of his eyes and leave them like stale opals, and now and again he made little stiff passes with his head, right and left, as though he were hunting in his sleep.... Then [Mowgli] felt Kaa's back grow bigger and broader below him as the huge python puffed himself out, hissing with the noise of a sword drawn from a steel scabbard.

"I have seen all the dead seasons," Kaa said at last, "and the great trees and the old elephants, and the rocks that were bare and sharp-pointed ere the moss grew. Are *thou* still alive...?"

A double force is apparent in Kipling's phrases, where we see the person, place, or thing exactly shadowed by something archetypal.

Of course, when Kipling is swanking, raging, or making heavy jokes, this sort of prose either becomes school-boyish or, as Orwell said, has "the seduction of the spurious," suggesting the rhetoric of a dubious, cooked-up secret society. The prose of "Dayspring Mishandled," a late and obscure story enormously admired by recent critics, strikes me as being histrionic and over-ripe throughout. It has the highly colored archness current in the nineties. The opening phrase—"In the days beyond compare and before the Judgments"—stinks of literature: Pater, Meredith, Stevenson, Chesterton, and the Pre-Raphaelite daintiness. What days? What Judgments? Why not confess? Mr. Mason admires the story as a piece of inlay work, and because it seems to show Kipling giving up his bouts of hatred and his obsession with vengeance as a "kind of wild justice" and being led to compassion by the griefs of old age. But here the conflict

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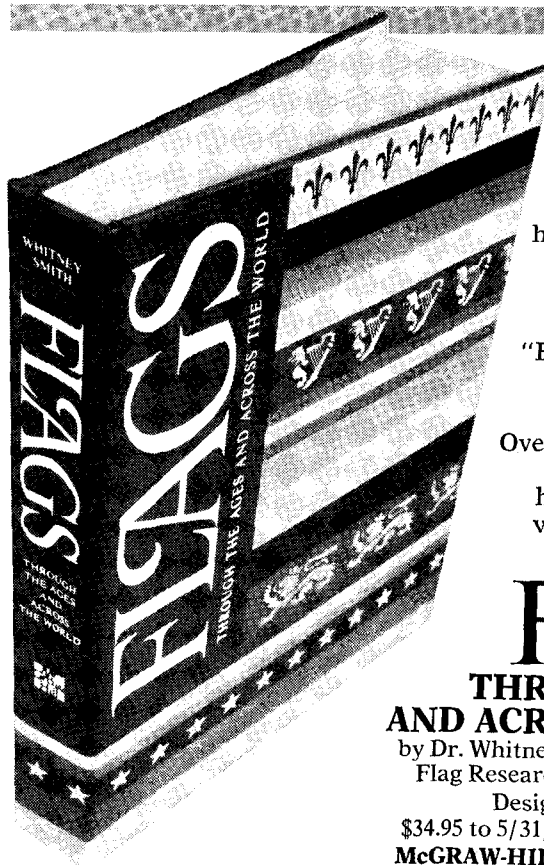
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is obscured by mannerism. Still, before we condemn Kipling's decorative weaknesses we must remember that in his strange period the Popular Arts were as dressy as the High Stuff of the Romantic Agony. The vulgar brass band thumps, but the classier half of the audience is as "jocund" and "galant" as if it were "jousting" in Provence. Look at Kipling's contemporaries: the democratic Wells believes in the samurai, Chesterton believes Kensington is medieval, Shaw has his Shavian tales of economic Faerie; why complain of Kipling's word-soaked Medievalist, garlanded in spites, his mystical Freemasons, and his jungle moralists with their Scout badges? When he wrote "The Brushwood Boy" he did—whether he believed in it or not—create a model for the sexless Galahad the Empire needed: the poor Arthurian would spend the best years of his life not going native, and trying to be true to Mother.

On Kipling's life as the key to his double character, Mr. Mason follows Carrington's biography, published in 1955. The story of Kipling and his sister's being left when they were young children with a lodging-house couple in England while the gifted parents went back to India without telling them is one of those cruel, toughening betrayals of childhood which were characteristic of Anglo-Indian life. Did Kipling exaggerate in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep"? I think not. There is little doubt that many of these Anglo-Indian children who had been petted, spoiled, and let run wild by Indian ayahs struck respectable families at home as being far too precocious as well as ungovernable. Kipling must have been as flashy, foreign, egotistical, boastful, and headlong as any of them. In provincial Southsea he knew Desolation—with capital letters—and what he called "cold iron" (the nails of crucifixion) very young. His sufferings were joined to the secret shame and fear of bad eyesight, which exposed the brainy boy to failure as an officer and a gentleman. He tore up his school reports in that same shame, said he had never had them, and was sent back to school with the word "liar" hung around his neck. What was even more cruel was that a boy who could not possibly become an Army type should have been sent to the tough Army school described in "Stalky & Co."

Yet, as Mr. Mason points out, boys are dedicated moralists and inventors of ritual; schools like the one in Westward Ho! may have been meant to lick future leaders into shape for the colonial

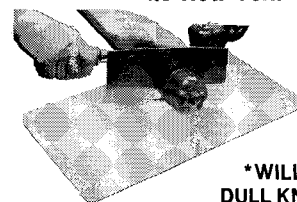
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purpose, but the boys had their own disorderly underground movement. Westward Ho! was certainly less ferocious than any German schools, and (as English schoolboy literature shows) there was a spirited cult of disaffection. The schools had an odd working code: you're entitled as an individualist to take hell out of the housemasters if you accept punishment without complaint, but you honor—the great schoolboy fetish—"the Head." One can see that such a histrionic ideology would easily be magnified by a boy who was not fitted by artistic temperament or body for the role of schoolboy hero, and that he would be as clever as a monkey in surviving by brain.

Fortunately, when Kipling returned to India, at the age of sixteen, he was not—in the rigid sense—pukka; i.e., he was without status in the ruling caste. He was saved by becoming a reporter, an outsider who was free to mix with the casualties. Anglo-Indian society was second-rate, as the "Plain Tales" showed; its numbers were small, even in Delhi, and it exposed itself to the ironical eye and the pungent phrase more rapidly than the same kind of society did at home. It was made for the knowing watcher; above all, as we have seen, it left him free to listen to the troops, who were masters of irony and understatement. When the bullets came "pecking through the dust," the infantry had no notions of glory and a lot to fear; in the lines Mr. Mason quotes:

So like a man in irons, which isn't
glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies,
uncommon stiff and slow.

Another advantage of being an outsider was that Kipling was able to indulge his profound interest in the crafts, the work, the nuts and bolts of industrial life, which were at the heart of colonial exploitation. His stories of passion spring up in the docks and the sidings; his characters talk the language of people at work—skillful at that, less so in saying what they feel, or concealing it. The haunting effect of a story like "Mrs. Bathurst" depends on the ramshackle railway setting, on the feeling for the gangsters' life, and when critics complain that in the end they don't know what happened in the tale they are unconsciously paying a tribute to Kipling's insight: Mrs. Bathurst is a woman who exists only in what the incoherent men say, feel, and fear about her. She may or may not be the second charred body found on the tracks up-country; the

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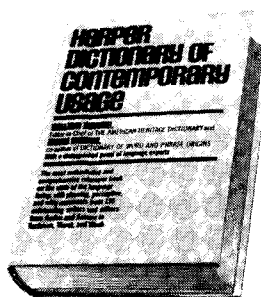
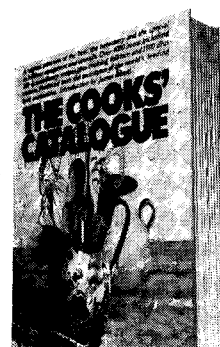
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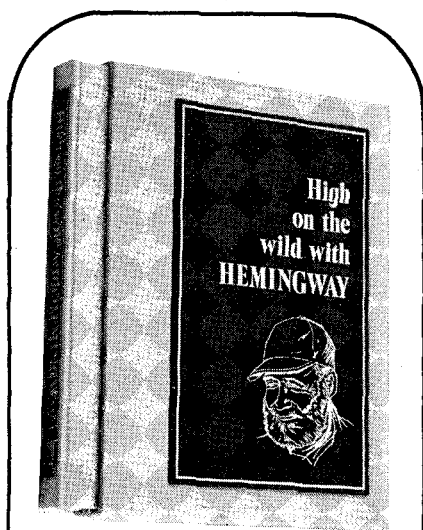


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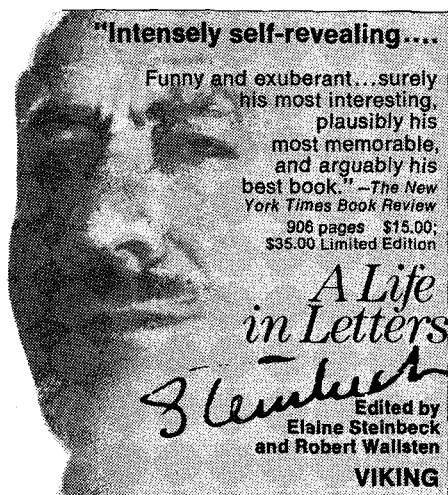


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question is, What has one man done to fear that she could be that body? This story is, strangely for Kipling, Chekhovian in that it is moving toward a modern subject: the strong sense of *not being able to know* and of people becoming more real because of that. The story depends on a close following of the shifts and patterns of talk which has become so much more important to writers since Kipling's time. As he grew older, the fascination of the criss-cross patterns of feeling turning into one another made him more and more elaborate. The "Plain Tales" became, perhaps, too intricate, as did "The Man Who Would Be King." Kipling was entranced by his own brilliant intuitions—often aggressively.

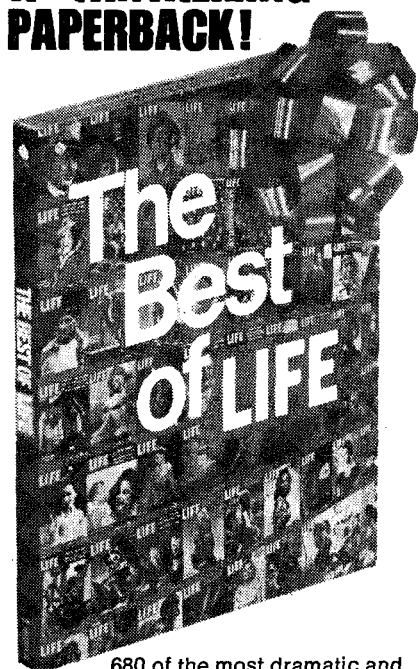
Mr. Mason writes as the exhaustive, graceful, and discriminating reader, recording his delights and objections, entirely free of dubious academic theories and strictures. He is fascinated by the sight of the rough diamond polishing himself. He belongs to the generation who grew up on Kipling and who then (I suppose in the thirties) turned against the idol but later recovered. Now he has feelingly recreated a writer who, if he lacks the sustained power of Dickens, as people once said, has the stamp of a lasting exotic. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SISTER X AND THE VICTIMS OF FOUL PLAY, by Carlene Hatcher Polite (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A short, sarcastic, jubilant, scalding, bursting, not wholly coherent diatribe that scores hits against money-grubbing civilization while flamboyantly mocking its three main characters: Sister X Arista Prolo, an exotic black dancer living in Paris; Abyssinia, Sister X's sassy former costume designer; and Willis B. Black (Black Will), a sleazily glamorous ex-con who has been involved with them both. There is a certain amount of chic demimondaine affectation here, but a lot can be forgiven in an energetic and fearless writer: "Sister X was a dancer, an exotic dancer, a tiptop tappin' past master of the art of 'interpretive' terpsichore, the darling of the beauhawg grind, a rubber sole, the chic of shake, Princess Yasmina, Lottie the Body, La Bombie, Broadway Rose, the China Doll, Little Egypt, Alberta, New Caledonia, Alabama Mama (shake it up, shake it down, shake it all over town), all rolled

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into one. Aw yeah, Good People, the Sister would be doin' it, doin' it to death, in fact."

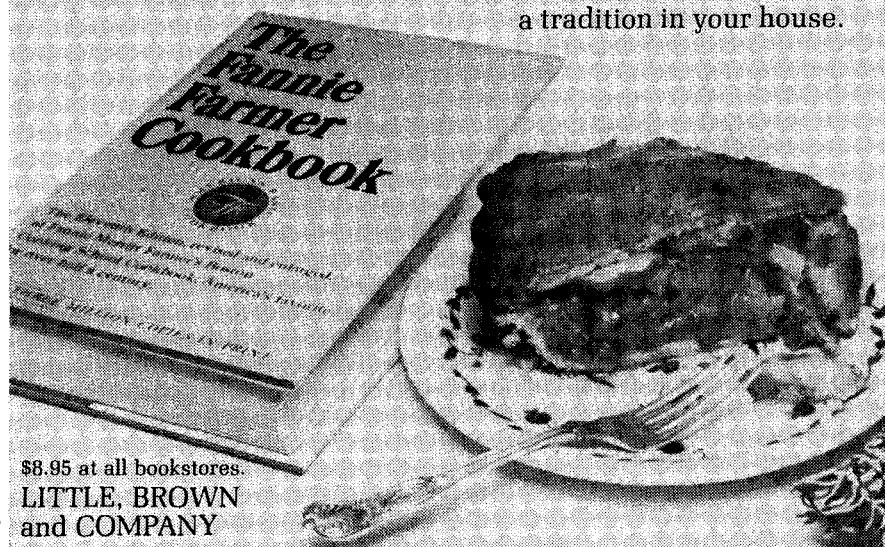
CENTURY'S EBB: THE THIRTEENTH CHRONICLE, by John Dos Passos (Gambit). Before he died, in 1970, John Dos Passos told one of his publishers that this novel was essentially finished but that he wanted to make some last revisions. What he had in mind cannot be known, and the publisher presents the book with apologies for its imperfections. It is an album in the manner of Dos Passos' most famous works, consisting of many capsule biographies, three main strands of fiction, and a few pieces of found or created poetry. Every part evinces his omnivorous curiosity. The stories of Jay Pignatelli (an autobiographical figure, who is caught up in the Spanish Civil War and survives personal misfortune afterward) and of Paul Edwards (an idealistic Midwestern writer-turned-bureaucrat who encounters big-time Washington corruption) can be described as fables of innocence and experience: hopeful searches for political action, and lessons acquired like scuffs along the way. An entertaining contrast is provided by the first-person exploits of Danny DeLong, a Wall Street whiz kid who cheerfully babbles into a tape recorder as he waits to be put in prison. One possible fault is that the fictional segments move too rapidly to involve the reader; their bursts of emotion come as surprises and seem forced. Another possible fault is that the biographies—which cover twelve historic men, from Walt Whitman to James D. Watson—sometimes seem skimpy and secondhand. But the raciness of the prose is in itself a delight, and one rejoices in a writer who so tirelessly kept his gaze on the living world.

GENERAL

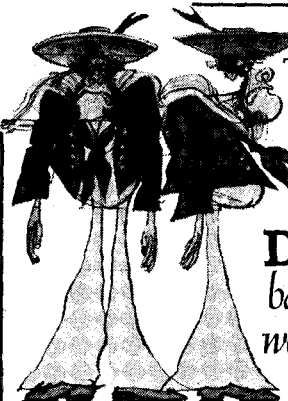
SPECIAL ENVOY TO CHURCHILL AND STALIN, 1941-1946, by W. Averell Harriman and Elie Abel (Random House). A collaboration between the noted public figure and the noted dean of Columbia's School of Journalism. The book includes enough biographical background to explain why President Roosevelt tapped Harriman for the important, amorphous role of "expediter"—a job that meant going to England before the United States was at war in order to see what and whom he could, and to find out what our fu-

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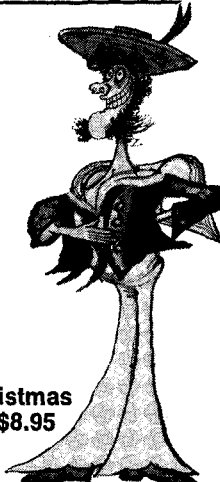
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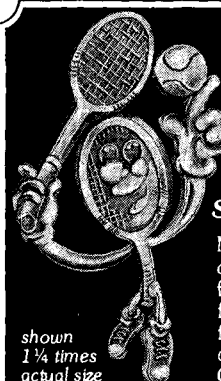
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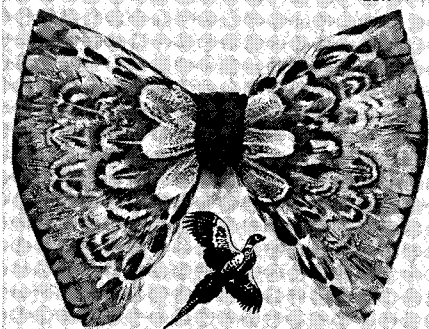
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ture ally needed. From that trip on, Harriman was in the thick of one international conference, meeting, or deal after another. He was as close to Churchill and Stalin (he served, for a while, as our Ambassador to Russia) as an American could be, and he knew and dealt with innumerable influential people all around the Grand Alliance: Lord Beaverbrook, Harry Hopkins, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk. Harriman's recollections remain vivid indeed—a reader can still laugh over a funny ride with de Gaulle in a plane too small for a pair of very long-legged passengers. Harriman looks back to the beginning of the Cold War and makes an interesting point: he is convinced that Stalin and his advisers truly believed they could keep the promises they made at Yalta (such as free elections wherever their armies went), because they had no idea that Russians and Communists were feared and loathed in Eastern and Central Europe. They imagined they would be welcomed as deliverers and accepted as models, leaders, and guides. Harriman thinks that the Russians' resort to force and fraud in order to hang on in countries where nobody wanted them was not a long-standing plan (nor, as revisionist historians nowadays maintain, a natural response to capitalist provocations) but, rather, the result of the Russians' infatuation with themselves.

COLETTE: A TASTE FOR LIFE, by Yvonne Mitchell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Colette herself; her devoted third husband, Maurice Goudek; her translator and biographer, Margaret Crosland; and scores of contemporaries have already told us a great deal, and in detail, about the ripe, productive life of the only woman France has ever honored with a state funeral. If more remains to be said, it will take a truly inspired biographer to say it. Miss Mitchell, alas, falls far short of the mark. Her book adds very little to what we already know about Colette's happy, independent childhood among the bees, animals, and flowers of Saint-Sauveur, or about Sido, or about her three husbands—the licentious, exploitive Willy; the remote, urbane Henry de Jouvenel; the kindly, loving Goudek—and it adds virtually nothing to our knowledge of her work. Colette is, of course, never dull to read about, but Miss Mitchell shies adamantly away from so



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many subjects that she thinks might cast her in a bad light—such as her daughter's feelings of neglect, or Colette's relationship with the Marquise de Belbeuf—that she makes her seem unreal. On the other hand, the book's eighty-five black-and-white illustrations are extraordinary. One photograph alone, of a downcast Colette leaning against an unruffled Willy, who gazes bemusedly out at us over what were probably the epoch's most extravagantly twirled, curled, and dyed mustaches, says more about the pair than the entire chapter devoted to their unhappy union.

A WORLD DESTROYED, by Martin J. Sherwin (Knopf). This excellent, often frightening study of the political and diplomatic circumstances surrounding the development and use of the first atomic bomb could not have been written much before now. Professor Sherwin, a Princeton historian, has had access to sources that have just recently become declassified. Several points emerge. In the first place, it is now clear that there never was the slightest possibility that the bomb would not be used in the war if it was built in time; this was taken for granted from the beginning by everyone who had any important role in nuclear matters. In the second place, the dangers of personal diplomacy become only too evident. As Mr. Sherwin notes, Roosevelt was a past-master of this game. On issues like the effect of the atomic bomb on diplomatic strategy, almost all of Roosevelt's advisers had different impressions of what the President believed or wanted, and these impressions were often different from what Roosevelt actually committed the country to in his meetings with Churchill and others. As a result, when Truman took office many people—above all, Truman himself—had no clear idea of what our policies were or should have been. Sherwin quotes from Henry Adams in concluding his book: "Man has mounted science, and is now run away with."

JEWS AND ARABS, by Albert Memmi, translated from the French by Eleanor Levieux (O'Hara). The author, by birth an Arab Jew (born and raised in Tunis), by culture French (he writes in French and teaches at the Sorbonne), is a living compendium of Middle Eastern issues, from anti-colonialism to Zionism. These essays vary in temper—

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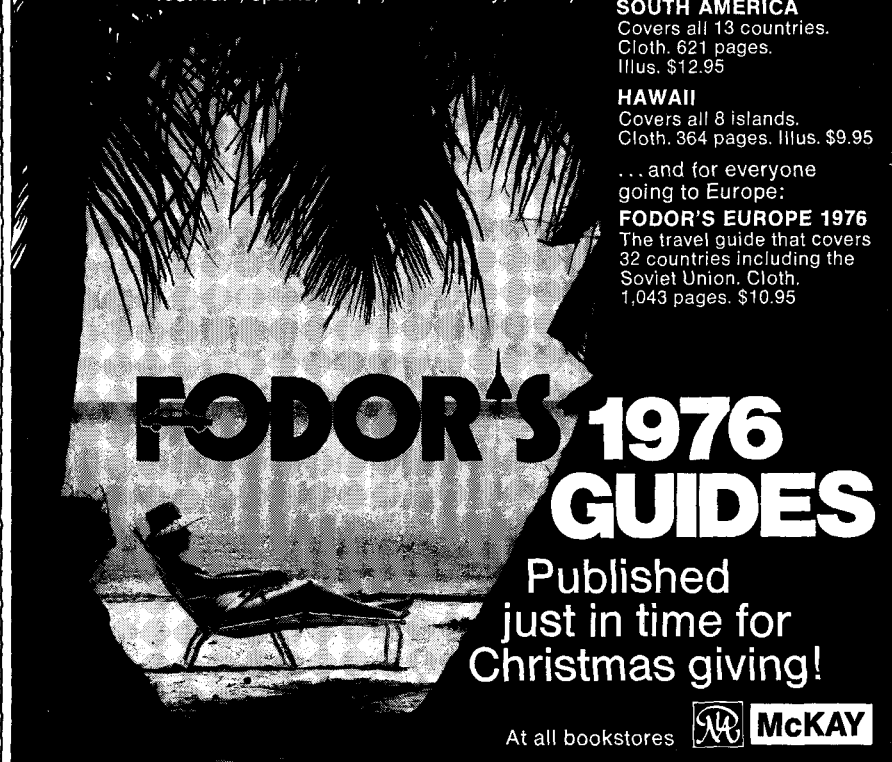
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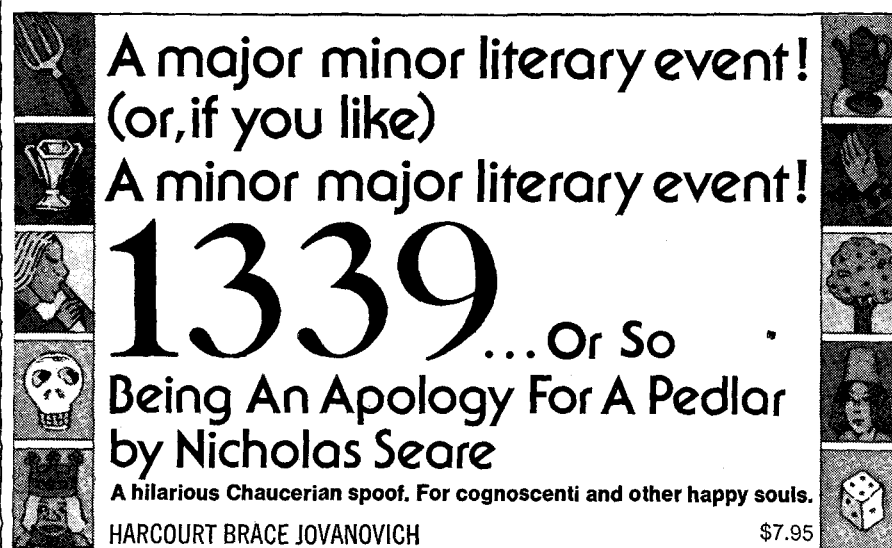
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polemical, historical, reminiscent—but they all center on those issues. One of them, "Israel, the Arabs, and the Third World," distills all that Memmi knows into pure common sense.

THE SEVEN SISTERS: THE GREAT OIL COMPANIES AND THE WORLD THEY SHAPED, by Anthony Sampson (Viking). In the three hundred and eighteen pages of this book there is scarcely an honorable figure, and it is hard to think of any other business whose history consists of such unrelieved rapacity, mendacity, and ruthlessness. The first John D. Rockefeller, for example, remains notorious among American businessmen, but his commercial barbarism was merely normal for oil. Mr. Sampson's Seven Sisters, a worldwide cartel, are Exxon, Gulf, Texaco, Mobil, and Socal (American); British Petroleum (British); and Shell (Dutch-British). There are, of course, innumerable other companies, called "independents," but the sisterly group has made most of oil history. The author explains how the world came to rely so heavily on oil, who controls oil today, and what the future of the world's oil supply looks like. He considers whether political action might help consumers and what it might be. The producing nations, banded together as OPEC, profess to feel sorry for themselves, but Sampson thinks they are in fine shape and are well into the process of taking over the Sisters. At all events, an American reader is unlikely to have much feeling to spare for Venezuelans and Arabs, because American oil companies have been squeezing American consumers harder and longer than they have been squeezing foreigners. The author writes with wit and clarity; the reader supplies the indignation.

SEMINAR—The C. W. Post Women's Institute, School of Business, will sponsor a seminar at 8:30 PM tomorrow in the Lecture Hall, Hillwood Commons. The keynote speaker and moderator will be State Sen. Karen Burstein (D-Woodmere).—*Newsday*.

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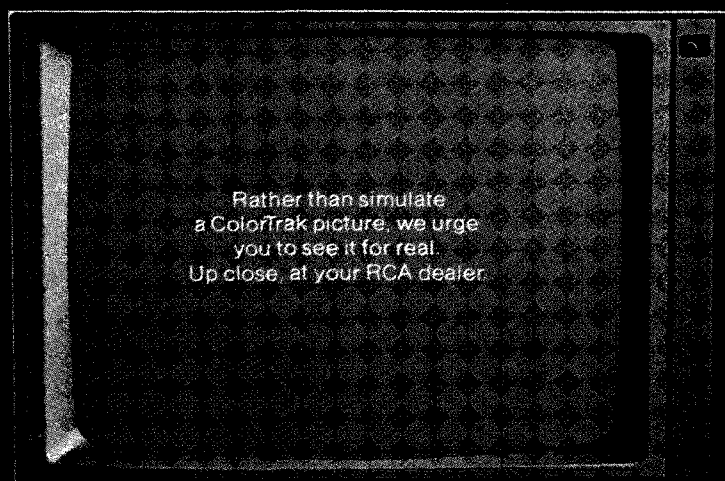
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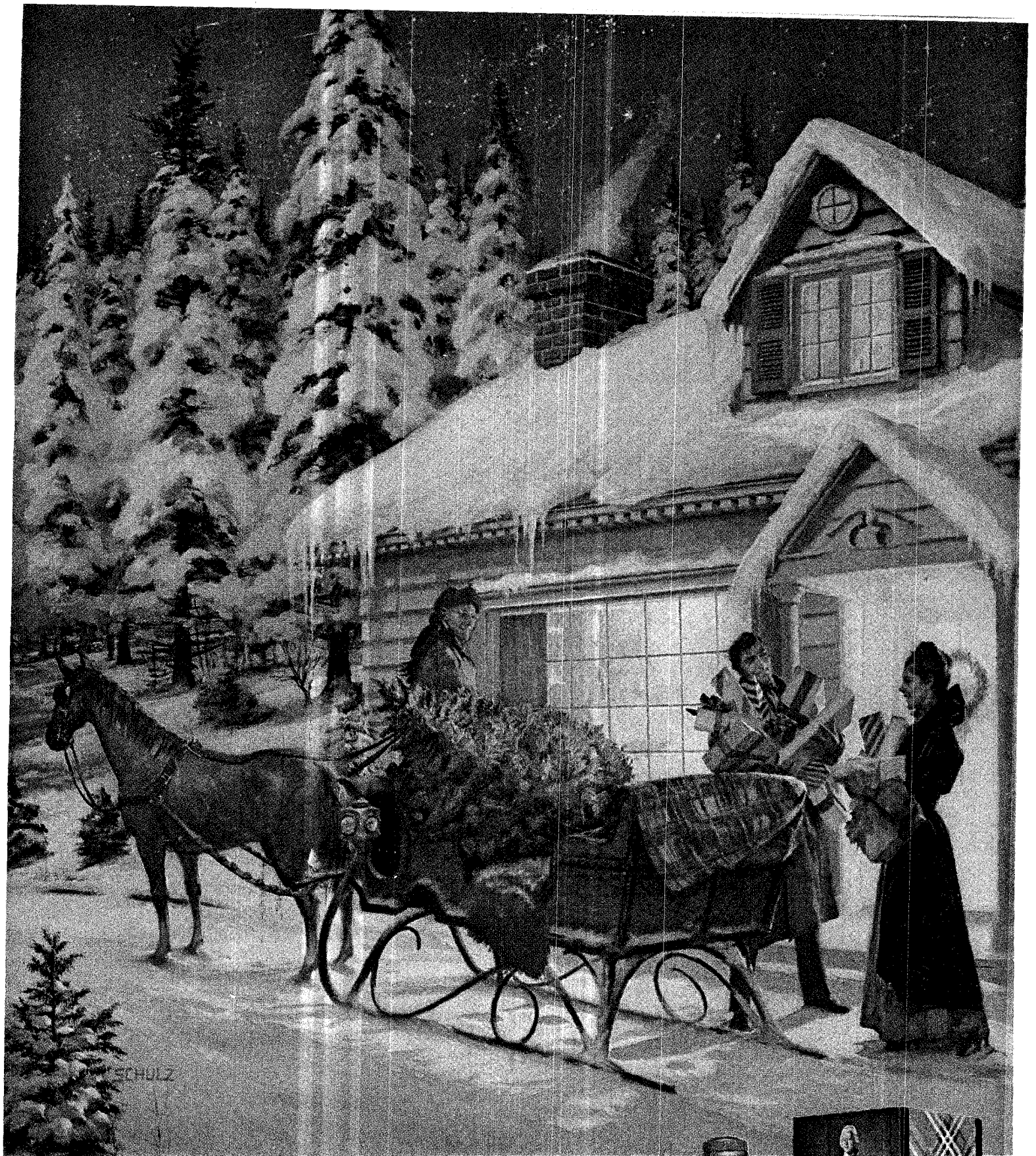
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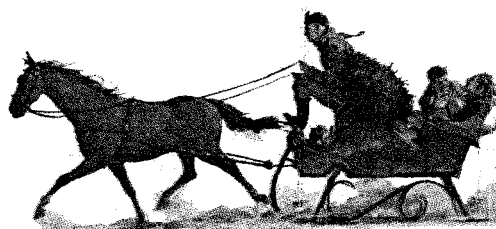
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